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FORTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND



J. BULLER



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REV. JAMES BULLER.

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FORTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND:

INCLUDING

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE,

AN ACCOUNT OF MAORIDOM,

AND OF THE

CHRISTIANIZATION AND COLONIZATION
OF THE COUNTRY.

BY THE

REV. JAMES BULLER. 1812-1884
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PREFACE.

Shall AFTER a long absence, I returned from New Zealand, to my native land in 1876. Since my arrival, I have visited many parts of Great Britain and Ireland. In every place I was met with inquiries about that distant colony. Forty years ago it was known by few; now, it has a living interest over a wide area. Many books have been written concerning it: still, I find the British public—even in its most intelligent circles—are not well-informed about it. Therefore I venture to tell my story. The reader will find nothing of the sensational in this book. In simple words, I give a “plain, unvarnished tale” of what I have seen, and heard, and known, in that land of promise. My long residence there, and my ample opportunities for forming an intimate acquaintance with the country, its resources, and its inhabitants, qualify me for this task. For the use of many of the engravings, I am indebted to the kindness of Sir Julius Vogel, the Agent-General for New Zealand.

J. B.

NEW ZEALAND VILLA,
THURLOW PARK ROAD,
LOWER NORWOOD, LONDON,
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FORTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND.

INTRODUCTION.

NEW ZEALAND is the name given to two large islands, and several smaller ones. The larger ones are spoken of as the North and South Islands. They are divided from each other by Cook's Straits, which are about twenty miles wide. New Zealand lies between the parallels of $34^{\circ} 30''$ and $47^{\circ} 30''$ south latitude, and the meridians of $166^{\circ} 30''$ and $178^{\circ} 45''$ east longitude—just at the Antipodes. The extreme length is over one thousand miles, and the mean width, one hundred and twenty. The outline is very like that of Italy reversed, and the whole area about the same as that of Great Britain and Ireland. More than a thousand miles distant from the great continent of Australia, it is situate in mid-ocean;—the centre of an immense semi-circle, dividing the globe from the Cape of Good Hope to Behring's Straits in the Old World, and from Behring's Straits to Cape Horn in the New World. Such is the position of the "Young Albion of the Antipodal World."

The country bears ample proof of volcanic origin. At some distant geological era, it was perhaps a portion of a large continent which is now under the sea. In the north, extinct craters meet the eye on every hand, and add to the picturesque effect of the scenery. In the

centre of the island, the burning mountain, Tongariro, is in constant action, with occasional eruptions. It is the same with White Island, on the south-east coast. Hot lakes, boiling springs, and hissing geysers—numerous in what is called “the Lake District”—all bear witness to volcanic agency. Earthquakes have been felt in some places: in 1848, and again in 1855, they did some damage at Wellington, which is now the capital of the colony. On the last occasion, after a series of alternate depressions and elevations, it left the coast-line, for a long distance, four feet higher than it was before. To this day, the buildings of that city are of wood. The Government House, a large and handsome structure, is of that material.

In 1859, New Zealand was visited by an eminent naturalist, Dr. F. Von Hochstetter, of the Austrian-Novara Expedition. With the consent of Commodore Wüllenstorf, he remained there nine months on an exploring tour. He says that, to the eye of the geologist, New Zealand “presents a scene of the grandest revolutions and convulsive struggles of the earth, which, continually changing the original form of the land, gave it by degrees its present shape.”

Very little was known of this far-off land till the days of Captain Cook. As far back as 1504, the French claimed for one Gonneville the honour of its discovery. The Spaniards did the same in 1576 for Juan Fernandez. The Chinese or Japanese must have had knowledge of it at an early period. Some years ago, W. Colenzo, Esq., F.L.S., when at Wangarei, saw some natives boiling potatoes in a bronze ship-bell of large size, and he found on it an ancient inscription. They were willing to accept an iron pot in exchange for it. Their account

was that a large tree being blown down in a gale of wind, this bell was found underneath the roots of it. May it not be that some junk was wrecked on those shores, and the survivors, living with the inhabitants, left their mark upon them in several points of resemblance?

The Maories retain a tradition of the arrival of a ship, commanded by one Rongotute, about 1640, and that they plundered the ship and destroyed the crew. Two years after that date, a Dutch navigator, called Tasman, came to anchor, but did not land. Several of his men were killed by the savages. In 1769, our famous circumnavigator, Cook, found his way to that distant shore. The story of his five visits within seven years is well known. He obtained much knowledge of the country, its people, and its resources; and he conferred no small benefit on the Maories by the seeds, the roots, and the animals which he gave to them. Not long ago, an old chief died, whose name was Taniwha, but he was better known by that of "Hook-nose." He was a boy, about twelve years of age, at Cook's first visit to Mercury Bay. He could well remember it. He used to say that, when they saw a boat coming to the shore, they thought the men had eyes behind their heads, because they rowed with their backs in the direction of their course. The Maories paddle their canoes, with their faces to the bow.

About the same time that Captain Cook first visited the country, De Surville also arrived at another part of it, in the *St. Jean Baptiste*. But nothing of importance resulted from his visit, excepting the death of a chief whom he forcibly and treacherously took away. In 1772, Marion du Fresne anchored his two ships in the Bay of

Islands. For a month, a cordial intercourse was kept up with the natives. Then, unfortunately, the feelings of the latter were outraged by the violation of their *tapu*, in consequence of which the captain and a boat's crew were killed and eaten.

From that time, New Zealand was occasionally visited by ships, but generally at great risk, and sometimes with fatal results. Dr. Thompson rightly says: "It is difficult to convey an idea of the terror in which the New Zealanders were held about this period. Sailors, groaning under scurvy, and in sight of a country covered with vegetables, the specific for that dire disease, preferred toothless gums to contact with cannibals. As a deer dreads the tiger, so do all men dread the eaters of men. In 1791, Captain Vancouver anchored at Dusky Bay, in the Middle Island, on his voyage round the world; but no vessel entered any of the northern harbours during that year; and an idea of the dread in which the natives were held, even by educated travellers, may be drawn from the following incident. Admiral D'Entrecasteaux, when searching for La Perouse, arrived off New Zealand in 1793. His naturalist represented the importance of obtaining several flax plants, but the Admiral refused, out of terror, to approach too near to the coast, although the natives were friendly, and paddled in their canoes to the ship, to barter mats and weapons of war for iron and for fish-hooks."

New Zealand is one of the finest countries on the globe. It has been well described as an "epitome, in miniature, of all the great continents in the world." A grand future is before it. Its climate is salubrious, its resources manifold, its geography unique. We find

there, all that can be desired to make homes for millions of the overcrowded population of the mother-country.

There are many good harbours in the North Island, but those on the west coast have either bars or overlapping sand-spits. On the east coast, the Hauraki Gulf, protected by Cape Colville and the Great Barrier Island, is itself a large basin, in which all the navies in the world may find room to play. To the westward of it is the Waitemata, a safe and capacious harbour, where the city of Auckland, "beautiful for situation," is fixed. This is divided from that broad sheet of water, the Manukau, by a narrow isthmus. It was there that H.M.S. the *Orpheus* was wrecked in fine weather, some years ago, through following an obsolete chart. The Waitemata flows to within a few miles of the Kaipara. Four large rivers discharge their waters into that estuary; and one of them, the Otamatea, is nearly connected with a branch of the Wangarei, on the opposite coast, and seventy miles to the north of the Hauraki. In olden times, the natives dragged their war-canoes from one river into the other. They did the same from the Kaipara into the Waitemata, and from a branch of the latter into the Manukau, and from that into the Waikato. The facilities for intercommunication by water can hardly be excelled.

To the south of the Hauraki, there are Mercury Bay, Tauranga, and Poverty Bay; to the north of it, Wangarei; and, passing by several inlets, such as Ngunguru and Wangaruru, we come to the magnificent Bay of Islands. Further north, Wangaroa, Mongonui, and Parengarenga. The Hokianga, on the west coast, is a degree north of the Kaipara; and away south of the Waikato are Waingarua, Aotea, Kawhia, Wanganui,

and many boat-harbours, till we come to Wellington. This is completely landlocked, and affords shelter for any number of ships. New Plymouth and Napier are open roadsteads.

Tracing the coast of the South Island, we find Queen Charlotte's Sound, Cook's favourite recruiting-ground. The Pelorus Sound runs far into the interior of a mountainous and romantic country. Here also is Massacre Bay, so called by Tasman. Through the remarkable French Pass, or along the coast, we enter Blind Bay, where the town of Nelson is situated. Here, again, is safe anchorage for any number of navies. Along the western coast there are a few rivers, such as the Buller, the Grey, and Hokitika, which are navigable for small steamers. Further south is Milford Haven, the grandeur of whose scenery can hardly be surpassed. "Here the steamers from Melbourne, which during the summer months bring crowds of health-seeking tourists to our cooler shores, often call, and the unqualified testimony of the Australians bears witness to the singular and favourable contrast between the green tree-clad hills, the snowy mountains, and the impenetrable forests of the west coast of New Zealand, with their own parched and waterless plains."

The Bluff harbour is in the extreme south. This is connected with the town of Invercargill by a railway, twenty-two miles in length. North of it is Port Chalmers, the beauty of which no words of mine can paint. The larger ships anchor here, while the smaller ones run up to the wharf at Dunedin, a distance of ten miles. Waikowaiti, Moeraki, Oamaru, and Timaru, lie between that and Akaroa, or Banks' Peninsula. For safety, for space, and for scenery, this is unrivalled. Port Cooper comes



PORT CHALMERS, OTAGO.

To face page 8.

next in order. Here stands the town of Lyttelton, which communicates, through a tunnel, with Christchurch, the capital of the famed Canterbury province. The harbour is roomy, and well supplied with wharves and jetties.

The large rivers are chiefly in the north island. The largest in the south is the Molyneaux, which pours down as much water as the Nile. Of small rivers the name is legion.

New Zealand contains 65,000,000 of acres. To the eye of the voyager, the contour of the coast is monotonous, and brown-coloured. It is generally mountainous, and covered with either forest, tall fern, or tussock-grass. The clay hills are intersected by deep gullies. Snowy mountains are seen in the distance, especially on the west coast of the South Island. Mount Cook is more than 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. In 1867, Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., was visiting the country. He says:—

“In our little steamer of a hundred tons, built to cross the bars, we had reached the mouth of the Hokitika river soon after dark, but lay all night, some ten miles to the south-west of the port. As we steamed, early in the morning, from our anchorage, there rose up on the east the finest sunrise view on which it has been my fortune to set eyes. A hundred miles of the Southern Alps stood out upon a pale blue sky, in curves of a gloomy white, that were just beginning to blush with pink, but ended to the southward in a cone of fire, that blazed up from the ocean: it was the snow-dome of Mount Cook struck by the rising sun. The evergreen bush, flaming with the crimson of the rata blossom, hung upon the mountain side, and covered the plain with a dense jungle. It was one of those sights that haunt men for years, like the eyes of Mary in Bellini's Milan picture.”

The lofty range of mountains called the “Southern Alps,” to which the foregoing quotation refers, forms

the backbone of the South Island. The Kaikouras stretch out to the east coast, and are 10,000 feet high. A certain writer says :—

“It is one of the finest sights to be imagined to pass the coast end of this range at night, when the ~~flowering~~ peaks appear, here and there, above the encircling cloud-belts, the pure snow glittering in the moon-light, showing the dark masses of mountain which run down to the sea.”

In the North Island there are similar ranges. Tongariro is 8,000, and Mount Egmont 9,000 feet high.

“When the voyager has sat upon the deck of a vessel sailing to Taranaki, and watches the play of light and shade upon this noble mountain, and the woods at its base, and far behind, in the centre of the island, the thin wreath of smoke which marks the volcano of Tongariro, and, to the south of it, the sister mountain of Ruapehu, covered with perpetual snow, then he may be qualified to speak of the scenery of this country, especially if he has added to his sketch-book the great chain of the Southern Alps, which I have lately seen in all its grandeur, stretching in almost an unbroken line from north to south for more than three hundred miles.”

The “Lake District” is very remarkable. It combines the natural wonders of Cumberland, Scotland, and Iceland. Beginning at the northern base of the Ruapehu and Tongariro mountains, at the southern end of Lake Taupo, it extends, in a north-easterly course, for a line of about a hundred and fifty miles, to White Island, in the Bay of Plenty; and through the whole distance, it is about the same width as the Taupo Lake, which may be from twenty-five to thirty miles. In many other parts of the country, sulphur, soda, and hot springs, are to be found; but they all fade into nothing, compared with the variety, the number, and the extent

which this district contains. Hochstetter divides the steam jets into three kinds: 1. *Puias*, which are geysers, continuously or intermittently active. 2. *Ngawas*, which are inactive *puias*—emitting steam, but not throwing up columns of hot water. 3. *Waiarikis*, which mean any sort of cistern of hot water, suitable for bathing. Besides these—not perhaps very accurately defined—there are many boiling mud-pools, and streams of water of all degrees of temperature, from boiling heat to tepid warmth. The late Hon. H. Meade, R.N., thus describes the native settlement of Ohenimutu, on the bank of the Roturua lake:—

“The whole village is built on a thin crust of rock and soil, roofing over one vast boiler. Hot springs hiss and seethe in every direction: some spouting upwards, and boiling with the greatest fury; others merely at an agreeable warmth. From every crack and crevice spurt forth jets of steam or hot air, and the open bay of the lake itself is studded far and near with boiling springs and bubbling steam-jets. So thin is the crust on which the little town is built, that in most places, after merely thrusting a walking-stick into the ground beneath our feet, steam instantly followed its withdrawal.”

This description equally applies to some other places. The natives seldom light a fire. They cook their food by boiling it in one of the pools, or steaming it by covering it up in the hot earth. Stone flags have been laid down to receive and retain the heat of the ground; and on these, in cold days or at eventide, they find a luxurious lounge. The country in this district is yet, for the most part, in a state of nature, and a great deal of it is weird and barren. A rough road has been made from Tauranga to Napier, and a light van, or coach, leaves each end twice a week. It takes four days, and implies tremendous jolting. There are several houses of accommodation on the road, and a chain of

military posts, all of which are manned by detachments of the "armed mounted constabulary."

As yet the journey is too rough, and the entertainment too scant, for weak invalids. But the number of visitors is continually increasing—some coming even from Australia, to be cured of their rheumatic pains. The day is near when the curative properties of the waters, the novelty of the scenery, and the advantage of good family hotels, will attract crowds of invalids, tourists, and excursionists, for the sake of health, recreation, or curiosity. The Hon. W. Fox says: "It might be, and is probably destined to be, the sanitarium, not only of the Australian colonies, but of India and other portions of the globe."

To give anything like an exhaustive account of the lakes, the pools, and the geysers, would require a volume. The waters of one are of sapphire blue, of another green, of a third bitter. At Whakarewarewa, a geyser throws up a column of hot water to a height of fifty or sixty feet, with an explosive noise that is all but deafening, and sometimes reflecting all the colours of the rainbow; while many others splutter, hiss, and heave around it. Crossing the beautiful lake Tarawera, the traveller comes to that of Rotomahana (hot lake). This is one of the smallest, and yet the most notable, of all, by reason of the extraordinary white and pink terraces. The former is the *Tarata*, and the other the *Otukupuarangi*. These terraces, of natural formation, resemble the curved battlements of ancient castles, though not so lofty. Bathing pools, of every degree of temperature, present themselves as you ascend the steps.

Te Tarata flows from a furiously boiling pool, which

fills a deep crater of about sixty by eighty feet. The water is of an intense and brilliant blue. The action of the vapour in escaping keeps the middle of the pool always raised in a cluster of foaming hillocks. At times, Te Tarata discharges the whole of the water from its crater in one tremendous explosion, which is a magnificent sight, but rather dangerous to any one who happens to be near it. The chemical action of the water leaves a deposit—silica, which, as it falls in cascades from terrace to terrace, forms a pavement of alabaster—white on the sides of Te Tarata, and of salmon-colour on the other, at the opposite side of the lake. Hence the broad flights of steps and curving terraces are, in one, as white as snow, on the other like the pink of a rose. It is not possible to convey an idea of its beauty on paper. Hochstetter got out of the difficulty simply by saying that it baffles description. The following account, given by the late Hon. H. Meade, R.M., brings the whole scene vividly before my eye :—

“The sun was setting behind the sombre western hills. Above us were clouds—orange, golden, and purple, of unusually warm and brilliant tints, even for an Australasian sky; before us, acres and acres of water-terraces, such as might belong to some giant’s palace in fairyland; every ray of the sinking sun caught and broken into a thousand prismatic hues by the countless crystals that hung like lustres round the margins of the successive basins, or mingling, in the blue waters within them, with the gorgeous reflexions of the glowing clouds above.

“Lower still, as a foil to this glorious picture, lay the dark waters of the calm lake, buried in the deep shade which the mountains cast eastward,—and motionless, save where the still surface was ruffled by the teeming flocks of wild-fowl. Beyond the lake, towering dark and sharp against the warm western sky, rose the grim mountain ‘Te Rangi Pakaru,’ with its great crater vomiting dense clouds of sulphurous vapour.

“The feelings which this spectacle brought forth may perhaps be imagined, but the sight itself was one which no pen could well describe, no brush portray. As a touching piece of music that has struck some hidden chord will ring in the ear long after the sound itself has ceased, so the impression of that sunset scene remained pleasingly present to our minds, while the Maories plied their paddles in the dark, smooth waters, to the tune of their wild and uncouth songs.”

Forests of evergreen trees clothe large tracts of the country: they are tangled, sombre, and silent. Timber is abundant for house-building, ship-building, or cabinet-work. In some parts there are wide plains of grass, or fern, or scrub. The soil is varied: a great deal of it produces heavy crops of grain without manure; but the extensive kauri forests leave nothing behind them but stiff clay hills, which yield only stunted fern. But in these wastes, a gum resin is dug out, which has proved to be a valuable commodity for export. Many hundreds of men are employed in this work.

A fine mould is found even to the summit of some of the hills; and in other districts a warm volcanic deposit sends forth luxuriant grasses. The alluvial banks of the rivers are extremely fertile, and the flax-swamps, when drained, are rich in produce. Vegetation is so rank that there seems a superfluity of life in the wild woods.

One of the charms of the country is in the many gushing streams of pure water. With only rough husbandry, large crops of corn, potatoes, hay, etc., are reaped; and all kinds of animal life flourish abundantly. No one can do justice to the scenery or the soil of New Zealand, until he has seen, both the natural beauties, and the golden harvests, and fat kine, of Taranaki.

In a land lying more than a thousand miles, north and south, and of a varied configuration, we must expect a diversity of climate. But it is equable,—not oppres-

sively hot in summer, nor severely cold in winter: it is both healthy and pleasant. Droughts are unknown, and floods are rare and local. There are occasional gales, but no hurricanes. The rainfall is equal to that of England,—more than in London, less than in Devonshire. The atmosphere is humid, but changes are not extreme. The sky is generally bright, and the air pure; perhaps nowhere is it more agitated by winds: all round the coast a sea breeze blows in summer. On the Canterbury Plains, the north-west wind partakes of the hot or sirocco winds of Australia, a phenomenon for which no sound explanation has yet been given.

If it be true that “men live as much by air as by bread,” then the question of climate is of first importance. It has a determining effect upon the constitution, and, therefore, we may predict for New Zealand a robust race, for the climate is as favourable to health as it is to vegetation and beauty. The thermometer takes but a narrow range: the mean annual temperature of the north is 57° , and that of the south 52° . The mean daily range is under 20° , and the extreme range 30° . The nights are 12° colder than the days. The mildness of Nelson and Canterbury is seen in the fact that sheep often lamb in winter, with no greater loss than that of ten per cent.; and nowhere do farmers house their cattle at night.

New Zealand is not an Elysium. It has its dull days and wet seasons, but perhaps it excels every other country for its salubrity. The birth-rate is far in excess of the death-rate. Situated in almost the centre of the widest expanse of the ocean in the whole world, we must see that the continual evaporation will produce a great degree of moisture; but it is not that of a raw

dampness, and it gives an exquisite softness to the skin. Dr. Thompson says: "No single locality in Europe has a temperature, during the whole year, like that of New Zealand. The North Island has the summer heat, tempered with a sea breeze, of Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam, with the winter cold of Rome; while the South Island has a Jersey summer, and a winter in mildness like that of Montpellier."

It is safe to say that, with much that is English-like in New Zealand, the climate is decidedly superior. The summer is long, and the winter mild. Snow is seldom seen on the ground, except only in the far south, and even there it soon disappears. Bishop Selwyn called it "the perfection of climate," and no man had more or wider experience of it, travelling, as he regularly did, over the whole country, in all weathers and at all seasons of the year, for a quarter of a century. "No one," he said, "knows what the climate is till he has basked in the almost perpetual sunshine of Tasman's Gulf, with a frame braced and invigorated for the full enjoyment of heat by the wholesome frost or cool snowy breeze of the night before. And no one can speak of the healthiness of New Zealand till he has been ventilated by the restless breezes of Port Nicholson, where malaria is no more to be feared than on the top of Chimborazo, and where active habits of industry and enterprise are evidently favoured by the elastic tone and perpetual motion of the atmosphere." And I can heartily endorse his words, when the good Bishop says in his Journal, "A sparkling breeze, a smooth sea, and a cloudless sky, give that indescribable sensation of a really fine day in this country, which I have never felt elsewhere."

The productions of the country are multifarious. Its mineral stores are abundant: copper, iron, platinum, lead, quicksilver, plumbago, chrome, manganese, and sulphur abound; coal in its several stages, as lignite, brown and bituminous, is found in every direction. Stone for building and other purposes is ready for use. From its several gold-mines, more than £32,000,000 worth have been already exported. The flax plant grows everywhere. Of edible fruits, there are none worthy of note; but all our European trees and plants flourish. The geranium, myrtle, heliotrope, and others, live in the open air. Peaches, nectarines, figs, grapes, melons, etc., ripen out of doors, side by side with apples, pears, and plums. It is only in the extreme south where delicate fruits do not come to perfection. In the north, semi-tropical products can be raised. In the depth of a northern winter, I have often seen a beautiful bouquet gathered from the open garden.

Animal life was not abundant in New Zealand. The only quadruped was a small rat, which is now extinct,—if we except a dog which was domestic. Among the reptiles, there was nothing venomous, excepting a small black spider, which is confined to a sedgy grass on the sea-coast. All imported animals do well. The export of wool for 1876 amounted to the value of £3,395,816. For the ornithology of New Zealand I will refer to a book written by my eldest son.* In the acclimatization gardens, our British song-birds, and others, are now finding a home, and multiply as fast as the hawks will let them. The song of the lark, the caw of the rook,

* *Vide* "A History of the Birds of New Zealand." By Dr. Buller, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., Corresponding Member of the British Ornithologists' Union, etc.—Van Voorst, 1, Paternoster Row, London, 1873.

and the music of the thrush, are heard in our fields and groves. Never can I forget the emotion awakened in my soul one day, about ten years ago. I was walking through the Domain in Auckland—a spot of exquisite natural beauty. I sat down on one of the seats under the spreading branches of a tree; suddenly my attention was arrested, and I felt as if chained to the spot, by a sound I had not heard for more than thirty years;—a grey thrush was perched on the bough of a poplar tree, and trilling out such a burst of joyous melody, that it carried my imagination away to the golden orchards of distant England, which grand old country I longed once more to behold.

New Zealand is a country which has within itself all the resources of a great nation. Nothing is wanted, but the magic wand of civilizing agencies, to evoke its latent riches. Dr. Hochstetter says that it is “one of the most remarkable countries in the world,—a beautiful country, which Albion’s enterprising sons, its occupiers, looking forward to a rich and blooming future, are wont to call ‘the Britain of the South.’” And Carl Ritter, the great geographer, says that “it is destined, before all other lands, to become a mother of civilized nations.” The description of ancient Canaan is suited to it, for it is “a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass,”—yea, even gold! In that country, so rich in promise, it was my lot to live for forty years. During that time I had the

opportunity of a close acquaintance with the aboriginal tribes. I saw the rise and progress of the colony, from its foundation ; and I took some humble part in, while I watched, with a deep interest, the successive changes which have marked the history of the country to the present time. In the following pages, I will, with studied brevity, give the results of my inquiry, of my experience, and of my observation in

NEW ZEALAND.

PART I.

Personal Narrative.

James Buller, was born in Cornwall

Decr 1872.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

MY wife and I left England in 1835. It was in the month of October that we cast a last, fond, lingering look, on the white cliffs of old Dover. We were young and hopeful. Our good ship was the *Platina*, Captain Parker, commander. In those days there were neither the huge steamers, nor the large clippers, that now make such quick voyages, to and from, the South Pacific. Our long passage was marked by few incidents. The most trifling thing gives an agreeable break to the monotony of a sea voyage.

We sighted the Madeiras on one glorious moonlit evening. When off Cape Verd, a suspicious-looking vessel was hovering on our track. That coast was then noted for pirates. Therefore our captain took counsel with caution, lest we might be greeted by a hostile visitor. Rusty swords, old pistols, and other arms, were hunted up, and put in order. As the shades of night closed around us, all lights were put out. Our course was changed. Despite some fear, we saw no more of the supposed marauder.

We called at the lone island of Tristram D'Chuna, but none of us landed. A boat came off to us, manned by Governor Glass, and a crew of his co-settlers. Their costume was very primitive—goat-skins doing service

for shoes and caps. We were glad to buy from them supplies of butter, potatoes, and other vegetables. On this stormy and grim-looking islet, about a dozen families were located. Their wants were met from the products of the soil, and by means of barter with ships, which now and then visited them.

After eighteen weeks, we saw the heads of Port Jackson—the magnificent harbour of Sydney. At that day, it was better known, in England, by the name of *Botany Bay*, which is, in fact, a few miles to the south of it. We stayed at Sydney six weeks. It was summer—hot and dusty. But to weary voyagers, the sojourn was pleasant. It was a small place then, compared with its present size. Many of the houses and shops were of one storey, and built of wood. A dead wall ran up, a long way, on one side of George Street, which may now be compared with Cheapside in London. The streets were narrow. When the town was planned, it was meant for a penal settlement. No one dreamt that it would rise to what it is to-day. We saw convict gangs, with their clanking chains, marched to their daily work, with an armed escort. Thus the foundation of a great colony was laid with the offscourings of the criminal classes of Great Britain!

CHAPTER II.

THE ARRIVAL.

FROM Sydney we took ship to New Zealand, in the brig *Patriot*. Besides ourselves, were the Rev. N. Turner, Mrs. Turner, and their large family; also Mr. and Mrs. Monk, with their little boy. We had been told that we were bent on a hopeless task, in seeking to convert cannibal savages. "There was nothing for it," men said, "but to polish them off the face of the earth." But we had "counted the cost." We knew who had commanded the gospel to be preached to *every creature*. From Him we had our "marching orders;" and in obedience to His word, and in hope of His presence and blessing, we entered upon our work, and "in the name of the Lord set up our banners."

We made the N.W. coast of New Zealand, April 21st, 1836. It was off the Hokianga, S. lat. $35^{\circ} 32'$, and E. long. $173^{\circ} 27'$. On the next day we tried, in vain, to cross the bar at the entrance of the harbour. The wind was from the shore, and we had to "back ship." We came near to the Heads again on the Saturday; but again the "wind was contrary." A small dark speck was seen to emerge from the river; it came towards us. Very soon we found it was the little schooner *Tui* (parson bird). One of our mission-

aries was on board her. He was on his way to the south, to visit two stations that had lately been planted at Kawhia and Waingaroa. He stayed with us till we were safe at anchor, and his local knowledge was of no little use. At night, the wind freshened into a gale, so that we were driven far out to sea.

It was not till Wednesday, the 27th, that we could take the bar. On the afternoon of that day, the pilot (Martin) succeeded in reaching us in his whale-boat. Before dark, we had passed between the bold heads of the noble river—mountains of rolling sand on either side of us. And now we felt how true are the Psalmist's words: "Then are they glad because they be quiet: so He bringeth them into their desired haven;" and, accordingly, we "praised the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works to the children of men."

Next morning, we were early on deck to see the land. It was a clear, balmy, autumnal day. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of April weather, in that exhilarating climate. Lady Barker, in one of her books, naively but truly says: "In no other country does Nature know how to make a fine day, as she does in New Zealand." Less sunny than Australia, more stimulating than England, it is a climate of rare excellence. At all events, our first day was a bright one. Native villages were perched on the hill-sides. Stalwart Maories came alongside, in their canoes. They were clothed in rough mats, or in dirty blankets. Fish, potatoes, etc., were brought on board, in exchange for pipes, tobacco, and the like.

As we glided up the river with the flood-tide, they were, here and there, eyeing us from their low huts,

squatting on their haunches. Covered with the Ngeri (a coarse flax mat), they looked like so many thatched bee-hives. A gentle breeze favoured our progress, so that before dusk we cast anchor abreast of the Mission Station, twenty-three miles from the Heads.

The river is winding in its course. Fed by many tributary streams, it shows a fine sheet of water at full tide. Those streams flow through rich alluvial valleys, in which the bulk of the natives live, in the midst of their cultivations. The mid-channel is deep enough for the largest ships, but flat shoals of mud are laid bare when the tide ebbs. On those shoals the women gather cockles (pipi), and at night the men, with torches in their hands, spear the patiti (a flat fish like the plaice). Wild fowl skim the surface of the water, or dive beneath it. The main river flows between lofty and woody hills. Bold mountain ranges, clothed with evergreen forests of varied hues, line the banks on both sides. These are broken, at many points, by the openings which lead to the well-watered and fertile dales. Through the vista, as far as the eye can reach, mountain seems piled upon mountain, in wild confusion, and all are crowned, to their summits, with large trees.

At nearly every bend, a rude and lonely hut was standing. This was made of slabs, and thatched with grass. A boat, or a canoe, floated in front of it, or was lying on the beach. It was the home of some white man, living in a semi-barbarous style, with a Maori woman, and surrounded by their half-caste progeny. He was perhaps an escaped convict, or a runaway sailor. About two hundred of these classes were living on the shores of the river. They worked

as axe-men, sawyers, etc., for the few traders who were located on their respective establishments. Too generally, the poor fellows were the slaves of drunkenness: the arrival of a ship was usually their time for unbridled indulgence in this vice.

Happily for the Maories, they had not yet acquired a taste for ardent spirits. There were from three to four thousand of them, scattered over the hills and dales, in this district. Among them were many chiefs of great fame. Intercommunication was confined to boat or canoe;—there were no roads. Three or four timber depôts had been formed on the river. The largest of these was at Te Horeke, about three miles beyond the Mission Station. This belonged to the late Lieutenant M'Donnell, R.N. He owned a large tract of broken country, by virtue of purchase; he had built two vessels in his yard, and he lived in a good house, with gardens around it of some pretensions. Mounted on an elevation, he had several pieces of cannon, and the booming of their report would sometimes echo along the surrounding hills.

Rafts of long spars, or of sawn timber, were floated down to the ships—the former to be taken to England, the latter to New South Wales, or to “the colony,” as it was then called. There was likewise some trading in flax and potatoes. Such was the place to which we had come. Landing from the boats, we were carried over the mud-flat to the pebbly beach,—the gentlemen on the backs, and the ladies and children in the arms, of strong natives. They were chattering and good-tempered. We were thankful to be once more on *terra firma*, and on a spot which shall be described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

MANGUNGU.

THIS site was chosen by the Rev. Messrs. Hobbs and Stack, in 1827, for its central position. It is a small promontory, running out to a point in the river, and flanked by steep hills, covered with dense forest. Several acres had been cleared of the wood. The soil is a strong clay, and the surface very uneven. A plain, but substantial, shell of a wooden oblong building stood in the centre. This was the Mission Church. The materials had been sawn, and put together, by native workmen, under European supervision. It held about five hundred people, seated on the floor, after their fashion. The only seats provided were for the Mission families, and these were near the pulpit. On a high pole in the front, hung the bell. To the devout, there was music in the tone of that "church-going bell" which called the dusky natives to the house of prayer. Behind the church were some small rooms—one of which was the printing-office, and the others stores for food. On the same level, and not far from it, was the school-house, a neat structure. Descending from the church, and close to the water's edge, there was a capacious dwelling-house of one storey, with no claim to architectural style. It was enclosed by a high paling. This had been the residence of Mr. White, but was now vacated for Mr.

Turner and his family. A little higher up, and to the left of it, was a raupo (or rush) building, of several rooms. Attached to this was an orchard of apple and other trees. It had a commanding view of the river. This house was allotted to the writer. About a hundred yards to the right there was another, and larger, raupo house, in which Mr. and Mrs. Woon, and their family, lived. Close by this was the burial-ground: it was protected by a rude fence, and overshadowed by drooping willows. There were many graves, and a few of them had headstones. Many of the occupants had been drowned in the river. Tufts of rushes grew over this place of sepulture. Some low huts served as dormitories for the natives, who lived on the station as domestic servants, workmen, etc.

By the river-side there was a boat-house. A row of stout piles stretched out to low-water mark. These seemed designed for a wharf, which, however, was never completed. In the erection of the buildings no plan or order had been observed. Neither meadow nor garden met the eye. Flocks of goats wandered over the place. The stiff clay was in heaps here, and pits there. The pathways, from one house to another, were innocent of asphalte or gravel. The name of the station was appropriate—*Mangungu*, which means *broken to pieces*.

Turning a rocky point, is *Otararau*. Here was a collection of poor huts, used by the natives when they came, week by week, in their canoes, to the Sabbath worship. In the middle of the river, and in front of *Mangungu*, is a small island called *Motiti*, clothed with the koromiko (*Veronica*). This little island had a picturesque appearance in a dark night, when the natives, with flaring and flitting torches, were spearing fish. Standing by the

door of the church, the eye looked up and down the river, taking in its range several of the branches, as well as the traders' houses at various bends. The bold look-out stretches far away over dark forests, and terminates in the purple haze of distant ranges of mountains, on which the conical peak of *Maungataniwha* rises in queen-like majesty. A large ship, sometimes two or three, might be seen riding at anchor, taking in spars or other timber, and produce. The *kauri* pine grows extensively in the forests, and as straight as an arrow, to a height of nearly two hundred feet. It is easily known from all other trees, by its tufted tops. Altogether, the view embraced a scene of wild magnificence—a display of Nature's grandeur.

Never can I forget the evening when we first landed at Mangungu, amid the all-but-deafening shouts, in what then sounded, in our ears, as a very jargon. Our feet seemed to touch on hallowed ground. There was much joy on the station that night. The arrival of a ship was, at any time, an event, but the advent of missionaries was a "red-letter day" in the calendar of the people. The ample stores of a New Zealand larder were laid under tribute, for our repast. The supper-table invited the discussion of sundry fowls, baked and boiled, of well-flavoured hams, fresh pork, and goat mutton, supplemented with fine potatoes, kumeras, and pumpkins, together with the steaming tea, enriched with goat's-milk, home-made bread, baked in Dutch ovens, with salt butter, and a variety of jam-tarts and puddings, among which the peach and the Cape gooseberry figured largely. Truly, we had come to a land of plenty, if not to all the refinements of the culinary art. Sóyer had not visited New Zealand. Fancy had often drawn an ideal picture

of our future home: now we had come to it; and, however illusive the dream we had cherished, there was enough to inspire us with an ardent zeal. Therefore, as we knelt together, that night, around the domestic altar, we "thanked God, and took courage."

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY EXPERIENCE.

WE were for three years on the Hokianga. My first work was to learn the language of the people. This was no easy task: neither lexicon nor grammar was at hand. It had been reduced to writing; and some portions of the Scriptures, with a few manuals, had been translated and printed. Not having a good ear, I found it difficult to lay hold of a barbarous tongue. With the aid of translations, and by daily intercourse with the natives, I managed to prepare a grammar and a vocabulary for my own use. Ere long I was able to take some part in school instruction.

At the end of a year, I made my first attempt at preaching in Maori. My sermon was prepared with great care. The congregation listened gravely—they politely told me that I succeeded well. But I afterwards found that I had made some ludicrous mistakes.

My reminiscences of those early days recall many incidents. The Sunday was a high day. The whole aspect of the station seemed to give voice to the words of the Psalmist: “This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it.”

The villages of the natives were more or less distant. During the week we made visits to them. But on the Saturday, they came in fleets of their well-filled canoes,

—not, as formerly, to kill and eat one another, but to hear the glad tidings of “peace on earth, goodwill toward men.” From the tributary rivers, they converged to the Mission ground, bringing their provisions with them, as also their pet dogs and pigs. I have counted, on the beach, as many as seventy of those canoes at one time, holding respectively from five to fifty people. Their encampment, at Otararau, was a lively scene on Saturday evenings. Lit up with their many fires, resonant with their earnest talk, and steaming with their savoury ovens, the little settlement was all astir. Most scrupulously they peeled their potatoes, and made other preparations for the Sunday. In every hut, the voice of praise and prayer was heard.

Early on the Sabbath morn, they would wend their way to the prayer-meeting. Sermons were preached to them in the forenoon and evening. A school was held in the afternoon. And here the old chief, of sixty, would sit beside the child of six, spelling out their lessons in the class, and desiring “the sincere milk of the word.” Many a famed cannibal warrior had come to “sit at the feet of Jesus.” The crowded church was a thrilling sight. To the fastidious it had little charm. They were poorly clad: soap was scarce; olfactory nerves were offended. But to the Christian mind, the scene could not fail to give joy. Here was a people just lifted out of the “horrible pit and miry clay,” and earnestly seeking to “know the way of the Lord more perfectly.”

For the sake of the Mission families, the settlers on the river, and the crews of ships, an English service was held in the school-room on Sunday afternoons. There is reason to hope that, in those exercises, more than one

prodigal was brought to say, "I will arise and go to my Father." At times, a large number of catechumens was baptized. Many of their heathen friends, as well as their Christian relations, would be present. The church was crowded, within and without. I find, in my journal, an entry which records that a hundred and sixteen, after due probation, were baptized in the presence of a large congregation, and twenty-eight couples joined in holy matrimony.

Some of them had been polygamists. Mohi Tawhai, a very influential chief of Waima, had many wives. He was now greatly perplexed in making his choice of "one wife." His difficulty was in deciding which of two should be his spouse. To one he was very strongly attached, but the other was mother of most of his children. After a long struggle with himself, he elected the latter. If the ordinance of baptism was solemn, that of matrimony was not always without a touch of the ludicrous: this was often the case in the clumsy attempt to place the wedding-ring on the proper finger.

The natives would generally stay over the Monday, for the purpose of getting counsel and instruction on many things, affecting their every-day life, or to learn the meaning of certain texts of Scripture, or to get medicine for themselves or their sick friends. And others would stay that they might barter their pigs and potatoes for such articles of trade as they most needed. To such a people, missionaries have to become "all things to all men."

It sometimes happened that a gathering of the Pakeha (white man) would meet on the station. That would be a funeral occasion. It was no rare thing for one or more of them to be drowned in their drinking bouts.

The corpse, when found, was conveyed, in a boat, to Mangungu, and was followed by all its old comrades. This gave the missionaries their best opportunity for a solemn appeal to the consciences of those misguided men, that they should "turn from their wickedness and live." But the funeral was not always that of the poor drunkard. Among other cases of a similar kind, my diary contains the account of the burial of a respectable trader, Mr. Mitchell. He lived at the Horohoro, in the Mangamuka branch of the Hokianga, and had a well-trained family, who had been accustomed to come, with their parents, to our Mission services. I saw him die in hope. The *cortège* consisted of eleven boats, the British ensign waving over that which bore the coffin. About sixty Europeans attended. The service was impressively read, and an address given on Isaiah xxxviii. 1, by the Rev. N. Turner. The last mournful offices were performed amid many tears.

There is a sameness about life on a Mission Station. The coming of a friend—or even a stranger—now and then, was a pleasant relief; still more the receipt of a packet of newspapers and letters from the outside world, and from distant loved ones. In those days we deemed ourselves happy to receive news from England, not more than six months old. Visitors came from Tokerau (Bay of Islands) on the other coast. That was the chief resort of the whale ships, and the seat of the Episcopal Mission. The journey took two days. The first stage, of fifteen miles, was over an open and sterile country, to the Waimate—a beautiful spot, an oasis in the desert—where our Episcopalian brethren had an agricultural station. Seven miles westward, the traveller entered a gloomy forest, through which he had to thread his way



A NEW ZEALAND FOREST SCENE.

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along an old war-path, to the top of the Hokianga, whence he came to Mangungu by water.

It was a gladsome thing to greet the face of a friend, and to hear his voice. But for brotherly intercourse, the Annual District Meeting was our chief joy. It was the only season in the whole year when men bound together by common sympathies, and labouring—far apart from each other—with a common object, held personal communion. Then they felt that “as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.” To attend that meeting, some would travel hundreds of miles, through forests, across rivers and swamps, and over hills and valleys. There was neither bridge, nor hotel, nor road, other than the narrow trackways beaten by the natives in their old war expeditions. If any of the missionaries brought their wives with them—an occasional thing—they would be carried in a “kauhoa,” a rude sort of hammock, resting on the shoulders of the carriers. This was made of a flax mat, fastened to two long poles, and protected by a canopy. It was borne along at a jog-trot pace, after the style of the old sedan chair in England, and at regular intervals the bearers would be relieved by relays.

Our travelling, rough and toilsome as it was, had its peculiar charms in fine weather, and when the natives were in good humour. I retain very pleasant recollections of many of those journeys. Times have changed since then. That experience cannot be repeated now. The natives have become comparatively rich: they ride on horseback, having roads. If a guide be wanted for the interior, he must be hired, together with his steed, and that at no small expense. But at the date of which I write, the services of natives could be obtained on

easy terms. And when the missionary brethren met each other at Mangungu, it was the great annual event. None but those who have shared the joy, can tell how precious were those seasons! Then "they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." A few of those brethren are now in other lands; some have gone to their rest; and others, in a ripe old age, "remain to this day."

CHAPTER V.

NATIVE MARTYRS.

ONE Sunday in 1837, the usual number of natives had not come to Mangungu, by reason of bad weather. Morning service was just ended, when a party came from the village of Roto-pipiwai, at the head of the Mangamuka, greatly agitated. They told us that four teachers had been fired at, and two of them killed. It was some time before we could learn the painful details. After they had composed themselves, they informed us that in the morning four young chiefs went to a small settlement, in a clearing a few miles away, to preach to some people who lived there. The names of the young men were Wiremu Patene, Matiu, Rihimona, and Hohepa Otane. The party, whom they were going to visit, was a desperate gang, headed by a chief called "Kaitoke" (worm-eater). This man was connected with a noted priest, *Te atna wero* (red god), who, like many of his order, was a skilful ventriloquist. He was believed to be inspired. From him Kaitoke had received a present of some muskets and ball cartridges, with the assurance that, in using these, he would be invulnerable, and would always do execution.

This Kaitoke and his party had been often visited by the teachers, but had told them if they came again they would kill them. The older people very properly tried

to persuade them to discontinue their attempts; but, with more zeal than judgment, the young men persisted, saying that the Saviour had commanded His Gospel to be preached to all men. They went, and were shot. Matiu lived long enough to say that he hoped no one would revenge his death. Rihimona received two balls,—one went through his body, the other lodged within. He endured great agony, and, after some days, died in peace, praying for his murderers. Wiremu Patene escaped with a perforated blanket. Hohepa Otane was not yet within range. He went back to the village with the sad tidings, and Wiremu Patene, a handsome young chieftain, stayed by the dead and the dying. He was told, with threats, to go, but he would not leave his friends. Hone Wetere, a noble man and a most useful teacher, had been a renowned warrior in his day; and he and others came to the place, and conveyed the bodies home. Some of the murderers declared they would cook them, but in this they were overruled by Kaitoke.

This was the mournful message brought to us on that Sunday. As soon as the boat could be prepared, Messrs. Turner, Whiteley, and Buller started for the place of mourning, and several canoes accompanied us. It was dark when we arrived at Mangataipai. Here we had to leave our boat, the stream being shallow, and proceed in a small canoe. There was much excitement in the settlement. We shook hands, in silence, with the friends of the martyred. They led us, across a potato-field, to a little hut. There we saw the dead body of Matiu, decently laid out, and many making lamentation over him. Rihimona was lying in the arms of his sister, and was suffering greatly. The first rush of feeling had

subsided; and we listened, with painful interest, to the incidents of the tragic tale.

We were eating a supper of boiled potatoes at eleven p.m., when an alarm was given of the approach of an armed party. It proved to be the Ihutai, a heathen tribe, but related to the deceased. According to New Zealand custom, all the kin of the slain, or the outraged, were bound to espouse their cause, and to have revenge. There was no small danger that this sad affair might lead to a serious war. The Christian natives would take advice, but the heathens could not be easily restrained. Our counsel was that no steps be taken, at present, for the punishment of the evil doers, but to send to the Bay of Islands, for Mr. Busby, the British Resident, and with him to hold a conference with the chiefs to consider the matter. This was agreed to, after long discussion. Then, wrapping ourselves in our cloaks, we lay down on the floor of the chapel to court "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

At five a.m. next morning we were awakened by the singing of the morning hymn. After prayer and breakfast, we walked some way up this beautiful valley, rich in crops of maize, potatoes, kumaras, etc., and the little huts nestled snugly under the spreading branches of the peach trees, or the karaka groves. Soon we heard the report of musketry, repeated at times. At ten a.m. there was the sound of paddles. Then a formidable party arrived on the ground, armed with guns, hatchets, spears, etc. A war dance and a sham-fight followed, and the quiet of the place was exchanged for confusion and noise. Mohi, Nene, Taonui, and other chiefs, harangued the people. Some advocated summary vengeance, but peaceable measures

at last prevailed. Hohepa Otane said: "Jesus Christ did not want revenge when He was crucified, and is it right that His followers should?"

While the talk lasted, pigs were slaughtered and put into the ovens, with abundant supplies of potatoes, etc. The meal had ended. Mr. Turner was kneeling by the side of Rihimona, commending him to God, when a movement was descried in the direction of Kaitoke's village. Some of the young men had stolen away, and others were following them. Very soon there was a general stampede through the forest track. We went with them. Expecting an attack, the aggressors had thrown up an entrenchment. Not less than five hundred armed natives appeared in front of them. Confident in their security, the entrenched party opened fire. Presently Himeona, a Christian chief, was killed, and another was wounded. The firing then became general. Musket balls were hissing about our heads as we took refuge under some trees. Our situation becoming unsafe, and our presence of no avail, we left, after being there full two hours.

A rush was made—ten men were killed, and the rest captured. Kaitoke was wounded and taken prisoner, with the others, to Otararan, where he was attended by the missionaries.

For many days there was great uncertainty as to the issue of this event. Noise, bustle, anxiety prevailed; war canoes passed and repassed; dances shook the very ground; war songs rent the air; the traders were alarmed; native tribes were moved. No one could tell what next might happen. Pahs were built, and other preparations for defence made. In our meetings for prayer we asked the Lord to overrule these things

for good. One thing was clear, Papahurihia's* influence was broken. Nothing was more damaging to the reputation of a priest than failure. Kaitoke had been deceived by him, and threatened vengeance.

A party of marauders from an inland valley, Oruru, came on some of the settlers for pillage. They robbed Mrs. Mitchell's house. Messrs. Turner and Whiteley, and a number of natives, opportunely arrived at the place, and they decamped, taking with them what they could. The family removed to Mangungu with their moveable property. A carpenter called Reeves was plundered of all he had. Mr. Hunt lived a little further on: from him they stole what they could carry away, including eighteen sovereigns, and destroyed the rest, among which was a pianoforte. Armed parties, for attack or defence, went up and down.

One morning a flotilla of canoes, in war style, was making for the station. Our natives collected on the beach ready to repel any assault. A conflict now seemed inevitable; but, to our great relief, the visitors were found to be under the guidance of Pi, who had come for the purpose of ending the disquietude. A feast followed, with many speeches. We rejoiced over the peaceable termination of the mournful affair, and recognized therein the triumph of Christian principle over heathen practices.

Throughout the whole, our Christian chiefs had used all their efforts on the side of peace. Among them, old Haimona Pita was unremitting in his endeavours. He was once the terror of his enemies, but had become as gentle as a lamb. He died in 1839. Not long before his death, he said to one of the missionaries who was

* *Atua-wero.*

visiting him, "Don't ask the Lord to keep me here any longer. I have taken leave of my people and children. My heart is in heaven, and I long to depart." Such was the closing scene of one who had been a notorious cannibal! Kaitoke himself became a professed Christian. The first time that he attended the service in the Mangungu Church, Wiremu Patene engaged in prayer, and made special mention of his would-be murderer, that God would give him a new heart. And old Papahurihia himself received Christian baptism before he died. So "the Lord maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath doth He restrain."

CHAPTER VI.

COURSE OF EVENTS.

THOSE were eventful days: on the one hand were pleasing evidences of the power of the gospel; on the other, the potent reign of heathen cruelties. A deputation of chiefs would sometimes come from the far south, having heard of the Rongo Pai (the good news), to beg that a missionary be sent to them. One day a man brings his carved spear, to get a book in exchange for it. Then we hear that war is rife in the Waikato district, and horrid tales of cannibal orgies are brought to us. A trader's vessel was robbed by some natives, among whom were three who had professed Christianity. Their friends were much grieved, and they voluntarily make ample restitution to the captain, for the loss he had sustained.

In the month of February, 1837, we were favoured with a visit from the truly venerable Samuel Marsden, accompanied by his daughter, and the Rev. F. Wilkinson and family. They stayed two weeks with us. The aged patriarch preached in English; and to the Maories, through an interpreter. On the second Sunday we had a blessed sacramental time. This was Mr. Marsden's last visit to New Zealand. As he beheld the change which had been effected since his first visit, he might well exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

There were some happy deaths among the converts. The first that was buried in our new cemetery was Ihapera, the wife of T. W. Nene, who in after-days was the faithful and firm ally of the Colonial Government. Some of her last words were these: "Jesus is my keeper; He keeps me by night and by day. In Him I trust and rejoice." Six months afterwards, her daughter followed the mother to the "better country." She was married to Wiremu Patene in March, 1837, in the presence of a large congregation. They were a handsome pair. The bridegroom wore a suit of black, and as he went to the altar he led his cousin, Ihaka's wife, a godly woman. The bride, neatly attired in a well-fitted cotton dress, leant on the arm of Iraiha (Elisha), who was clothed in a black suit. Standing by the side of her lover and her mother, Annie looked modest and pretty. At the close of the ceremony a short address was given by one of the missionaries, and Ihaka (Isaac) very sweetly offered prayer. As the happy couple left the church, they received the congratulations of their many friends with the customary *hongi* (rubbing noses). No English wedding could have been more orderly. But they were not long to enjoy their married life. The wedding garment was soon to be exchanged for the funeral shroud!

At the end of the same month Hemaima (Jemima) died. She was a devoted Christian woman—a model for her sex. The fragrance of her consistent life was diffused over her happy death. Her memory was embalmed in the affection of all who knew her. These are a few instances out of many which prove that "the Gospel was the power of God unto salvation." Tomati Waka bore his double bereavement in the spirit of resignation.

Not long afterwards there was a baptism. Five Waikato natives, who were returning to their home, were received into the Church. Tomati asked if he might say a few words ; and, while he spoke, the congregation was affected to tears. He tenderly warned the baptized ones against the danger of apostasy, and exhorted them to be "steadfast in the faith." His own religion, he said, had been in word only, but since he was bereft of wife and child, the power of God's Holy Spirit had come upon him ; and he concluded with an earnest appeal to all present to "hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering."

Hare Tipene was a slave. He was captured in his childhood, by a chief who, when he was baptized, assumed the name of Wiremu Wunu (William Woon), and, at his baptism, he gave his slaves their freedom. Hare was allowed to marry into his master's family. He was now a teacher, and Wiremu Wunu was dead. Being requested to go to Waikato, he mournfully replied, "I cannot go ; I am bound with a chain." When asked to explain, he said that when his master was dying, he was sent for, and told by him that he was dying in the dark. He meant that he had received certain goods from a trader, for which he was to get out spars. He was therefore in debt, and could not depart in peace. "Be at rest," said Hare ; "I will take the burden, and pay all your debt." And this was the chain but for which he would gladly go at once and tell the people of Jesus Christ.

About this time the missionary staff was strengthened by the arrival of the Rev. John Hobbs, and family, from the Friendly Islands. He was one of the first missionaries. He shared the honour of being pillaged by

the natives at Wangaroa in 1827, and also of forming the Mangungu station soon afterwards. For several years he had been engaged in the Tongatapu group. He spoke the language in its idiomatic purity, and had that versatility of talent which is of so much value to a missionary among barbarians. He still lives. In a green old age, surrounded by his children, and his children's children, he enjoys a modest home in Auckland; and not long ago, in the midst of much rejoicing, his large family celebrated the "golden wedding" of the venerable pair.

One day a European sawyer was missing under suspicious circumstances. After three days his body was found, and bore marks of foul play. A slave at Wiri-naki was accused of the murder, and Tomati Waka had him secured, until trial should be held. Mr. Busby, British Resident, came from the Bay, and an investigation was made into the facts of the case. There was no authority to empanel a jury, but Mr. Busby had the moral support of the chiefs and of the Europeans. After a patient trial, a verdict of "Wilful murder" was given by the majority, while some thought that his crime amounted only to that of manslaughter. The poor culprit was visited by the missionaries, and on the following Monday was judicially shot on the little island of Motiti.

Not long before this, another murder was committed at Ponui. The victims were a Maori man and his child. At first it was thought to be the act of Kaitoke, in revenge for his wound; but it was traced to a slave belonging to the Ihutai. The murdered man was found in a frightful state of mutilation; and the child, whom he carried on his back, was brutally cut on the head.

The widow was brought to the station for the sake of protection. According to New Zealand law, her life could be taken for the death of her husband. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

I saw the poor creature, with her dead child on her back, and all but frantic, fetching water from the brook to wash away the clotted gore from the lifeless body of her husband. The guilty man was taken, by order of the chief Pi, and shot without trial. It turned out that this man was enraged with his wife for her unfaithfulness. He tried to kill her. Being prevented, he went forth and took the life of the first man he met.

Revenge is satisfied by proxy among New Zealanders. The murderer's brother had killed the wife of Hopukia. When he escaped, an innocent man, who was paddling a canoe with a European, was laid hold of, and but for the timely interference of the Christian natives, his life would have expiated another's crime. And then, according to their own law, his relatives would have avenged his death on the European that was with him. Such was the code of justice among this people.

The death of that woman became the cause of a bloody strife between Pomare and Titore, two powerful chiefs. This war lasted four months. It was at the Bay of Islands, but the whole country around was affected by it. As many as a hundred and thirty-two Europeans—"lewd fellows of the baser sort"—joined Pomare's pah, and others were in Titore's camp. Many were killed, and among them Titore and Pi, the latter head chief of Waima in the Hokianga.

This conflict was not free from cannibalism. It was a time of great commotion. In my journal I find such records as these: "A large number of natives from

Wangape passed by in nine canoes. They were on their way to the war. They were wild and savage, most of them entirely naked." "Fearful tidings come from the Bay. European houses have been plundered, as well as whalers' boats. Many have been killed and eaten. A party from Titore's pah went by this morning, having come for reinforcements." "Several of the tribes are going from this river to join the fight. Pi, Moetara, and the Wirinaki people are preparing." In New Zealand warfare, it sometimes happens that father and son fight on opposite sides, and a brother may be against both.

In the face of very strong temptations, our Christian natives were kept from the scene of war; religious services were steadfastly observed; and as soon as there was a fair chance for making peace, our chiefs went across for that purpose, and succeeded. Whereupon I find this entry: "Our people have been instrumental in their mission, and have come back. Wiremu Patene and Mohi Tawhai slept in Pomare's pah several nights, and laboured to show the evil and folly of fighting. As the heathen relatives of Wiremu were about to renew an attack, he at once went over to the other side to stop it. At length, to the relief of all, peace is restored, and will, we hope, continue."

War was still desolating other places; but at Mangungu we had many things to cheer us. At two glad-some occasions, as many as 129 and 123 catechumens were baptized. In the autumn of 1838 an epidemic, in the form of influenza, prevailed, which carried off many old and feeble ones, and occupied the missionaries in dispensing medicine.

In the night of August 18th, a fire consumed Mr.

Turner's house. Mrs. Turner had been confined to her bed with illness for ten weeks. A fire was kept burning through the night. A log of wood falling upon the wood-work near the chimney, ignited it, and the dwelling was soon wrapt in flame. The inmates escaped in their night-dresses. The settlement was soon alarmed. A native threw a blanket over Mrs. Turner, and carried her to Mr. Hobbs' house. Chiefs and people did their best to help, and were full of sympathy for the loss. One of them said to Mrs. Turner, "Oh, mother, let not your heart be distressed: though your house and property are gone, your life, your husband, and your children are spared. I have no garments to give you, but you shall have pork and potatoes, and such things as we have."

Early in November, 1837, a strange character arrived in the *Nimrod*. This was the Baron de Thierry, an Englishman with a French title. He was by birth and education a gentleman, but a visionary. He proclaimed himself as the "sovereign chief of New Zealand." He had met with Hōngi at Cambridge, in 1820, and Mr. Kendall received from him thirty-six axes wherewith to buy land for him, on his return to New Zealand. In virtue of those axes, the Baron claimed an estate of forty thousand acres. He brought with him ninety-three persons, including his secretary, master of stores, and other officers.

I was present at a conference he had with the native chiefs at Otatarau. They smiled at his demands. It ended in the cession of about three hundred acres of good forest land to him, on the part of Tomati Waka and Taonui. They said they were sorry they had not a good house to offer for the accommodation of himself, the Baroness, and their retinue.

He built some fragile houses, and began the making of a road, which was, he said, to be extended to the Bay of Islands. But ere long the poor Baron was deserted by all his followers. He afterwards took up his abode at Auckland, where he obtained scant living as a teacher of music, and died in great poverty in 1864, at the age of seventy-one. Airy as his scheme was, his claims were recognized by the French Government. Their ships of war that touched at Auckland had orders to pay him great respect.

In the last year of my residence on the Hokianga, I made a preaching tour to the far north. Passing along the western coast, I visited Wangape, Kaitaia, Oruru, etc., and returned to Mangungu by way of the Mangamuka.

Wangape is a romantic spot, surrounded by tree-clad hills. A narrow stream gurgles through the luxuriant valley, and by a confined passage flows into the sea. Several villages nestled in its bosom, and the people gathered "together to hear the word of God." At Kaitaia, Messrs. Pinkey and Matthews, of the Episcopal Mission, had formed a prosperous station. I spent a few days with them and their families, and was much encouraged by the evident success which had crowned their unceasing toil of five years. Their mission-house was pleasantly situated. It commanded the view of an open country, extending to the Reinga—the Elysium of the ancient Maori. On Sundays they preached to a congregation of five hundred, or more, in their Raupo church, which long since has been replaced by a substantial wooden building, with its spire pointing heavenwards. Their chief, Nopera, was once the hereditary enemy of Mohi Tawhai, of Waima; they used to

meet in deadly warfare; but not long before this they exchanged friendly visits. Mohi was formerly greatly feared; but now they said to him, "How is this? When in days gone by we heard of your coming, we all took to our arms. Your name was Tawhai. But now you are called Mohi, and we have no fear in your presence." And those two chiefs sat together in the Sabbath-school, as Mr. Matthews entered it, reading out of the Book which "publisheth peace."

Both of those devoted missionaries continue there to this day, labouring on even to old age; and among the people for whom they have spent their lives, their "names are as ointment poured forth." My hosts kindly furnished me with a horse to ride to Oruru, where I spent an interesting Sunday. My journal has this entry: "In the verandah of a rude hut, I am as happy as if in a palace. Arising with the sun, I went to Kohimaru, seven miles distant, preached to the people, and dispensed medicine to the sick. Returned to Oruru, where I had a congregation of about a hundred and fifty, and enjoyed a profitable day."

Next day I pursued my journey homeward. Leaving the valley, my path lay over the lofty range of mountains which divides it from the Mangamuka. I ascended to the summit of Maunga-taniwha. From that eminence, I had a glorious prospect, both to the north and south, and extending to the coast on either side of the island. I wended my way, on that warm summer day, through forest glades and rippling streams, and at eventide found myself again at the Hokianga, and was cheered, by finding a packet of English letters awaiting me.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSIONARY.

WITH savage tribes, the missionary needs varied talents, beside those which a Christian minister, in a civilized community, is supposed to have. He is thrown upon his own resources, not only for the conveniences, but oftentimes for the necessities of life. Skill in husbandry and horticulture, a practical knowledge of mechanics, and an acquaintance with surgery and medicine, are highly important. He must, perforce, be doctor, and nurse too, in his own family, when sickness comes to it; and apothecary, and general practitioner, to all around him.

Eleven births filled as many dates in our domestic calendar. In one case only was an accoucheur to be had: then I sent more than a hundred miles for him. Such a functionary as a nurse was not to be thought of. Calomel and blood-letting were fashionable remedies at that time. I fear that, with the best intentions, no little harm was done in the use of those measures. The people, however, had the fullest confidence in our skill, and by their continual coming with aches and pains, as well as with more serious ailments, gave us ample practice in the healing art.

Sometimes we had to treat imaginary diseases. This was the result of superstition. As an example, I may

cite the case of an athletic young man who was brought to me one day, by a venerable old chieftain called Wetekia. From head to foot this young man was trembling with excitement. He had come for some medicine. The cause of his illness was that he had, by accident, eaten a *sacred potato*. He most firmly believed that, for such an act of sacrilege, the offended God had entered his stomach in the form of a lizard, and was consuming his vitals. Unless I could deliver him, he must die. It was equally vain to laugh, or to reason, with superstitious fear. After making the orthodox examination of my patient, I gave him some aperient pills, and told him to keep himself quiet for a while, and he would recover. I was going on the principle of *like cures like*. The next day I was told that the young man was still ill, and would die. Repairing to his village, I found him pale, haggard, and resigned, sitting at one end of a long hut open in front. From twenty to thirty chiefs were seated near him, smoking their pipes, and discussing the current topics of the day. The old women were preparing the ovens for the entertainment of their friends, who would flock to the place at the report of his death. In three days he was to die, and they were making due preparation for it. I expressed my regret and disappointment, and re-examined my patient. I found out my mistake; I had given him medicine internally; I would now do so externally; and, with an air of the greatest confidence, assured them that he would recover immediately on its taking effect, which they would know by its producing a stinging pain. On this I sent him a blistering plaster, with direction to apply it to the chest. In less than an hour the young man cried

out, "It bites! it bites!" And all said, "Now he will recover." And so he did. But for my timely interference, this poor young fellow would have been added to the number who were the victims of superstitious dread. Many of them thus went to a premature end, giving point and meaning to the words, "My people perish for lack of knowledge."

Money was seldom seen, and was of little use. They could neither eat it, nor wear it, they said. They know its value now, as well as you or I do, gentle reader. But I am writing of days that are past. On a small scale, the missionary had to be a trader. He should know the quality of his wares. For the supply of his household wants, and for others dependent upon him, he had a store. Here were blankets, rugs, calicoes, hatchets, axes, spades, pipes, tobacco, combs, etc., etc., which were given in exchange for pigs, potatoes, pumpkins, etc., etc. The wages of servants, workmen, and carriers were paid in the same coin. In the early days of the mission, guns and gunpowder were the articles most coveted. The missionaries, from the beginning, steadfastly refused to deal in those instruments of destruction, and by thus refusing, sometimes incurred the fierce anger of the savages.

The services of natives were utilized for many things, but, beyond the merest necessities, the missionary had to provide with his own hands. For my own part, I cannot boast of much success in this way. Once I tried my hand at building a brick chimney—a great luxury. Bricks I had from Sydney; burning some cockle-shells, I got lime, but not enough of it: my mortar was not good. With the help of natives, and after heavy toil, I rejoiced in the completion of my work. My joy was

short-lived. In a few days the whole concern came to the ground, and it was a mercy that no one was hurt by it.

I would advise every young missionary, before he goes to a barbarous country, to acquire some practice in the use of carpenters' tools. Even the work of a butcher is not to be overlooked. Pigs were numerous and cheap: pork was our main bill of fare, alternating with fowls and fish; but if the poor animals were to escape prolonged torture in dying, some more skilful hand than that of the Maori, must use the knife. In short, a missionary to an uncivilized people, cannot know too much. He should not despise a "Jack-of-all-trades," even though "master of none."

I always thought that a Christian missionary, in his person, family, and home, should be a model for the people of his charge. They will honour him, according to the proof of superiority he manifests. For this reason, as well as for my own comfort, I tried to surround myself, if not with the graces, at least with the adjuncts of an English home. On a lone spot where I lived for many years there grew up, step by step, a farm in miniature. We had, in time, a large and commodious dwelling-house; a good lawn and shrubbery in front of it, a fruit garden and orchard at the back. Every sort of fruit, from the grape to the gooseberry, grew in abundance. In the green meadows, redeemed from the forest, and enclosed by hedges of thorn and sweetbriar, with the multiflora rose and honeysuckle, might be seen horses, cows, and, in course of time, sheep, peacefully grazing. A well-stocked poultry-yard gave variety for the table, while wild-ducks were numerous on the river, and wood-pigeons in the

forest. The neat little church stood on an elevation, and near it was the burial-ground and the bell; and not far off, was the school and the natives' houses. Various out-offices were in the background. By the river-side were a substantial wharf and boat-shed, and conspicuous among the rest was a small windmill.

We succeeded, in the lapse of years, in collecting around us every material comfort. We had peace and plenty; but still we lacked one thing, without which life is incomplete—I mean society. Yet, as an example for the natives, as a means of education for my children, and as a source of satisfaction for ourselves, I felt it my duty to draw around me the blessings of life, to the fullest extent of my power.

Words cannot express my feelings of relief and thankfulness when, returning from my rough and toilsome journeys, I used to land, from the boat or canoe, at my cherished home, and again looked around on the many objects of interest by which it was adorned. I accepted as a compliment the description given by the Rev. Father Maximus Petit, a Roman Catholic priest, who one day favoured me with a call, in company with Mr. Brewer, a solicitor. M. Petit had not been long in the land. He had come, with his companion, across-land from the Bay of Islands. His object was to visit a small tribe who were inclined towards the new faith. He brought a letter from Bishop Pompalier to the chief Waiata. This chief brought the letter to me, that I might read it to him; and his visitors came with him.

It was Saturday, or, as the natives called it, “Te ra horoi whare” (the house-cleaning day). Our guests being seated, I read the letter for Waiata's information. It was, of course, a letter of introduction for Father

Petit. After a little talk concerning their journey, our friends retired. In reporting himself to his superior, the priest gives a narrative of this visit to my house. I found it in the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith." Having recounted the course of the journey, he said,—

"After dinner, Waiata invited me and Mr. Brewer to go with him to the house of a white man who had fixed his residence among them. The showy appearance of the house made me at once suspect it was the residence of a Methodist missionary. I entered it without making inquiry, and beheld books arranged with order upon a table; several bottles of porter; and a certain air of comfort, or rather of opulence, which met the view on all sides, confirmed my opinion. I was received in a polite but rather formal manner. Mr. Brewer related the incidents of our journey. Waiata, in his simplicity, presented the missionary with your lordship's letter, as yet unsealed, and requested him to read it for him. The minister opened it, and began to read. But when he came to that part where you inform Waiata that, during your journey to the south, fifteen thousand Maories were converted to the Catholic faith, he grew quite confused, and would not read any further. The chief begged of me to continue it, which I accordingly did, in a mild but audible tone of voice."

The *animus* of the above was apparent. The inference which the writer would convey was: "See how these Protestant missionaries live on the fat of the land, while we poor priests are void of all the comforts of life!" He was, however, unfortunate in speaking of *bottles of porter*, for there were neither any on the table or in the house. I had an opportunity afterwards of asking the good priest whether he was the writer of that letter; and, on his fathering it, wished him to explain about the said porter. I could not gainsay his answer, for he said, "Oh, the printer put that in." His account of my reading his Bishop's letter was correct, except the latter part of it. I knew well that no such

conversion to Popery had taken place; nor could the priest, through his ignorance of the language, have read the letter, even if Waiata had asked him to do so. Like many of his brethren, Father Petit was an amiable and zealous man; but his, conscience warped by the pernicious principle of his order—"the end justifies the means,"—he could, without scruple, use falsehood to promote what, to his mind, was a pious object. The following is an extract describing his journey:—

"After five days of fatigue, we arrived at the river Kaipara (it was hardly two days' journey; they had missed their way). Great was our disappointment on finding no canoe, nor a house. We fired several shots, but no person appeared. We then turned back, and endeavoured to make our way through an immense marsh, in which we were often up to our middle in water. Mr. Brewer and Joseph became quite discouraged. I tried in vain to keep up their spirits. With our clothes all wet and covered with mud, without food or any means of procuring it, we arrived, very late in the evening, at the entrance of a forest. We had eaten nothing since morning, except a few leaves of raw cabbage, and we were to have nothing for supper. As I was seeking, by groping, for some dry wood, in order to light a fire, I heard the flutter of a bird which I had startled among the branches of a tree. I ran to the place whence the noise came, and I succeeded in catching a pigeon. It was not much, I allow, to make a supper for six persons; however, we took this repast with thanksgiving; and I fell asleep, recommending myself to the Blessed Virgin, and relying upon her intercession for our deliverance from this trying situation."



TANGIERORIA (MISSION STATION).

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CHAPTER VIII.

TANGITERORIA.

NATIVE names are significant. On the Wairoa river, in the Kaipara district, the tide flows with great force, sending back the stream to the source of the river. In the narrow reaches it rose and fell from fourteen to twenty feet. Eels abound in the muddy banks. To capture these, the Maories used large weirs. Rushing by the long poles, the tide produced an audible vibration. This was notably the case in a certain place. The natives compared it to the sound of the large conch shell, which was their war trumpet. Hence the name of Tangiteroria (sound of the trumpet).

It was at this place where a purchase of a hundred and fifty acres of forest land was effected, in 1838, as the site of a new station. Before anything could be done in the way of building, large trees had to be felled and cleared away. Of one of those trees, a Kauri pine, the natives made a big canoe, which for years did good service for the transit of goods. It held as much cargo as a small schooner. The Rev. James Wallis began this work. He was removed, after a few months, to his former station in the south. I succeeded him. For three years I had been studying the language, and could now talk it with fluency. A vessel called the *Elizabeth* was chartered to take my family, goods, and chattels,

from Hokianga to the Kaipara. The distance coast-wise is about seventy miles. The spacious entrance lies between overlapping sand-spits, upon which the sea is always breaking. Four large rivers flow into the estuary, which is about six miles across at the Heads. These are the Kaipara, the Oruawaro, the Otamatea, and the Wairoa. They are all navigable for large ships. It was far up, on the last-named of those rivers, that our station was being formed. Vessels of heavy burden can go up fifty miles or more. After that the river gradually narrows, is tortuous in its course, and suited only for steamers.

At that time there was no commerce in the whole district; now there are many farms, settlements, and large trading depôts. It is destined to great importance. Our barque dropped anchor about twenty miles up the river. There we landed, on an afternoon. A large hut gave us shelter for the night, but the mosquitoes deprived us of sleep. We proceeded to our new home on the following day, in the large canoe of which I have written. When we reached our destination, it wore a desolate look. The framework of a wooden house was standing, and a few acres of the forest felled: the huge logs, and the blackened stumps, made a picture of ugliness. Flocks of the kaka (parrot) were cawing among the trees. Their grating, hollow sound, together with the cooing of the dove and the screaming of the owl, had a depressing effect. The natives were all away, and there was no one to receive and bid us welcome. A strip of land along the river-side—an old cultivation—had been sown with wheat. On this we had to rely for our supply of flour, with no other means of grinding it than by a hand-steel mill. Being over-ripe, it was all

but perishing. Our first care was to cut and gather it into a stack. We had to "labour, working with our own hands," and when we enjoyed the fruit of our labour, I could say in truth, "these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me." For many a long day the sound of the axe, and the "tena" (call to effort) of the Maori, were heard, before the place put on the rosy aspect described in the last chapter. Our goats gave us milk until we got cows; but before I could have grass to feed cows, I had to go four days' journey to the north, with some native lads, to get seed. Similar visits were made for cuttings, stocks, and grafts, of many kinds of trees. For miles, the banks of the river are now lined with the graceful willow trees which have sprung from the shoots I imported. Fruitful orchards are the outcome of grafts I introduced. Luxuriant meadows are the result of the grass-seed which I sowed. On both sides of the river, is a rich alluvial deposit, yielding heavy crops. A freshet sometimes overflows the banks and covers those flats. Fences would be all under water; all buildings, therefore, were erected on rising grounds. The land ascending from those cultivations is hilly, broken, and woody, extending to a range of mountains called Tangihua.

As on the Hokianga, so here, are valuable forests of the Kauri pine. In going across the country, I have rested on the apex of a lofty mound, bare of trees, from which I had a wide outlook. As far as the eye could range, there was but a vast sweep of silent and sombre woodland, with the river, like a silver thread, winding through it. It brought to my mind the solitude of Martin Luther when he was confined to the castle, amid the primeval forests of old Germany.

The natives, in the immediate locality, were not numerous, and lived in scattered kaingas, or villages, a few families together. Wars had desolated the territory in former days. The leading chief, Te Tirarau, lived near to my station; his place was called Te Aotahi. He claimed possession by right of conquest. He, and his people, were glad to have a missionary near them, but did not care to listen to his teaching. Only a few of them would come to the services.

Kaihu was the name of a rich valley, just fifteen miles inland, from a point which was thirty miles or more down the river. A tribe of two hundred, or thereabout, lived there under the chief Parore. They had embraced Christianity, and built a church. I visited them periodically. It was then a rough journey, and in winter, when the woods were inundated, I had, in places, to walk breast-high in water. They built me a little cottage, as I always stayed several days with them. It was supplied with the prophet's furniture—"a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick." A few apple trees were planted within the fence that enclosed it. The wife of my old teacher, Hohepa Tapapa, had charge of it. When I was expected, she would put it in order: a clean layer of fern was provided, boiling water was poured over the ground-floor—this was to destroy the fleas,—and a new mat was laid down.

It was the custom of the people to bring to me their little differences—cases of conscience,—and texts of Scripture for consideration. I used to meet them in a large house, separate from my little cot, where a fire burned on the floor, and the only exit for the smoke was through the doorway. After a fatiguing walk, I was not always prepared to sit up to a late hour, and they

were fond of talking at night. At last, I hit upon an expedient that answered my purpose. They are given to smoking; I therefore stipulated that, after our evening prayer, I would stay with them as long as they refrained from the pipe: I said it was enough to endure the smoke of the fire, without the fumes of the tobacco. The appearance of the pipe was to be the signal for my leaving. They could not hold out longer than from ten to eleven o'clock, and then I retired to my needed rest. I had many an interesting sojourn at this place.

There was another settlement, about sixty miles down the river, called Okaro, under the chief Paikea. Here was a very intelligent people, and an admirable teacher, Tomati Taia. I had a cottage in this village likewise. A beautiful church was the ornament of this kainga. It cost them much labour, and did them great credit. I visited scattered villages on the other rivers as well. Paikea is dead, but Te Tirarau and Parore are yet alive.

Occasionally I went to Wangarei, on the eastern coast. It is about twenty miles across-land, over moor, wood, and plain. Stunted fern and koromiko grow in the open, till within a few miles of the coast. There the soil is volcanic, and the scenery enchanting. It is a good and well-sheltered harbour. When I first went there, no white settlers had located themselves within its limits, except a few pairs of sawyers, whose mode of life was little better than that of the natives. The entire number of Maories, within my wide district, did not exceed a thousand.

For more than fifteen years this solitude was my home. During that time many changes took place. There, nine of my children were born, and two of them were buried. We were far away from any other missionary, and seldom saw the face of a Christian friend.

With two exceptions, my children were baptized by their own father. When death came, it was his mournful office to read the solemn funeral service at the grave-side. Their little tomb is under the shadow of an acacia; there they sleep "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." It was at such times—times of sickness, of sorrow, of separation—that we most felt how precious would be the voice, the sympathy, the presence of a friend! I was once laid aside by acute inflammation, caused by an unavoidable chill on one of my journeys. It seemed likely to end in death; certainly I thought so. We had no doctor; but what was worse, there was no one, out of my own family, to kneel by my bedside and offer words of prayer, but a pious native teacher: it was, perhaps, in answer to his fervent petitions, that I was raised up again. At another time, three of my children were down together with typhus fever. No medical adviser was at hand, nor any kind counsellor. With trembling hands, we used remedies we knew of; and it pleased God, in His great mercy, to give them the desired effect. More than once, my wife seemed to be at death's door. One of my little ones, by a fall, had a fractured arm; more by accident than by skill I set it right, and it was made whole.

That remote and solitary spot is linked in our memories with many scenes. We had our seasons of sorrow and of joy, of fear and of hope, of trial and of mercy. God was with us. We did not "labour in vain." Although often cast down, we fainted not. The doctrine of the Gospel distilled on the minds of the people: many of them yielded to its power. It was my privilege to baptize most of them, to join them in holy matrimony, and to "see the grace of God and be glad."

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNEY TO COOK'S STRAITS.

A YEAR had not passed on my new station, when, at the desire of my brethren, I undertook an overland journey to Port Nicholson, in Cook's Straits. Meanwhile, I had been getting daily experience of Maori character—fitful, impulsive, uncertain. Firmness was indispensable. They were covetous, wayward, and bouncible; but they paid respect to the man who never deceived them, nor yielded to their caprice. Our chief, Te Tirarau, was a mild but determined man,—a lion when roused. His tribe was a small one, but his “mana,” or influence, was great. He was a near descendant of the famous Hongi, and, in his youth, was his companion in arms. Few ventured to brave his anger. He could ill brook contradiction. It was impossible for me to avoid a contest with him. I laid down fixed rules of conduct, which I would not relax. For example, I would not allow any one to come into my house, unless he was decently attired; then I expected him to knock at the door; and, excepting only my own servants, no one was permitted to go into my store. Tirarau, in his imperious will, first demanded, and then begged, for an exemption in his case, and threatened consequences if refused. But I would not be moved. Menace having no effect, after a while he gave up the point, yielded me

his confidence, and became my fast friend. To his care I committed my wife and children while absent on my long journey, over much of which, the foot of white man had not trodden. The Revs. Messrs. Bumby and Hobbs had been to Port Nicholson in a small schooner. The people eagerly desired missionaries. They agreed for the purchase of a few acres of land, and left behind them some native teachers, promising to give them a missionary, when he should come from England. The New Zealand Company was now sending out an agent in the *Tory*, to buy up all the land, if he could, for settlement. The object of my visit was to get there soon enough to secure the site already chosen, and to initiate the new mission; but, as the sequel will show, it was too late to do this.

I started on November 27, 1839. The Rev. John Whiteley was my fellow-traveller, as far as Kawhia, his own station. He was returning from the district meeting. We went down the Wairoa, and up the Kaipara, in my boat. At Otakanini we spent a Sunday, holding services with the people. Wiremu Tipene, a superior young man, was our native teacher in that village.

In 1842, W. Colenzo, Esq., who was travelling that way, came to his house when nobody was at home; he thus described it: "The house, which was open, was very clean and tidy. On a shelf were plates, cups and saucers, seeds in bags, etc.; and beneath were a tea-kettle, frying-pan, buckets, etc.; a mattress, bolster, and pillow were rolled neatly together; a glazed and coloured print, representing the crucifixion of Christ, hung against the wall; and beneath was a fowling-piece. In a corner, on a shelf, were a hair-brush, a hat-box containing a hat, a New Zealand Testament, and other things. On another

shelf were paper and pens; and with three large and locked chests, a good cane-bottom chair, and a table completed the furniture of the room. Out of doors, in the garden, were raspberry bushes and peach trees, and maize, melons, gourds, onions, etc., in abundance. An outhouse contained a fishing-net upon a platform; and in another house on the hill, at about two hundred yards distance, we found wheat in bags and in the straw, oil in calabashes, pit-saws, and carpenters' tools. In front of the house, stakes had been driven to form an embankment against the sea, which came up very near it; while behind the house a way had been cut down the face of the hill to conduct a small stream of water into the little garden. I was much pleased with the air of neatness that everywhere prevailed, and had already formed a high opinion of the owner, whom we supposed to be some respectable European. I had said, indeed, to the Europeans with me, that it would be well if they were to copy from so good an example.

“On returning, however, to the verandah of the house, and there sitting in the shade, considering what step I had better take, I perceived a slate which hung on the outside of the doorway. On perusing it, I found it to be a letter, from a baptized native to his teacher, to the effect that he came to that house to look for him, but found him absent, and desiring him not to believe the reports which were in circulation against his character, etc. It was addressed to William Stephenson (Wiremu Tipene). On this I again looked inside, more minutely than at first, and found the Testament to bear his name, and the papers to contain many evidences that they belonged to him. So that the neat little dwelling and grounds, which we had been led so much to admire, in

reality belonged to a native! Without doubt, this was the highest step in civilization which I had seen among the New Zealanders during more than seven years' residence with them."

Leaving the boat in a creek at the head of the river, we went on to the Manukau. Here a broad sheet of water gleamed before us. Our road lay over undulating fern-hills, dotted with clumps of trees. We crossed the site of the present city of Auckland, then a waste. The sun shone brightly; the sheen of the Waitemata (glittering water), the bold coast-line on the right, and the many islands on the left, gave a charming variety to the scene. At the Manukau we found neither boat nor canoe. In a small rush church we met with a lodging-place.

Next day, a canoe coming by, we were put across the river, and, travelling over the sandy beach, we came to the village of Pehiakura. We halted here till the following day. Jabez Bunting (Epiha Putini) was the chief man, and a teacher. He and many of his people had been, for some time, at Mangungu. After a full examination, we baptized forty-five, and married sixteen couples. The next night we stayed at the Waikato, where we were cordially entertained by the Rev. R. Maunsell (now Dr. Maunsell) and the Rev. B. Ashwell. They were in charge of an important station.

Hence we proceeded to Waingarua, where we spent the Sunday, domiciled by the Rev. J. Wallis. I remained here several days. It was encouraging to observe the eagerness of the people for religious instruction. An old warrior, Muri-whenua, had just come from a fighting expedition. Thus the din of war mingled its harsh sounds with those of the Gospel of

peace ! At Aotea I yielded to the wishes of the natives, and stopped a night, holding service with them. I reached Te Ahuahū, Mr. Whiteley's station, on the banks of the Kawhia, on the Thursday. Here I had to remain for twelve days.

The cause of this delay was in the difficulty of engaging the required number of natives to go with me : travellers are always exposed to this annoyance. The natives are slow to learn the value of time ; " Taihoa," or by-and-by, is their reply to remonstrance. In my case the difficulty was increased, inasmuch as my journey would take me over the territory of hereditary enemies ; and, as it was, I had to hire fresh hands at several places.

My stay gave me a good opportunity for seeing the work on this station. The people were numerous ; their country fruitful, but broken. There was a baptismal day, when eighty were received into the Church, besides many children. I accompanied Mr. Whiteley to a place called Paparua. Here I first saw the Rev. C. H. Schanckenberg, who, to the present time, has been a valuable missionary. We went also to Marakopa, a village on the coast. We crossed a lake in a canoe, and halted at Mangatangi, where we held a service. The flood tide prevented us from going forward, till late at night ; then, under a clear, moonlit sky, we clambered over rocks, and arrived at the settlement after the midnight hour. Next day we visited the chief Ngatapa. Feasting, wailing, shouting, were the order of the day. I saw one woman, now erect, then bending forwards and backwards, again stooping to rub noses, extending her arms, clenching her hands, and, all the while, giving out a plaintive, melancholy wail. She had lost a daughter.

The girl had lived with the Mission family; but, lest she should become a Christian, her friends took her away. She sickened and died. Then, as if filled with remorse, they asked the missionary to bury her. Surrounded with a neat fence, her grave was near the Kainga.

At length my complement of natives was made up, and we started for Taupo. A walk, of eight days, brought us within sight of the great lake,* thirty miles by twenty. Christmas Day found us climbing hills, threading forests, wading streamlets; and on New Year's Day we were encamped around the wild scenery of that inland sea.

After leaving Kawhia, I did not sleep in a bed again until my return to the north. We had skirted the plains of the Waikato; we had seen the fertile valleys lying between Pirongia and Kakepuku; and, from many an elevation, we had had command of a glorious prospect. Many villages were in our pathway. In some of these, we found a broken barrel of an old musket, doing service for a bell. We met groups of natives, here and there, on their way to Kawhia,—some for medicine, others for books, and all for conversation with the missionary. At the same time, rumours of war floated around us. It was reported that a “tauā” (fighting party) was moving towards Kapiti, to avenge the death of some of the Ngatiraukawa, who had been killed in fight with the Ngatiawa.

On the Sunday, our supplies of food falling short, we had to go on to the nearest place. We had lodged for the night in the open desert. After toiling through a tangled bush, we came, tired and hungry, to a cluster of huts at a place called Te Puna. It was at the foot of

* *Taupo.*

the mountain Tetiraupenga—a sequestered spot, seemingly cut off from the world. There were about thirty persons here, wretchedly poor. They had fled hither, as a place of refuge, from their enemies. Emerging from the shady glades of the forest into the clearing, I heard, with mingled feelings of surprise and delight, the sounds of worship. They were bowing before the living God! No missionary had seen the place, but the truth had come to them by their own kindred. Thus “the word of God grew and multiplied.”

It was a fine day, when the lake opened to our view. The grim volcano, Tongariro, stood before us; volumes of smoke were rising from its crater. The snow-crested Ruapahu seemed to rest against the blue sky. The surface of the water was smooth as glass. The natives could tell me that a south wind would soon be blowing, that would lash it into fury. And so it was. It reminded me of the Galilean lake when “there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves.”

But the boisterous night was followed by a serene morning. We crossed over to Parapara. The Rev. H. Williams, on his return journey from the Straits, had slept there the preceding night. We could now see the light of his fire on the eastern shore; so we just missed each other. As we journeyed, I learnt the tradition of the origin of the burning mountain. Soon after their ancestors came from the North Pacific, a chief, called Ngatoroirangi, wanted to find what the snow was. His feet were benumbed; whereupon his sisters, Haungaroa and Taungaroa, lit some brimstone they had with them. They warmed their brother's feet, and left, but the brimstone has been burning to this day. Another legend says

that Taranaki (Mount Egmont) once stood here ; that he and Tongariro quarrelled about another hill, called Kopihanga. The latter was the victor, and Taranaki fled to his present position. Hills and mountains, in the Maori mind, represent their ancient heroes and demi-gods.

On our road we saw a number of boiling springs. At Paka I met with the best-built native house I had anywhere seen. The natives had a wild look. We stopped a Sunday at the smaller, but very pretty, lake of Rotoaira, at the foot of the snow-clad Ruapahu. Pumice-stone covered the ground. The people were very ignorant, but desiring instruction. I preached to them, and my lads taught many of them to read. From this place we had a five days' hard travel over a lonely country,—no habitation or foot of man to be seen. For two days, it looked as though the hand of desolation had been on the stony, sterile scene ; the three following days took us through a continuous forest, where the umbrageous foliage, "the boundless continuity of shade," was hardly penetrated by the sun's rays.

We encamped one night by the side of a murmuring stream,—a fit place for romance. At a little distance, there was a concave rock ; the water, dashing against it, emitted a moaning sound. The superstitions of the natives shaped this into a Taniwha—a water-god. There was an old priest in our company, and a lively discussion arose between him and my boys—they appealing to the book of Genesis, he to the traditions of their fathers, for the origin of the world.

New Zealand woods are still and solemn—harmonizing with superstitious fears on rude minds. No sweet warblers, like our English song-birds, give out their music among these gloomy shades. They are being imported,



A NEW ZEALAND CREEK

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and multiply as fast as the cats, the rats, and the hawks permit them. But at early dawn, there is a sweet concert, as of chimes of silver bells, proceeding from the notes of numbers of small birds, but which dies away when the sun, "coming out of his chamber, rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." At an early hour, in summer-tide, travellers are entranced by this sylvan orchestra, which sounds like a morning hymn of praise to the great Creator!

It was on Friday, January 11, when we came to Pipiriki, on the Wanganui river. Here I found several villages. Most heartily was I welcomed, and found it difficult to get away. The people were athirst for instruction. My head ached at night, after the incessant talk of the day. To detain me longer, I ascertained that they had hidden their canoes; but I succeeded, on Saturday, in getting one of them, in which we pulled down the river, and at night encamped at the south head. There are many rapids which we had to shoot. In some places the banks are as steep as the roof of a house. Settlements were numerous, and thousands of natives greeted us on the way; but I could not stay with them. I had a congregation of about three hundred, on the Sunday, and was busily employed with them; their importunity for books was even troublesome. From this place, our road was along the sea-coast, intersected by several rivers.

On Wednesday we reached Otaki. This was a fortified pah. A bloody battle had been lately fought, in which sixty were killed. The Ngatiraukawa and the Ngatiawa were the combatants. A land dispute was the cause of the quarrel. The Ngatiraukawa led the attack, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Their dead were

left on the field, and were decently interred by the victors. This was just before the Rev. H. Williams arrived, and, through his mediation, peace was restored. We went on, next day, to Waikanae—about nine miles—the scene of the fighting. The Rev. O. Hadfield, the present Bishop of Wellington, was living in a tent here, while a rush house was being built. He was then a young man, in delicate health. It was to locate him, that Mr. Williams had visited this part. Owing to the jealous feeling between the two tribes, he had for some time to divide his residence between them. I dined with him, in truly primitive style, and he very kindly lent me his boat, to cross over to the island of Kapiti, a few miles from the mainland. Two whaling establishments were then on the island, and a vessel was at anchor; and this gave me an opportunity of replenishing my larder. My business was with the chief, Te Hiko.

On the following Saturday I set sail, with a number of natives, in a large and new canoe, for the island of Mana, where I expected to find Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata. A gentle breeze was blowing when we set out, and our canoe, with a large canvas sail spread before the wind, went proudly on her way. But ere long, it blew a gale, and the sea rose very high. With an iron-bound coast to leeward, we were in no little danger. The canoe was handled skilfully, but more than once was all but swamped. We could not bear up to Mana, but succeeded in landing at the mouth of the Porirua river, and gave God thanks. We prepared for the Sunday, which proved a fine day, so that I was able to visit the aforementioned chiefs on the island, where I held a service.

From Porirua, we had five hours' walk through thick woods to Port Nicholson. When the land-locked har-

bour broke upon us, it seemed—a lake. We descended the hill to Petone, where I met with Wharepouri and others. The *Cuba* was at anchor. This was one of the ships sent out by the New Zealand Company with their staff of surveyors. A large native-built store stood near the beach. The day after, we went on to Te Aro, over a rugged, rocky road, or rather cliff. The greatest part of what is now the capital of New Zealand was then covered with the sea. There was a woody flat, stretching inland from Te Aro, which is, at this day, the busy scene of streets, offices, and shops. The pah was by the water-side. I was received by Mohi and his friends, whom Messrs. Bumby and Hobbs had left here. Much excitement prevailed through the action taken by Colonel Wakefield, the Company's agent. An Australian, a Mr. Todd, was the only white man living on shore: his home was a wattle-and-dab hut. The *Aurora* arrived from England; she had more than two hundred immigrants on board, the first instalment for the new settlement. The *Eleanor* and the *Atlas* also dropped anchor: these were coasters. It was patent to me, that Colonel Wakefield's land claims would be hotly disputed. He had bought—or was presumed to have bought—territory by degrees of latitude, while in ignorance of the rightful owners. On Sunday morning I preached on board the *Aurora*, and accepted the invitation of Captain Heald to dinner. Returning to the shore, I held services with the natives. The new arrivals were most anxious for information about their new home: I knew well that trouble was in reserve for them, because of the lax way in which the land had been bought.

I found it necessary to have counsel with my brethren before I took any further steps towards fixing a Mission

Station. After breakfasting on board the *Cuba*, on Monday morning, I embarked, with my native lads, in the *Atlas*, bound for the Bay of Islands. We had a boisterous voyage. On the next Sunday morning—an exquisitely fine day—we arrived at our port,* which was alive with much shipping. I was the guest of the Rev. H. Williams at Paihia: we had travelled over the same ground, and could compare notes. Captain Hobson had come, and I had the honour of an introduction to him.

Preparations were on foot for a conference of native chiefs and Europeans, at Waitangi, (near Mr. Busby's residence,) for the purpose of considering the terms of a treaty, for the cession of the sovereignty of New Zealand to Her Majesty. I wished to stay, but was impatient to get home, and had to go by way of Mangungu; for, after leaving Kawhia, I had had no chance of sending a letter to my family. I made several calls on the Monday, and started at five P.M. On the way to Mangungu I met the Rev. Messrs. Warren and Ironside, who were going to the Waitangi meeting. I arrived at my own station late on the Saturday evening, and was thankful that all was well. I had been nearly three months away, climbing mountains, descending precipices, wading rivers, and penetrating forests; sometimes drenched with rain, then broiling in the sun, and at night sleeping on the ground. My travelling companions told thrilling tales of blood and battle—what hecatombs of human bodies had been cooked and eaten in days gone by. But withal the journey had its bright side. I found, in most places, a “people prepared for the Lord,” and the “fields white unto harvest.”

* *Bay of Islands.*

The Rev. C. Creed had, for some time, been looking after my station, to whom I felt much indebted. I had also the pleasure of meeting for the first time Thomas Emsley, Esq. (now of Burley-in-Wharfedale, near Leeds), who was about buying an estate. He joined the Messrs. Walton in the purchase of a tract of land about twelve miles below the Mission Station, and there I often partook of their open-handed hospitality. Some months afterwards the *Aurora* came from Port Nicholson to load with timber for England, and on going out became a wreck. I had the satisfaction of receiving the shipwrecked officers and crew, and of forwarding them overland to the Bay of Islands. That was in April, 1840.

CHAPTER X.

THE "SOPHIA PATE."

IN the year 1838, Dr. Day was passenger in a ship which called at the Hokianga. She was three months loading with a cargo of spars. During this time, the Doctor resided at Mangungu. He made a trip to the Kaipara, with the Rev. N. Turner, and, having been commissioned by some friends in Cork to buy land, with a view to their settlement upon it, he entered into a negotiation with Parore for a fine piece, in the Kaihu valley, perhaps about a thousand acres. The bulk of the goods stipulated for, was to be brought by the settlers.

In pursuance of this object, Messrs. Salter, Wilkinson, Stannard, and Stewart, with their families, embarked—in all twenty-two persons. They were to be pioneers for others. They reached Auckland, and thence, finding no other way of getting to the Kaipara, with their belongings, they chartered the brig *Sophia Pate* to convey them. They called in at the Bay of Islands, where Messrs. Stannard and Stewart resolved to go overland, *viâ* Hokianga, expecting to get there before their friends, and make some preparation for them. They had comfortable quarters at the mission-houses, for the first two nights, but after that had to trust to the hospitality of the Maories.

They were going along the sea-shore, and on the third night, turned aside into a beautiful valley called Waimamaku. The men were at work on their cultivations. The women prepared for them the best food they had, and garnished, with clean fern, one of their best huts. As night came on, the men, one by one, dropped in from their field-work. Their faces were tattooed, their arms and their legs were bare, and they wore shaggy mats. The strangers found themselves the "observed of all observers." They knew not what was said, but the talking seemed to be in earnest. A nervous fear began to creep over them; they questioned their own prudence in having ventured themselves among such a people. Presently there was a pause—an ominous silence! They thought the critical moment had come. They watched every movement. A man puts his hand into a bag. He pulls out—not the gleaming weapon which they feared, but—a book! Then a hymn was sung; the Scripture was read; their heads bent in prayer. The visitors, without doubt, were remembered in their petitions. And now the confidence of the travellers was reassured; they slept soundly, and left, to follow their journey, the next morning, with the good wishes of their hosts.

Our two friends arrived at their destination to hear that the vessel was a total wreck, and their friends were all drowned, but one little boy, called John Wilkinson. Very early on that morning of September 6th, 1841, I was aroused from my sleep, by the sad announcement of the event. My boat was soon launched and manned, and I rowed down the river. At the Warau, I took our two grief-stricken friends into the boat. At Manga-whare, ten miles further down, we found the captain and

crew, with the little boy. They had saved themselves by getting into the boat, hanging on the davits, while the sea was breaking over the ill-fated ship, until high water, when they were able to row the boat ashore. We proceeded together to the scene of the wreck, which was embedded in the sand. We learnt that, after the vessel struck, Mr. Salter called his family and friends around him, in the saloon, and there, knee-deep in water, commended them all to God. One by one, they were swept away, by the rolling waves of that broken sea. We found several of the bodies on the sandy beach, and, digging graves in the sand, I read the burial service over them.

In this painful way, a scheme, from which we had hoped much good, was crushed in the beginning. On account of circumstances connected with this shipwreck, I felt it my duty to go to Auckland, and our two friends went with me. Not many months before, that site had been selected for the seat of Government. About two thousand souls were collected there already, living, for the most part, in tents and shanties. A land sale had just been held, and, as the proceeds of it, as much as £25,000 found its way into the Treasury.

It was on a Saturday morning when we arrived. On the next day I preached to about eighty Maories in the morning; and in the afternoon to a congregation of English, who met in a saw-pit in Mechanics' Bay. In the evening I had service in an auction-room. There still live in Auckland, a few who remember those occasions. I stayed several weeks, and preached every Sunday wherever I could find a place. I waited on His Excellency Governor Hobson, who promised me an acre of land, in a good position, as a church-site; and I took

some steps towards the organizing of a church, with the few members I found there. This was the "day of small things." Auckland remained under my charge, until a resident minister was appointed. Meanwhile money was collected, and a neat wooden church was built, and opened, under auspicious circumstances, by the Rev. John Warren and myself. The only minister then living in Auckland was the late Rev. F. Churton, who for a short time was salaried by the Government as the Colonial Chaplain.

CHAPTER XI.

A MURU, OR ROBBERY.

IT was at Mangawhare. This is a large flat on the bank of the river, about forty-five miles below Tangiteroria. Mr. and Mrs. Forsaith had bought some hundreds of acres, and settled on this spot, with the purpose of joining farming the land with trading in timber. Their buildings, and farm operations, were yet of the rudest kind. They were both absent in a little vessel to the south of the island. A husbandman called Shaw was in charge of the place. Early in November, 1841, some natives, while waiting for the return tide, accidentally picked up a human skull, and hastily concluded that Mr. Forsaith must have gotten it from one of their old burial-grounds hard by. They believed that white men used the bones of the dead for some medicinal purpose.

Nothing could excite their angry feelings so much as any liberty with their sacred places. According to their own law, death only could expiate such a crime. The circumstance was soon noised abroad; the people were incensed; summary vengeance was threatened. I succeeded in persuading them to put off all measures, until Mr. Forsaith should have the opportunity of explaining. At once I wrote to him, trusting to the chapter of accidents for his getting my letter, for there was no postal communication. Weeks passed without a reply. On

the 17th January, I heard that a *muru*, or robbery, had been perpetrated. At once, I had my boat launched, and repaired to the place. It was true: all that was movable had been carried away; doors and windows smashed; floors and partitions pulled to pieces. Only the house in which Shaw and his family lived was respected. This had been done ten days before, at the instigation of Weinga, a notorious cannibal. He took advantage of a time when they were on a fishing expedition to arouse their feelings: he did so by a stirring appeal to their superstitious fears, in using a well-known waiata, or poem, which wrought them into a frenzy. Acting on the impulse of the moment, about a hundred and fifty men manned their canoes, pulled up the river, and wrought destruction.

When I met with them, they were ashamed that they had so blurred their character, while they justified their conduct on the ground of their own usage. Having so far committed themselves, I feared they would go further. A few days afterwards, some canoes passed my house, in which they were on their way to strip a native, for some offensive words he had spoken. Then a large party started for Wangarei, for the purpose, they said, of visiting the *manes* of relatives, who had been devoured there in their old wars.

A few European settlers had bought land on that river, and were cultivating the same. G. Mair, Esq., J.P., of the Bay of Islands, owned a fine estate, which was in the charge of an overseer. Te Tirarau preferred some unsatisfied claim on that piece of land, and he told me he should insist on its redemption. I knew that they were now prepared for any act of violence, and was sorry that sickness in my own family prevented my going with them.

I wrote a note to Mr. Mair's manager, apprising him of their intention, and to put him upon his guard. They returned after ten days, every man of them laden with spoils. I charged them with having robbed the settlers. They declared they had done no such thing, but that all they had, had been freely given to them. It turned out that they visited every family—there were seven—and by the war-dance so frightened them, that the poor people were glad to give them anything they asked for, to get rid of them. The natives of the place, from fear of Tirarau, took refuge in their own pahs. So far were they from pleading guilty to the charge of plunder, they took credit to themselves for leaving anything behind them.

While grieved at this high-handed conduct on their part, I was thankful that no Christian native was implicated either in this raid, or in that at Mangawhare. At this juncture, a boat came to my wharf, with a supply of needful stores: this further excited their cupidity; but a pretext was wanted. One evening, three of the chiefs came to my house, for a little talk. They said that my cook, Enoka (Enoch), had been guilty of a great freedom with Toia, one of Tirarau's women, who was living with us, as a nurse for my children. She had come to us with a severe attack of erysipelas, and, after she was cured, remained in our household. She, and another woman, slept together, in a room adjoining the kitchen. Enoch, one morning, could not readily awaken them, and to do so, he gently drew the blanket from off their faces. For this act, it was demanded that the young man should be handed to them for punishment, unless I would atone for him, by valuable presents. (He was a slave lad belonging to another tribe). They used both persuasion and

threatenings, by turns. All my natives were in consternation, and poor Enoka hid himself in the roof of the house.

A *taua*, or stripping party of armed men, entered my court-yard the next morning. I asked them their business. They wanted Enoka, or his ransom. Their demand was unreasonable, and I would not agree to it. I told them I had no objection to give them some small article, in order to save the boy from ill-treatment, and that he should have my protection. Having fixed my terms, I stood by them, and went into my study. From time to time, there was a knock at the door, with an offer to abate something of their claim, and, after some hours, they accepted my proposal and left. But, in the darkness of the night, the affrighted lad took his departure, that he might join his own tribe, and put a safe distance between himself and danger. This is a typical case of an annoyance that often happened, and had always to be met with a firm stand against extortion.

The pillage of Mangawhare I had reported to the Government at Auckland. On March 11, G. Clarke, Esq., Protector of Aborigines, arrived, and an investigation took place, the next day, at Tirarau's settlement. Mr. Clarke was accompanied by Mr. Forsaith. I had the pleasure of entertaining them at my house. Mr. G. M. Waterhouse (now the Hon. G. M. Waterhouse) was also one of our visitors. A large and orderly meeting was convened. The natives stated their case, and defended their proceedings. Mr. Forsaith admitted that he knew the skull was on his premises, but could not tell how it got there; it was found one day by the river-side. Mr. Clarke, on behalf of the Government, claimed compensation. Their reply was, that the Governor might

take them as payment,—which meant, of course, if he could.

During the recess for dinner, Mr. Forsaith had some talk with Paora Tokatea, who could call to remembrance that he had seen the said skull there, in a position as though it had been washed down with a flood. Paora was a Christian, and, although a slave, no one doubted his word. His evidence was taken as decisive. Stung by a feeling of remorse, Tirarau laid hold of a gun, and would have shot the poor man on the spot, had not Parore held him back, while Tito led Paora away.

The result was that, on the Monday, a block of land was ceded to the Government, in restitution for what they had taken. A large steam saw-mill now employs a number of hands on that land—Te Kopuru, the property of Messrs. Grahame and Walton. To Mr. Forsaith the loss proved an ultimate gain. Refunded by the Government, to the amount of his estimated loss, he removed to Auckland, where he prospered in business—made a fortune—entered Parliament: after a rather chequered course, he was ordained to the Christian ministry; and is now honourably fulfilling his useful duties, in the Camden Congregational College at Sydney, in New South Wales.

CHAPTER XII.

A HAKARI, OR FEAST.

THE Maories are given to feasting. For this they make great provision, and take pride in a large display. Huge quantities of potatoes, kumeras, etc., etc., are prepared. Formerly they used to erect a lofty stage on which to serve them. Now, ardent spirits form no small part of the bill of fare.

With the advance of civilization, they come nearer to our modes, and copy our vices, more readily than our virtues. In 1859, I was present at a dinner given in the Hutt valley. It was remarkable for a grotesque mixture, of Maori tastes and English customs. Wi Tako was the host, and the invited guests were above five hundred. Many of them wore European dresses, but others were clothed in their own mats—a motley group. A spacious tent was fitted up, with temporary tables and forms, for two hundred—so they had to dine in relays. White cloths were laid upon the tables, and a number of stewards, with white sleeves and aprons, did the waiting. These had learned something, about cooking and serving, on board ships, in Mission families, or in other houses.

An extensive larder contained rounds of beef, joints of mutton, hams, fowls, puddings, cakes, wines, and cordials, in great abundance. There was a good supply of cutlery, and crockery, and glass. The whole pro-

ceeding was most orderly. An anteroom joined the marquee; this was for the admission of their European visitors. The sound of a large bell announced the hour for dinner, when the people entered in single file.

Before grace was said, the master of the ceremonies asked me to inform the white ladies and gentlemen, that a table was reserved for them, if they would honour him by accepting his invitation; otherwise, he would feel obliged by their withdrawal, as they wished not to be gazed at. On this, many of them went out, while my friends and self took our seats; but as they had come to "see the lions feed," they felt disappointed, and one of the gentlemen soon returned, and begged me to persuade Wi Tako to allow them to come in as spectators. I felt it right respectfully to decline such an office, whereupon they all came back, and took part in the dinner as they could. This feast cost little less than £500. It had a political object, in reference to the King movement. Wine was drank freely, but I did not see a case of drunkenness. After the dinner, tea and coffee, with cake, were served, and all passed off very quietly. The discussion took place as night drew on. They often impoverish themselves, for a while, by reason of their lavish expenditure on such occasions.

But of all the Maori feasts I have seen, that was the largest which was given to the Waikato tribes at Remuera, in April, 1844. That place is within three miles of Auckland. It was in its native wildness then, with a clearing here and there; but now it is a beautiful suburban retreat. It is the favourite abode of the merchant princes, amid luxuriant gardens, with broad carriage drives. The scenery is exquisite. It overlooks the harbour with its many islets, and scans the shipping,

far out to sea. The gently moulded hills are clothed with rich meadows, and adorned with graceful groves. The town comes within the range of view, and the charming effect of the combination can hardly be excelled.

It was here, ere the ground was cleared of blackened stumps, that the feast was given. This also had a political purpose—as indeed had all such feasts—but not in reference to the same object as that at the Hutt. The number of visitors was about four thousand. For their refection, there awaited eleven thousand baskets of potatoes, a hundred large pigs, nine thousand sharks, and liberal supplies of flour, rice, sugar, and tobacco. A shed four hundred yards long was standing, about fifty yards, from the breastwork of potatoes, which shed was covered with Witney blankets, and one thousand more were ready as gifts. The feast lasted nearly a week. There was a natural fear, in the minds of the Aucklanders, that the presence of such a muster of Maories would be fraught with danger. Had they intended mischief, the few soldiers in the barrack ~~sunk~~ into nothing before such a host. But not a single act of disorder transpired. Only one accident happened, and that was to one of themselves. It has been well asked, “Would the Caledonians, from the age of Constantine to that of the Plantagenets, have shown similar forbearance?”

The Governor, Captain Fitzroy, with his suite, paid a formal visit to the assembly. The war-dance was performed by sixteen hundred. With such a number it was effectively done. But, as a relic of their old barbarism, it is not to be commended. Good taste, not less than sound morals, must condemn the practice. The several tribes were attended by their respective missionary pas-

tors. Clusters of tents covered the ground, with small flags waving in the breeze. The Sunday was well observed, as it generally was in those days. Gathered into their several groups, the people worshipped God and heard His word. They were unable to consume all the provisions: the remainder was sold in Auckland at a nominal rate.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOSTILITIES.

THE Treaty of Waitangi was signed in January, 1840.

This act ceded to the Crown, the preemptive right to the purchase of all waste lands. Very soon that proviso became the cause of much dissatisfaction. The natives desired the settlement of Europeans among them, as the only way of obtaining those articles of foreign merchandize which they needed. The custom observed was, that when an agreement was made for the sale of a given piece of land, the buyer gave a small portion of the consideration as a "whakatapu," or earnest, and possession of the said land was allowed, when the whole bargain was consummated.

Many transactions of this kind were pending, when the proclamation of Governor Hobson made it illegal for any private person to traffic in land, or to cut down timber on it. Thus sales that were *in transitu* were arrested. The Government, on the other hand, was not so ready to buy, as were the natives to sell. This dog-in-the-manger policy became an irritant. Disappointed land buyers were vexed, native land sellers were disappointed. The latter, naturally suspicious, soon inferred that, by such a measure, the Government had an ulterior design upon them.

This belief was strengthened by the imposition of import dues, thereby adding to the cost of their supplies.

Nor were there wanting unscrupulous white men who fostered this feeling. The air became full of mutterings. A tragic conflict had occurred in 1843, between a party of settlers and some natives at Wairan, in the South Island, in which the former were massacred by the latter. In this unfortunate case the whites were the aggressors, and no attempt was made to bring the murderers to justice. This served to lessen the prestige which the white man had hitherto maintained in the eyes of the Maori. These things paved the way for a still more serious disturbance, at the Bay of Islands, in 1845, which is known as Heke's war.

Hone Heke was a chief of high rank—intelligent and turbulent. He was married to a daughter of the famous Hongi. Soured by the measures already mentioned, he listened to the tales of mischievous foreigners, who told him that the Government would take their country by force, in time, and reduce them to the condition of serfs; and they pointed to the British flag as at once the symbol of English supremacy and Maori subjection. His pride was wounded, while his apprehensions were aroused. He said he would test the matter by cutting down the flag-staff. "It had," he said, "neither bones nor blood, and could feel no pain." He summoned his followers, and in broad day carried his threat into execution, on Monday, July 8, 1844.

I was crossing the Bay, in a boat, when the flag-pole fell. In consequence of this daring act, about two hundred troops came from Sydney, under the command of Colonel Hulme, with two light guns, to punish Heke. Several chiefs, among whom was Tomati Waka, per-

suaded the Governor to restrain hostilities, and promised to pay for the flag-staff, and become sureties for Heke's good behaviour for the future. The Governor accepted Heke's apology, with that of twenty-five other chiefs, on his behalf, and ten old muskets, which he afterwards returned to their owners. But Heke felled the flag-staff a second and a third time. Again it was put up, and not only sheathed with iron, six feet high, but a block-house erected, and a guard of twenty soldiers placed in charge.

Several acts of plunder were committed on the settlers, and it was evident that Heke would make another attempt on the flag-staff. Captain Robertson, of Her Majesty's ship *Hazard*, was therefore sent for the protection of the little town of Kororareka. Tomati Waka and other chiefs told Heke that if he still persisted in his course they would join the Governor. He replied that he had heard that the snake, whose head he had cut off, had grown into a monster with many mouths, and that he was anxious to see the strange sight,—referring to the flag-staff and the loopholes in the block-house.

He was now joined by Kawiti, an old warrior chief. They headed a force of eight hundred men, and encamped within a mile of the town, which had a population of four hundred souls. Several skirmishes took place between them and the blue-jackets, in one of which Lieutenant Philpotts (son of the late Bishop of Exeter) was taken prisoner. They took his pistols, danced around him, and then, returning him one of the pistols, let him go, bidding him to take more care of himself. This young naval officer gained the respect of the enemy for his bravery. Three months afterwards he led the forlorn hope in the fatal attack on the pah,* and was killed.

* At *Ohacawae*.

At four A.M. on the 10th of March, a combined attack was made on the settlement. A sharp conflict followed. Both sides fought with great valour, but the natives gained the day. The block-house was taken, the flag-staff was cut down, and the town abandoned. The natives, however, showed great forbearance in the hour of victory. They not only allowed the inhabitants to withdraw to the *Hazard* in safety, but also to carry with them all they could of their movables, and even helped them to do so. They appropriated all that was left, and burnt the houses, leaving only the two churches and parsonages standing.

The arrival of the homeless refugees at Auckland caused a panic. The male inhabitants were at once enrolled in the Militia; nervous persons took passage for Sydney; merchants talked of shipping away their goods. This alarm was intensified by the appearance of all the settlers and their families,—forty-eight individuals, crowded on board a small decked boat, from Wangarei. By a ruse, some natives had frightened them, and persuaded them to avail themselves of that boat in order to save their lives. They embarked, in the darkness of the night, leaving all they had behind them.

I went across as soon as I heard of it, and found it so. One of the houses, Mr. Gorrie's, was burnt down; the doors and windows of another (Mr. Carruth's) were smashed; the others were standing. Some cattle were shot; horses, cows, and pigs were feeding on fine stacks of grain. Not many weeks before, I had held service with the late occupants of those farms; all was then peaceful and prosperous with them; but now, although birds were singing, flowers were blooming, and nature was smiling, it was a lonely place—the people had fled!

As I was lying in my solitary tent, the cows were lowing before their sheds, for "the ox knoweth his owner,"—a poor dog licked my hand, and wagged his tail, as though glad to see me, nor did he leave my tent door for the night. The unfinished framework of a small church was lying on the ground. I felt sad. It was a time of widespread alarm. The Rev. John Hobbs, writing from Hokianga, said: "If we ever come out of this storm, we may sing that the mercy of God endureth for ever." And that veteran missionary, Archdeacon H. Williams, of Paihia, wrote: "Part of my family and my baggage are in Auckland, and I hold myself ready for departure. I think, as soon as the troops shall arrive, *the ground must be cleared*. The Waimate hangs by a slender thread."

The outlook was very dark. Alive to the peril of their situation, the Government sent a man-of-war to the Hokianga, that the settlers might be removed to Auckland, and most of them availed themselves of the opportunity. But the Rev. John Warren continued at Waima. His people were loyal, and took up arms with Tomati Waka, against Heke; and Mr. Warren visited them frequently at the seat of war.

I received a despatch from Auckland urging me to take my family thither for protection. I was unwilling to abandon my station, and took counsel with Te Tirarau. He advised me not to move, and pledged himself as my defence, if any should be needed. I had reason, afterwards, to be more than satisfied that I acted on his advice.

Meanwhile an attack was expected at Auckland; and there was reason for it, but not from the quarter to which they were looking. They watched for a fleet of war-

canoes, whereas the enemy had a different strategy in view,—they designed an attack from landward. To carry this out, it was necessary to pass over Te Tirarau's territory, and to use his canoes. Then they would march along the foot of the Waitakere range, and, approaching the doomed town from the Whau, in the grey dawn, the work of destruction would be an easy one. Had they effected this plan, flushed as they were with the victory they had gained, there is reason to believe that Auckland would have shared the fate of Kororareka.

Old Kawiti was a near relation of Te Tirarau. He sent a messenger to him, with a letter, couched in highly figurative terms, requesting his consent to the proposed plan. Te Tirarau brought the letter to me. I asked him what answer he meant to return; while I pressed upon him both the duty and the policy of refusing. I also despatched, at once, a special messenger to Auckland to warn the authorities. It would have been a breach of etiquette for him to send a reply in haste, and therefore he would think over it. On the day following, I had the satisfaction of writing a letter to Kawiti, at Te Tirarau's dictation, respectfully, but firmly, declining his co-operation. Thus the scheme was foiled.

In the north, Tomati Waka was marshalling his forces to keep Heke in check. In the engagements between them, the latter was wounded in the thigh, and Kawiti, on one occasion, escaped only by feigning death. A large military force was now brought into the field. Several battles were fought, with heavy losses on both sides. A strong pah, called Ruapekapeka, was built in a commanding position, and was said to be "a master-

piece of Maori fortification." This was taken by the troops, and native allies, in January, 1846; and with this capture ended the war in the north, which has never been renewed. It was not an unqualified evil. It has been said with truth of the natives, that "at first they were despised, afterwards feared, at last respected."

CHAPTER XIV.

“L’ALCMÈNE.”

ONE June day, 1851, word came to me that a wreck had taken place on the coast, between Hokianga and Kaipara. It was that of the French corvette *L’Alcmène*, thirty-two guns, commanded by the Count D’Harcourt. This ship was from Tasmania, and bound for the Wangaroa, north of the Bay of Islands. It was there where the *Boyd* was destroyed by the savages in 1809, and the crew of seventy men were killed and eaten by them. It was a singular coincidence that this ship had precisely the same object—that of getting some Kauri spars. She lost her reckoning; and finding himself caught in a bight, which he could not weather, the captain decided on beaching his ship. In doing so, ten lives were lost, and several men were severely wounded. There was an English lady on board, who had married the purser in Tasmania. Huts were made from the fragments of the wreck, and supplies obtained. Then a party was told off, under the charge of officers, to go in quest of help. They knew nothing of their whereabouts, or what was in store for them. Not very long before, they had a boat’s crew massacred by the natives of New Caledonia, and, for aught they could tell, a similar fate awaited them here.

Marching along the sea-shore, the exploring party

came to the north head, and then followed the course of the river, till they were in sight of the village of Okaro. A tidal creek divided them from the settlement. There were about a hundred Maories living there. On seeing them, the first impulse of the Frenchmen was to run away. Friendly signs, however, restored their confidence. Paddled over the creek, in the canoes of the natives, the best houses were placed at their service, clean blankets were brought to them, and food was at once cooked for their dinner. They were known as Frenchmen—or Wiwi, as the natives called them, from the euphony of their language. There was little difficulty in learning from them that they had been shipwrecked, and wanted help for their friends.

It was Saturday. The next day, being the Ra Tapu (sacred day), the natives would take no active steps, but producing pen, ink, and paper, proposed to send a messenger, on horseback, with a letter. And this was done. On the Sunday, their visitors attended their religious services. When Monday dawned, the men started, with their friends, for the scene of the wreck, taking with them kauhoas, or hammocks, for the conveyance of the lady, and the disabled sailors. They did not return till Wednesday. The women heated the ovens, and got ready for their guests a good meal of pork, fish, and potatoes. In the afternoon, the whole company, with their guides, came in sight. In single file, they drew near to the village, coming along the ridge of a hill, that looks down upon it. The Union Jack was waving on the roof of the church, and the French flag in the hands of the mariners. A hearty welcome was accorded them, and it was accepted with

those demonstrations which are natural to Frenchmen. The natives had a boat, as well as a number of canoes, and in these they escorted their visitors to Auckland, where they were taken under the hospitality of the Government.

All this had transpired before I heard anything of it. I afterwards met with one of the officers, M. Boch, who was sent by the captain to see if any valuables might be secured from the wreck. He spoke in the warmest terms of the conduct of the natives. They were rewarded by the authorities for their services, and, in due course, received a fitting acknowledgment from the French Government. According to Maori law, a shipwreck was their lawful prey. In olden times they would have seized the property, and devoured the people. But Christianity had taught them the golden lesson, to "do unto others as they would be done unto." How striking the contrast between this case and that of the *Boyd*!

CHAPTER XV.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

A RELIGION that costs nothing is worth nothing. The Maories had received the Gospel, and now, they should help to send that Gospel to others. I had often talked with them of that duty. They had learned, too much, to look for everything from their missionaries. Books, medicine, comforts, were freely given to them as they were needed. They thought the missionaries had boundless resources to draw upon, while they had little or nothing to give. Two vices inhere strongly in their nature—they are covetous and wasteful. While they laid hold of all they could, they as readily squandered the same, on the shrine of appetite or vanity.

It was not till the year 1847 that I succeeded in holding a general meeting of my people in order to a “collection.” In the summer month of February, they came together from their several and distant villages to Tangiteroria, which became the scene of a lively excitement for some days. They had little money: they were, indeed, only just beginning to learn the use of money. Many expedients were contrived in order to provide a coin for the occasion. One would sell a little wheat; another a basket of potatoes; a third a fowl, or something else; but not one, though the youngest, was without an offering, however small. Those who could

not attend, sent their money: there were many little notes, containing each a sixpenny or threepenny piece.

On the Friday evening, the sound of paddles and the "tena" of the natives, announced the approach of canoes, and boats, with the flowing tide. Saturday was a busy time: tents were erected, food was prepared, and all things put in order for the Sunday. Early on the Sabbath morning the bell rang for prayer-meeting; at 9 A.M. for the children's school; at 10.30 A.M. for the public service. The church was packed, and the congregation decently attired. My text was 1 Timothy iii. 8: "Godliness is profitable unto all things," etc. While the natives attended school, in the afternoon, I preached to my family and a few English friends from Mark iv. 30. Afterwards, I held a love-feast with the natives for an hour and a half, and in the evening preached again to them from 1 Cor. xi. 28: "But let a man examine himself," etc., prior to the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The closing hours of the day passed in prayer and praise. A school examination took place on Monday morning. Many good specimens of handwriting were exhibited; not a few showed a fair knowledge of the first rules of arithmetic; and nearly all, young and old, could read well; while the catechisms had been committed to memory. The missionary meeting was in the afternoon of a bright, sunny day. I gave them a full explanation of its object, and called upon six speakers, each of whom kept to the point. The collection, all in small coins, amounted to £6 12s. 10d.

It was agreed that such a meeting should, thenceforth, be annually held at the principal settlements, in rotation. The onus of entertaining the visitors rested

upon the natives of the place of meeting, and the burden would be equally shared. From year to year, these assemblies were anticipated with eagerness. The amount of the collection gradually increased. The last of those gatherings in which I presided was in 1854. In that year, I was appointed, by my own wish, to a colonial town, for the sake of my family. Because of the difficulty felt by some in going to a great distance, it was held, that time, in two sections,—one at Mount Wesley, near Mangawhare, and the other at Ornowharo. The first of these was in February, and about two hundred attended; the other was in April, when more than three hundred were present. At those meetings collections were made—on the Sundays for local objects, and on the Mondays for general purposes. The Sunday collections at Mount Wesley realized £10 12s., and that on the Monday £24 6s. 2d. It being, in part, a sort of valedictory meeting, Te Tirarau and Parore were among the speakers.

The Ornowharo meeting was a great success. It is the name of a fine river which, with several others, flows into the Kaipara estuary. The land is fertile, and of wide extent. We had a good church in the village, of native architecture, and an earnest people. Time was when the horrid yell of war, and the still more horrible scenes of cannibal feasts, polluted the place; but “the wilderness had rejoiced, and the desert had blossomed as the rose.” The church, 40 feet by 25 feet, was fitted up with forms, and all the people were remarkably well clothed, so as to compare favourably with an European congregation. The services were gratifying and profitable. I married a couple, and baptized several children. Twelve speakers gave short, lively, pointed addresses.

The collections, for local and general purposes, amounted to £49 12s. 2d. It was resolved that measures should be taken, and officers appointed, that they might, for the future, wholly support their missionary; and this resolution they carried into practice to a great extent, for to this day they contribute largely towards the maintenance of my successor, the Rev. W. Gittos, who is deservedly held in very high esteem, both by the natives and by the settlers, who have greatly increased in number since those days.

CHAPTER XVI.

WELLINGTON.

IN November, 1854, I left the Kaipara. For more than fifteen years had this been my field of labour. I had, during that time, travelled, always on foot, thousands of miles, through forests, across moors, and over mountains. I had navigated rivers, in boat or canoe, times without number. I had lived, ate, and slept among the Maories; and mingled freely with them in their every-day life. Thus I had gained experience of their character, and often came into contact with their deeply rooted superstitions.

I had good reason to believe that I had not laboured in vain. The people were scattered, and this implied much time, and toil, in visiting them. Very few were now unbaptized. Their moral character was improved; as also their social life and their material position.

I was not tired of the work; but it became my duty, for the sake of my large family, to remove from an isolated place, to within the lines of colonial civilization. The natives stoutly opposed my leaving, and they had become endeared to me by long and intimate association. My journal records many changes, trials, and discouragements, but also joys and triumphs.

In my farewell visits to the several villages, I was the subject of mingled feelings. For instance, I went to

Mareikura. It was on a lovely spring day; the hum of insects, the song of birds, the early blossoms—together with a cloudless sky and a balmy atmosphere—were all inspiring. The pretty valley wore a lively aspect. I saw many signs of progress: the crops were large and promising; the apple trees were full of blossom; the live-stock in good condition. The people were busy at work, some fencing, others planting. In the yard I saw four bullocks, with plough, harrow, etc. Te Tirarau had a neat weather-boarded house, wherein I partook of a good meal of tea, with bread and butter. The bell was rung, and I spoke to the assembled people on Paul's valedictory address at Ephesus. Then followed an affectionate leave-taking.

Returning with the ebb tide, I stopped awhile at a sawing station. Here were a few Europeans. These men lived in a rude style. In a house, ten feet by ten, lived a man and his wife, and in an adjoining hut some other men. The wind and rain had full play in their flimsy dwellings. Besides an iron pot, a camp oven, and a tea kettle, the whole furniture was not worth five shillings; and yet each man could earn from three to four pounds per week; but, with few exceptions, they spent their hard earnings in strong drink. They had their periodical "sprees," which left them, with a drained purse, to renew their life of rough toil.

Having shipped the bulk of my goods to Auckland in a little vessel, I left the scene of my labours, for so many years, on the 3rd of November, 1854. Our party included three boats and twenty Maories. We spent the Sunday at Okaro, where I held my last services with the people of that settlement. We crossed the Heads on the Tuesday morning, at an early hour, and slept at the



WAIRARAPA BRIDGE.

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village of Omokuiti. On Wednesday afternoon, we reached the head of the Kaipara, and made our *bivouac* on a fern hill. Next day we walked across the isthmus, about sixteen miles, and proceeded to Auckland in a large canoe, landing on Friday at one P.M.

We remained there till the following April. This interval was filled up with active work. As I was appointed to Wellington by the Conference of that year, we sailed in the steam ship *Nelson*. Steamers then were like angels' visits, "few and far between." We called at New Plymouth, and Nelson, on the way. At the former place we found much excitement, owing to the murder of Rawiri by Katatore, which had just taken place, arising out of the land-league.

When I was at Port Nicholson in 1840, it was a wild waste; now, Wellington had become a town of some importance. It had been visited by an earthquake, not long before our arrival; and there were few chimney-tops standing on the houses. Not many days after, a bazaar was held, in the Athenæum, on behalf of the widows and orphans of the Crimean war. It was a creditable display, and realized a good sum of money.

I continued in Wellington five years, and had encouraging success. My circuit was extensive: it embraced the wide plains of Wairarapa, now studded with towns, and covered with farms. It was then not easy to find one's way across the open; and unbridged rivers were fraught with danger to the traveller. My colleague was the Rev. C. Creed, who lived at the Hutt; and after him, the late Rev. J. Innes.

Besides the colonial congregation, I had six native churches under my care, with more than one hundred communicants. I usually preached four times on

Sundays,—twice in English, and twice in Maori. My journeys stretched to Waikanae, in the north, along the coast, and to Masterton, in the east. Occasionally, I visited Wanganui, Nelson, and Wairau.

Our church building in Wellington had been so much shaken by the earthquake, that it could not be used until renewed, and our services meanwhile were held in the schoolroom. We reopened the church on the 10th of June, and soon after placed a good organ in it. The demand for accommodation increased, and before I left we had erected galleries round the interior. Since that time, a new and larger building has been built, as well as a second one, at the other end of the town. With the Maories, I had a communion service once a quarter, when I gave all the day, till evening, to them. These were observed at their several villages, in turn. The following is a description of one of those seasons, given at the time:—

“It is Saturday: breakfast is over; the day is fine. I go up the valley; call on several of our friends, among whom, one is nigh unto death. I arrive at the native settlement; converse with the teachers and communicants; renew the quarterly tickets; examine a candidate for baptism, etc. In the evening, return to the mission-house. I love to arise early on the Sabbath morn. Drops of rain were pattering on the window panes. A wet day, I thought. Not so. The clouds vanish, and we have a glorious sky. The Pipi-warau-roa, the welcome harbinger of spring, was chirping in the spray. I was sitting in the study, when one of those shocks, so common here, made the house tremble. It was preceded by a rumbling noise. It was soon over. I am on my way to Wai-werawera. How soothing the quietude of the Sabbath morning! Well-dressed persons wend their way to their respective places of worship. What a change from a few years ago, when

‘The sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and woods never heard!’

The natives have assembled—the bark chapel is crowded—at least two

hundred are present. A new table, and some additional seats, have been provided since the last sacramental occasion. All are clean; most of them are well dressed. The liturgy is read, and the responses are hearty: a woman is baptized: the sermon is on Matt. vi. 24. All listen with attention. A collection is made at the door, and the sum of £2 10s. 8½d. is taken up, and contributed to the Circuit Fund. About sixty partake of the sacrament. I believe all are sincere, but I dare not think that all are converted. The piety of many is only incipient. But 'who hath despised the day of small things?' In the afternoon the bell rings for school. 'Both young men and maidens, old men and children,' obey the call. The Scriptures are read; the catechism is rehearsed; the morning sermon is the subject of examination; singing and prayer conclude the whole. Before I leave, the time is fixed for the next meeting; directions are given for the evening service; subscription lists are handed to the teachers to collect money for the Missions. Hand-shaking follows. Then I return to our church at the Hutt, and preach in English from Genesis v. 24."

On December 19th, 1856, I set sail in the *Cheeta* for Sydney, to attend our Conference in Adelaide. We had no steamers. My voyage to Sydney lasted twenty-nine days. Thence I proceeded to Melbourne by steamship, and again to Adelaide. I was absent three months, and voyaged four thousand miles, or more.

It was the first time of my leaving New Zealand since my arrival in 1836. It was very refreshing to enjoy fellowship with many ministerial brethren, whom I had not seen before. I kept my eyes and ears open; and, when back again, I embodied my views in a lecture, comparing New Zealand with Australia.* Nor have I had any reason to change my opinion. From that date, my official duty required me to visit Australia every year.

Within the next few months, I had several funerals to attend, of the Maories. One of these was Tahana, a

* See Appendix A.

very intelligent chief, whose death was sudden, but hopeful. About three hundred of his countrymen followed his remains to the grave. They walked in pairs, and made a very respectable appearance. We took the coffin into the church at the Hutt, where I gave an address, and the procession walked three miles to the burial-ground. How different is such a funeral to that of their ancient orgies!

Many tokens of a progressive civilization showed themselves. One day, when descending a declivity close by the sea, riding carefully along, I overtook some natives, driving a bullock-cart, well laden with merchandize. They had been to Wellington, where they had sold their produce for money, and converted it into useful property. A few years before, their beasts of burthen were themselves, and their only conveyances their own shoulders!

But the native mind was much disturbed. The land-league and the King movement were indices of their uneasiness. The Waitara dispute added fuel to the flame. There were ominous indications of a coming storm: the natives quietly prepared themselves for it; and, in many places, the colonists were drilled to the use of arms. Most of the natives about Wellington had a personal interest in Taranaki. The able Superintendent of the province, the late Dr. Featherston, exerted himself nobly to quiet their fears: I gladly gave him all the aid I could. In some of his journeys I went with him, to hold meetings; and a conference of the chiefs and the provincial officials, was convened in the Council Chamber, which I attended, and was the medium of conversation. But the excitement increased; and with it, very naturally, the apprehensions of the settlers. It became

the absorbing topic for newspaper journalists, and the great question in the Legislative Assemblies. At last, the dreaded crisis came.

In 1860 the fatal shot was fired, at the Waitara, which opened an unhappy war of ten years' duration. I well remember with what feverish eagerness tidings were expected, day by day, from the seat of war. We had no telegraphs, nor even coaches then. The mail was conveyed on horseback. Every now and then, rumour would speak of risings in various places, and create fresh panics. The detachment of troops, stationed at Wellington, was removed to Taranaki, and the people left to take care of themselves. Happily, the war did not come near them. While the public mind was so unsettled, the time came for my removal, and in the month of May I embarked, with my family, for my new circuit, on board the steam-ship *Airdale*.

CHAPTER XVII.

CANTERBURY.

IN 1850, this district was taken up by an association of gentlemen in England, as an exclusive Church of England settlement; but other denominations soon gained a footing within it. After a visit from the Rev. James Watkin (who was then stationed in Wellington), in 1853, the Rev. W. Kirk, who was *en-route* for Waikowaiti, in Otago, stayed there some months, till the arrival of the Rev. John Aldred, who, during a residence of six years, won the confidence and esteem of all classes of the community. I succeeded him in 1860.

Christchurch was more like a straggling village, than the well-appointed town it now is. In the centre of it we had a neat wooden church, in Gothic style, and a schoolroom close to it; besides three small buildings in country places. My sphere of labour included the whole province, extending to the Waimate, a hundred and forty miles south; and I had one young minister as my colleague. He lived at the port, Lyttelton, where also we had a small church. The population steadily increased, and the work so much enlarged, that, at this day, on the same ground, we have fifteen ministers and twelve circuits.

The Maori inhabitants were few; most of them lived

on reserves near Kaiapoi, and at Akaroa.* I ministered to them occasionally, in conjunction with the Rev. James Stack, of the Episcopalian Mission. After some time, the Rev. Te Kote, an ordained Maori, was appointed to take charge of this department, in which he continues to be well employed, visiting the people at their several abodes.

Far away from the seat of war, it was not the less a subject of great public interest. Emissaries came, from the disaffected tribes in the north, to stir up evil passions among the natives. To counteract their influence, a meeting was convened in the Town Hall, where Mr. Stack and myself acted as interpreters. This was highly satisfactory in its results. Tidings of reverses on the side of our own forces reached us: the ladies plied their nimble hands, to provide warm clothing for our men in the field of action; the natives, as an expression of their sympathy with the colonists, made collections in their churches, and contributed a goodly sum towards the relief of the Taranaki sufferers.

In 1861 the quiet of Otago was broken by the discovery of gold. Up to that time, Dunedin was a mere Scotch village: even as Canterbury was designed as an exclusive preserve for the Episcopalians, so Otago was settled, in 1848, by Scotch Presbyterians. The magnetic power of gold drew a multitude of people from the Australian colonies, while there was a great influx from the other parts of New Zealand. Every steamer came laden to its utmost capacity. Town property acquired an enormous value, and the interior was alive with diggers shouldering their "swags." For many years

* The reserve in the former place was subdivided among them by families, by my eldest son, who was Commissioner, and was valued at £60,000 in 1860.

we had a mission among the Maories of that province. The Rev. Messrs. Watkin, Creed, Kirk, and Stannard had successively laboured among them; but we had not attempted to establish a church for the settlers. Now, however, the "set time" had come, and accordingly I paid a visit to that part, in February, 1862. I went inland as far as Gabriel's Gully, accompanied by one of my sons, and preached in several of the diggers' towns, as well as at Dunedin and Port Chalmers.

Thousands of people were living under canvas; churches were improvised of the same material; wag-gons, carts, and pack-horses, traversed, for the most part, a roadless country, conveying supplies, which were sold at a high rate; but then—gold was plentiful. I stayed several weeks, and organized churches in Dunedin and other places. These, very soon after, were placed under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Isaac Harding. From the Presbyterian clergy, I received every help: they were in sole possession of the field, but, to their honour, so far were they from any paltry feeling of jealousy, that they readily accorded to me their hospitality: they opened to me, not only their houses, but their churches, and did all they could to make my mission a success. For their truly catholic and brotherly conduct, I must ever hold them in very high esteem. Soon after this I established a church at Invercargell, the most southerly town in New Zealand.

In 1865, there was another find of alluvial gold. This time it was on the west coast of Canterbury, hitherto an inhospitable, and all but inaccessible, region. In the space of a few months, as many as forty thousand people had found their way thither. Nothing populates a "waste, howling wilderness" like gold! The Roman

Catholics, to their credit, sent a priest there, before any Protestant minister was among that multitude.

Our Christchurch quarterly meeting thought it was our duty to take up that ground without delay. Opportunately, four young ministers arrived to us, just then, from England. It was therefore decided that I should go overland to prepare the way for one of them to be settled at Hokitika. The Rev. G. S. Harper was chosen for that work ; and he, very soon after, went by sea.

I had to cross the Southern Alps, a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles. No horseman had yet gone through that way ; and we were not sure that I could do so. Crowds of diggers had tramped it ; and many of them had been drowned in the snow-water rivers. I set out, in company with a friend, in the month of July, our antipodean winter. Our first day's ride was across the Canterbury plains. At night we were well entertained by Mr. Jackson, on a sheep station belonging to F. Stewart, Esq.

Leaving the plains, we ascended Porter's Pass, as slippery as it was steep. Here we were joined by the postman, who was our guide to Grassmere, a station owned by W. Howden, Esq. We did not get there until long after dark, but the hope of getting food for our horses urged us on. The resources of the larder had been well taxed, by the stream of diggers that had preceded us ; and when the arrival of more travellers was made known to the manager, Mr. Williams, he referred us to the kitchen—a rude log-hut in the yard. But our horses were well fed with oaten straw ; and we did ample justice to mutton-chops, tea, and damper ; nor were we at all displeased with a good bed on clean straw.

The supper over, I read and prayed with the servants ;

but before we could get to our bed, Mr. Williams presented himself at the door, with many apologies. He had thought some more hungry diggers had come, and had only just learned who his visitors were. The *amende* was soon made: he insisted on our going into his house, and in sharing the best fare he could offer. There we met Mr. Shearman, Commissioner of Police, and a Sergeant. Finding that we intended to go through to the coast, he said they would join us. So we made, next day, a good cavalcade.

In the morning we performed our ablutions at a running stream: the ground was covered with a thick frost, for this place is on a high elevation. The surrounding country has a romantic, though wild appearance. There are some pretty lakes in the foreground, and lofty woody hills in the rear. A wide grassy open gave feed to large flocks of sheep. But the most picturesque place on the road was Cragieburn, which we passed the day before.

We crossed the Waimakariri (cold water) river, and the Bealey with its Alpine scenery. We found, at the latter, a canvas hotel, and were glad to refresh ourselves and our steeds. We rode over the Arthur Pass, and halted at the head of the Otira Gorge, which was sublimely grand. A large party were at work under the contractor, Mr. Wright: they were blasting the rocks to make a road over the mountains; by which, two years afterwards, I rode in Cobb's coach, from Hokitika to Christchurch, in two days. I believe that road cost £150,000. It affords a delightful trip for the tourist, because of the grandeur of the mountain scenery. I had a note from Mr. Wright to his overseer, and we were supplied with all that was wanted, for man and beast.

In going down the Gorge, we had, very carefully, to



HOKITIKA RIVER, FROM THE TOWN OF HOKITIKA.

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lead our horses, for there was the danger of breaking their legs among the large boulders. The weather favoured us. We had to wend our way along deep ravines, and to cross the Teremakau river twenty-six times. A thick jungle in some places met our course. On the fourth night, we brought up at the encampment of some surveyors, and shared their supper and their tent. They had shot some wild-fowl; and these, with biscuit and tea, made a good meal. The next day's journey was tedious, as we had no food for our horses. We arrived at night to within seven miles of the coast—a point which led to the Greenstone diggings.

Here we found a canvas hotel and stable. We wrapped ourselves in our rugs, and lay down by the fires, in preference to the bunks. The horses were well fed with oats and chaff, for which we had also to pay well for the two feeds, for my animal cost me twenty-nine shillings! Everything was very dear, because of the great cost of transport. On the Saturday morning we crossed the river once more. When we debouched upon the sandy beach, our horses, sniffing the ozone, started at a full gallop, and we could hardly hold them in. The tide was out and the beach hard. A stampede was *en route* for Greymouth, twenty miles to the north of the Teremakau. We passed not less than five thousand people with pack-horses, teams, etc. At two P.M., we reached our destination, and I put up with my friend, Mr. R. Alcorn.

The Hokitika river has a bar at its mouth, over which only very small vessels can pass. A mushroom sort of town was built upon the north bank of it. The country was covered with thick forest to the water edge, and the houses were standing on the sandy beach, over which

the tide sometimes flowed. All along the coast, companies of diggers were washing gold, from the sand, in their "cradles." The main passage through the town, Revell Street, was, I suppose, more than a mile in length : every other house was a store, and the alternate one—an hotel, so called.

A number of vessels were in the offing, and some of them had been there for weeks, waiting for a chance to get in. There was no steam-tug then ; now there are several. There was also the *Lady Darling*, a steamer, with a hundred and fifty passengers on board, who could not get to the shore. One beautifully fine morning, from the beach, we saw a boat launched, and coming towards us. The sea was like a mirror, but breaking loudly on the beach. As they neared the land, they rested on their oars. A crowd was gathered at the seaside, and signs were made to them to pull for a certain point. Before many strokes of their oars had been repeated, a heavy roller capsized the boat, and ten out of thirteen perished, in presence of a multitude who were powerless to save them. At another time I saw three vessels ground upon the bar, in trying to get into the river.

I stayed over two Sundays, and visited, as well, Te Kaniera, a digging ground a few miles up the river. From the Government Agent, Mr. Sale, I obtained a good building site, formed a committee, and started a subscription list.

My kind host kept a general store. All were content to live in a rough way. I messed with him, and his men, in a floorless kitchen, on a table which rested on some stout poles, stuck into the ground. It served both for dining and dressing room ; and at night, my bed was made up underneath a counter in the store.

The only place I could get to preach in, was a large room, without floor, or windows, or seats, called the "Corinthian Hall." It had a platform, with some tawdry scenery; and here Mr. Thatcher, a humorist, held forth every night of the week, for the entertainment of the diggers, at a shilling apiece. The only entrance was through the bar of the hotel, with which it was connected. Mr. Thatcher had an harmonium, and very kindly offered to lend it, and also use it, in the conduct of the singing. On the first Sunday morning, I had a very small congregation, for nearly all the shops were open, and busy in dealing out their wares; but in the evening, the place was filled. The services were published by the bellman. It was the first stage of the formation of a permanent and prosperous town, which now enjoys all the advantages of an organized community—churches, schools, and other institutions.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUCKLAND.

AFTER six years' residence in Canterbury, I returned to the north, in May, 1866, to take charge of the Auckland circuit and district. It was my happiness to witness a rapid growth of my own, and to enjoy the most friendly relations with the ministers and members of other, denominations. I left Christchurch with regret, but not till after we had opened a large stone-built church, capable of holding fifteen hundred people. This is described by the Rev. R. Taylor as "the finest, largest, and most substantial ecclesiastical-looking building"* in Christchurch. In the town at Lyttelton, also, we had built a new cruciform church, which was an ornament to the place.

At that time a severe financial crisis was impending over the colony. Auckland had revelled in a season of fictitious prosperity. Large accessions to the population, by immigrations from Britain, and from the settlers driven in on account of the war, together with the demands of the Commissariat, had caused a spurious commercial activity; and the town had grown to an abnormal size. A reaction was setting in. The seat of Government had been removed to Wellington. Added

* "New Zealand—Past, Present, and Future." By the Rev. R. Taylor, M.A., F.G.S., etc.

to the disastrous wave of adversity passing over the country, there were the withdrawal of Government expenditure, the loss of the military chest, by the recall of the troops to England, and the vacation of hundreds of houses, through the return of settlers to their farms. A time of unprecedented stagnation followed. Property was comparatively valueless; capitalists were afraid to invest; bankruptcy was the order of the day. Poverty led to crime—empty houses were burnt down by incendiaries, to recover insurance. All classes of the community were affected by the sudden collapse.

At this unfortunate juncture we were building a brick church in Pitt Street, at a cost of £10,000. The foundation-stone had been laid amid great demonstrations; all were prospering, and liberal contributions were promised. The walls were up when the crisis came; and many who had promised much could give nothing. There was no alternative but to go on with the building, according to the terms of the contract. It was finished, and opened, under the load of a crushing debt, the effect of which is felt to this day.

On the celebration of the second anniversary of Pitt Street church, we had a unique and interesting gathering. Besides ministers of all other churches in the town, we were favoured with the attendance of several Episcopal clergymen: it was during the session of their General Synod. I had the honour of presiding, when Bishop Williams of Waiapu, Bishop Sutor of Nelson, the Rev. Dr. Maunsell of St. Mary's, Dean Jacobs of Christchurch, Archdeacon Williams, and other ministers, gave earnest and fraternal addresses. The building was crowded; the musical renderings good; and the meeting most enthusiastic. It was a very grati-

fying occasion. For once, at least, the spirit of exclusiveness was set aside. My invitation was accepted in the most brotherly manner. I only regret that such catholic comminglings are not more common. Why should they not be? Then should we give a practical comment on the words of the Psalmist, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The prevalent distress pointed to the necessity of opening new sources of industry. Great efforts were made to utilize the flax (*Phornium Tenax*), by making it a profitable export. This, for some time, gave employment to many, but in the end, it failed to be remunerative. A demand for the Kauri gum came from America, and numbers turned out to the old forest grounds to dig for it, paying a small royalty to the native owners of the soil. But when all was done, the resources of the community were put under a heavy strain, to meet the case of the unemployed. Those who had to pass through that time of trial will never forget it.

It was known that the hills about the Thames were more or less auriferous. A large reward was offered, by the Provincial Government, for the discovery of a payable gold-field. And this brought relief. Rich deposits were found; capital was unlocked; enterprise was stimulated; and a return of prosperity was thankfully hailed. About the same time, the arrival of the new Governor, Sir G. Bowen, and soon after the visit of H. R. H. Prince Alfred, in the *Galatea*, were marked by great public demonstrations, which threw their glamour on the scene.

My stay in Auckland was for four years. At various times, I visited all the circuits and stations in the wide

district, and, with the exception of one year, attended the annual Conferences held in Australia. In the course of my journeys, I had the opportunity of seeing once more the field of my early labours.

In the month of February, 1867, I went to Tangiteroria. To Wangarei I sailed in a small schooner, the *Smuggler*. I spent several days there with our young minister, the Rev. J. Smith. Domiciled at Mrs. Mair's, I occupied the same room in which I used to sleep, thirteen years before. There were signs of progress. Many new and good houses had been built, including stores and a large hotel. Streets were formed, and three small churches reared their heads. These were the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, and the Wesleyan. Old associations were renewed; but what changes! Births, marriages, deaths, had given a new complexion to society. I preached to both English and Maori congregations. Mr. Smith accompanied me in a ride to some distant parts of his circuit. The Sunday was an enjoyable day, and a very well-attended tea-meeting was held on the Monday evening.

On the Tuesday, in company with Mr. Smith, I rode across to Tangiteroria—every step on the way reminding me of former days. We dined at Mr. Walton's, Maungatapere, and arrived at my old station soon after dark. It was now in the possession of a private family, the residence of the missionary having been removed to Otamatea. As we drew near to the old familiar spot, there was an oppressive silence; most of the people had gone further down the river. After supper and prayer with the family, I retired to my room—the same that used to be the visitors' room; but I could not sleep; the rush of memories of the past filled my mind; I

lived again through bygone scenes. In the grey dawn I went forth to see the place. I stood by the graves of my children, and from the overhanging tree plucked a twig to carry home with me. I walked through the gardens I had planted, and every object recalled some old memory. It was a fine summer day, but I could not resist a feeling of sadness. I was sorry that I had missed my old friend Te Tirarau, who, with his people, had gone to Wangarei, by another route from that by which I came.

Taking leave of Mr. Smith, who returned with the horses, I went down to Mr. J. Wilson's, where I spent the remainder of the day, and feasted on his luscious grapes. I married Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in the early days, and now they had sixteen sons and daughters grown up around them—a little colony. Next day, one of his sons rowed me in a boat to Mangawhare, stopping at some places on the way.

At Mangawhare I was glad again to meet with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mariner, and their family, as well as a number of natives. I found several sawmills had been erected in this locality, and a brisk trade was maintained in timber, flax, and gum. At Whakahara, I fell in with a few families, held a service, and baptized an infant child. Here I engaged a man, with a little skiff, to take me to the station of the Rev. W. Gittos.

We were in this little boat all night, and reached Rangiora, on the Otamatea, next afternoon, Saturday. Mr. Worker was here, ready to start for his Sunday appointment at Matakohē, sixteen miles by water; he had walked seventeen miles from his own place to this. The natives, in clean attire, assembled on the Sunday to our services; and I also preached in English. Old

Paikea was still living, but infirm. Many of my old people had died, but those who remained had greatly improved their social condition, and owned some good houses at Tanoa, just opposite to Mr. Gittos' house. I was glad of the opportunity of intercourse with Mr. Gittos and the people of his charge, but my stay was necessarily short. I returned to Auckland on Tuesday, the 12th of March, after an absence of only fifteen days.

I made another visit to the same place in August, 1869. This time it was winter. Going in the little steamboat, the *Gemini*, to Riverhead, I hired a horse at the hotel, and rode across the isthmus to Helensville. The road was deep in mud; in one place, I saw an empty cart, dragged by two bullocks with some effort. There is now a railway over this passage, and also a steamboat on the Kaipara, which is a great advantage. Helensville is an embryo town, with court-house, church, and hotel,—another thing from the days of old, when we had to encamp on the bare hill! Before it, lies that broad sheet of water, the Kaipara river.

I went down this river in a small cutter, the *Pai-Mavire*, grounding, beating, pulling much of the way. There were several on board besides myself. We had to fare as well as we could: tea was served out of the tea-kettle. At night, I lay down on the deck in my rug, with a bag of biscuits for my pillow, and slept better than those who turned into the close cabin. The weather was unsteady.

We were landed on the smooth pebbly beach of the Oruawharo, the next morning, which was very fine. I breakfasted at Mr. Hargreaves', and baptized their infant. This gentleman leased from the natives a run of nine

thousand acres, for which he paid them an annual rental of £300. Altogether, they were in receipt of not less than £1000, per annum, as the yearly proceeds of leased lands. Mr. Gittos acted as their agent in these and all other matters, and he possessed the unqualified confidence as well of the settlers as the Maories. They made him their banker too. For example, they had a fancy to buy a cutter, and had a good one. After some time, they were tired of their plaything, and laid it up in a muddy creek, where it would rot. Finding them indifferent about it, Mr. Gittos had it put in thorough repair, and hired it to some Europeans for a weekly consideration, receiving from them the money on account of the Maori owners.

He was the sole referee when any dispute or misunderstanding arose between the settlers and the natives, or among themselves. In their recreations, as well as in the more serious business of life, he had the tact and the good sense to be their guide, that he might protect them from excesses. He was "in labours more abundant," and laid himself out in every way, with equal courage and judgment, to reprove the evil and promote the good of all. He had, therefore, far more influence for good than a host of Government officials could command. As Mr. Hargreaves said, it would be a calamity to all of them, if Mr. Gittos were to be removed. His son accompanied me on horseback to Rangiora, Mr. Gittos' station, in the course of the day. I was glad to find all well.

I stayed a fortnight here, visiting different parts of the circuit. It was in this neighbourhood that the Albertland settlement was formed in 1862. It embraced several blocks of land, within an area of forty by

twenty-five miles. The country, for the most part, is broken fern land, with here and there, a wood ; the soil, in a few places, very good, but generally of a medium quality. Above two hundred and fifty nonconformist families had settled here ; most of them widely separated from each other. Few of them were practical farmers, and they had to learn by blundering. They had no roads, but the merest trackways, at that time, and no access to Auckland, or any other market, but by seaward. They had suffered much, in the first years of their location, but now were getting over their initial difficulties. If they had not much money, they had abundance of food, and will in time be substantial farmers. The easier communication with Auckland must already have improved their position. The first stage of an immigrant's experience, in planting a home in the desert, is inevitably a rough one ; but time, patience, and industry, with God's blessing, will bring the ultimate reward.

Mr. Gittos, while ministering to his native charge, did not lose sight of those settlers, and in this he was ably assisted by the Rev. W. Worker, who, with his large family, was settled on a farm about seventeen miles distant. Six small churches had been built ; and in other places, services were held in private houses. Some of these places were visited on horseback, the rest by boat.

On the day after my arrival, I started for Mr. Worker's. So far as the Orna-wharo, I rode Mr. Gittos' horse. The rain fell in torrents, so that I was not unwilling to accept Mr. Cooke's hospitality, and remained with him, and his family, till next day. Crossing the river in the morning, I called at Dr. Bull's. He was

from home. His wife, a lady of education and refinement, was surrounded with seven healthy children, but without shoes or stockings, adapting themselves to the rude conditions of "bush" life. Everywhere I observed the children to be numerous and robust, affording good promise for the future, provided they have education and religious training. From this place, I walked, through heavy showers of rain, to Mr. Worker's, calling at several houses on the way. The evening passed away quickly, while intently conversing on sundry interesting topics. On Saturday afternoon, one of Mr. Worker's sons took me, on horseback, to Oruawharo, where I spent the night with the Maories, sleeping in one of their houses. With them I had much talk, and the accustomed services.

Mr. Gittos joined me on Sunday afternoon, when we rode together to a place called Te Wheau, over a wretched bridle-path, to the saddle in mire. Here we had a congregation of thirty settlers; and although the night was dark and rainy, and the road from their scattered houses so bad, they came again for an evening service. It was refreshing to see how these simple and hearty people drank in the word. Mr. Gittos had a church of ten members here. The wind played, at pleasure, in the apartment we shared at night. We visited, I believe, every family next day, and as evening closed around us, we had a mattress stretched on the floor of a room; but—alas! for sleep—a herd of swine found their way underneath the floor, and with their grunting, and wallowing, and quarrelling, gave us no rest.

Returning to the station, we had meetings with the natives. Mr. Gittos, had the help of the Rev. Hone

Waiti, an efficient minister, and the father of eleven children. One of his sons, Karawini (Calvin), is now a promising probationer for the work. At the Kopua, one of their villages, we found about ten tons of gum collected, which was worth £30 per ton.

Leaving Hone Waiti to conduct the Sabbath services on the station, Mr. Gittos took me, in his boat, on the Saturday, up the Arapaoa. In the evening we arrived at Paparaoa. This is a woody part of the country. Stout arms, brave hearts, and patient souls were needed to subdue the forest. But it had been done. I was glad to see a neat little church, in which we had an interesting service on Sunday morning, with a baptism and the Lord's Supper. Many of them came some miles. In the afternoon, we wended our way to the residence of M. La Brosse, who had erected a small church on his place. The worshippers came in boats, and filled the building. I baptized the infant child of M. La Brosse. Hence we proceeded, per boat, to Mr. Haynes', on the Pahi, where we ended a happy day in prayer and praise. The weather, too, had been all that could be desired. We landed, at several houses, next day, and at night accepted entertainment at Mr. Adams', at Pahi.

I found a party of natives, from Kaitaia, living on eighty acres of land, which they had bought from the Government, at ten shillings per acre. We visited the natives at the Kopua, on the way home, and came to the Mission Station on Tuesday afternoon.

I baptized the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Gittos, on the morning of the 18th, and started for Mangawhai, *en route* for Wangarei, Mr. Gittos going with me so far as the former place. We had a pleasant ride over an open country, passing the Ikaranganui,—famous by the

sanguinary battle fought there about 1823. We stayed the night at the hospitable house of Mr. Hull (brother to the Rev. T. N. Hull, of Dalkey, near Dublin).

Parting with Mr. Gittos in the morning, my guide, Henry, and myself, pursued our way over a wretched road—a settler's house visible here and there—till we came to Waipu, the settlement of a number of hardy Nova Scotians, who have thriving farms, on a block of thirty thousand acres, of an inferior quality. They are a sober, thrifty, and hard-working community: these are the elements of success. Cordial hospitality was accorded me. I dined at Mr. Campbell's. A young lady riding alone, after the free-and-easy style of colonial life, offered to escort me to Captain Mackenzie's, where I had a good bed, after a pleasant evening's converse, closing with family prayer.

Crossing the Ruakaka, next morning, we cantered, over the smooth beach, to the Wangarei heads. Thence I sent back the horses with Henry, and hailed the pilot's boat. Engaging a boatman, I reached Deveron in the evening, after a very fine day. I spent five days here, visiting Mangapai and other places. The Rev. Mr. Gorrie, Presbyterian minister, had died since I was here before; and Mr. Cottle, the Episcopalian minister, on whom I called, was paralyzed. At one of the native villages, I found a European lad, eighteen years of age, who had become so fond of Maori life, that nothing could withdraw him from them. He had lived with them from a child. So much for the power of habit!

On the 27th I was again at my old station, Tangiteroria, where every object had a history that spoke to my heart. I found my friend Wilson ill in bed. His large family were well—all busy at work sawing timber,

boat-building, gardening, etc. They gave one the idea of an industrial school. In the evening we had a domestic service, when I baptized the seventeenth child. Met with Te Tirarau, his wife Hariata, and others : they were glad to see me. One of them said it was as though I had risen from the dead. I had numberless inquiries to answer, as well as many questions to ask. Te Tirarau had a good house, by the river-side, furnished after English style ; but he reserved the bedsteads, for his European visitors, preferring for himself a bed on the floor. Confirmed habits are tenacious. I know a chief, who, visiting one of the towns, engaged a bed at an hotel, but, before retiring, offered to pay something extra for the privilege of sleeping before the fire ! Very early on Saturday morning I was on the move. The day was wet and windy. It was after dark, when I got to Mangawhare. The Sunday was divided between this and Wakahara. I reached my home at Auckland on Thursday, September 2, having been away exactly a month.

Several times I visited the Waikato ; this is now a thriving district, with towns, villages, farms, and a railway, from Auckland. Then it had been recently confiscated, and allotted to the military settlers. Previous to the war, there were several prosperous mission stations, with boarding-schools ; and industrial pursuits were vigorous. All these were ruined by the unhappy strife. The belligerent tribes had lost this, their finest patrimony. Unsubdued in spirit, they kept up a threatening attitude. Every now and then, a murder was perpetrated. A panic was common—women and children flying to the redoubts for refuge, and the men to their arms for defence, as the alarm was sounded, “They come ! they come !”

My first visit was to prepare the way for the locating a minister. The Rev. Joseph Berry arriving from England, was sent there. He laboured successfully in that formative stage of the settlement. The occasion of my second visit, was to open a small church at Hamilton, the second Mr. Berry had erected. We rode together over the district. Some valuable farms were already studding the country: it was clear that it must become a place of importance. A large body of armed constabulary was stationed on the border, for its protection against hostile incursions by the "King" Maories. A detachment of forty-nine recruits was on board the steamboat in which I took my passage from Mercer to Ngaruawahia. They were active young fellows. As one of them was kicking up his heels on the deck, I heard him say "*otium cum dignitate*." On inquiry, I found that he was the son of an English clergyman, and that several of them were well-educated youths.

At another time, the Rev. C. H. Schanckenberg met me at Ngaruawahia, with a horse, to spend a few days at his station, at Raglan. He had lived here throughout the war, at no little danger of his life. During my sojourn we visited Aotea, where a school of thirty Maori children were boarded and taught. Here, in the heart of "Kingism," they sang in English our national anthem, "God save the Queen." There was another school at Kawhia, but no communication with any white person was permitted, by the "King" natives. It was their stronghold and exclusive possession. The last-named school was under the care of an excellent woman, the widow of the late Rev. Hone Eketone, assisted by another teacher. Mr. Schanckenberg had a third school at Kaikakariki,—a boarding-school, under the care of a

superior woman, Martha Patene, who had been trained at the "Three Kings." All these schools, like many others, were subsidized by the Government, and the English language was taught in them. But with that at Kawhia, Mr. Schanckenberg could deal only by letter. We spent many days in visiting the few settlers and the native villages. The roads were execrable: everywhere we saw the blight and mildew which the war spirit had left on its track.

In returning from this journey, as I came to Ngaruawahia, I found the people all astir. Some forty or more young chiefs of the Ngapuhi, with a number of Government officers and others, had come from Auckland in the hope of bringing about a conference with the Maori king and his ministers. Prince Alfred was in Auckland: it was thought, if a son of the Queen could be brought, face to face, with the "King," it might have a good effect. Accordingly, negotiations had been opened; large provisions made; the Prince and the Governor were ready to start as soon as the telegraph wire should inform them that the "King" party was on their way to Ngaruawahia, the proposed place of meeting. Public expectation was on tiptoe. The astute natives, at first, sent an ambiguous reply; it was, however, expected that they would come. I waited to see the result. On the Sunday, I held service in the church, both in English and Maori. No appearance of the "King" and his retinue. At last a special messenger was sent—a chief of high rank. He brought their answer—it was a slap in the face! "Give us back Waikato," they said; "then, and not till then, will we see your Governor, or your Prince!"

The New Plymouth circuit was within the limits of

my district. The Rev. W. J. Watkin was then in charge of it. Taking advantage of a passage, kindly offered me in the Government steamer, the *Sturt*, I spent a fortnight in that "garden of New Zealand." Landing at the Waitara, I walked into the town about ten miles. The settlement was only beginning to rally from the prostrating effects of the war, which had carried devastation and ruin over the province. Some of the people had ventured to resume their farms. One of the victims of the war was our brother, the late Rev. John Whiteley, who for more than thirty years had given all his energies to the welfare of the natives. Of the circumstances under which the mournful event happened, I shall have to write in a future chapter. I visited his grave, condoled with his widow and family, and attended to sundry matters of business connected with the "Grey" Institution, which had been under his care.

I had two Sundays, holding service with the Maories in their little church at Henui, and elsewhere, and preaching to large congregations in our English church. We had also a good public missionary meeting, and a hearty tea meeting. I went into the country so far as Oakura. It is rich in promise. I thought it much like Devonshire, from which fertile county, and from Cornwall, the bulk of the first settlers came. I went in and out among them, and admired their patient hopefulness, as I pondered on the fiery ordeal through which they had passed. That luxuriant province is now lifting up its head, and the hardy settlers are enjoying the prosperity they so well deserve. I travelled during most of 1869 over the several circuits. I was in Auckland very little throughout the



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whole year, excepting to preside in the quarterly and district meetings. A young minister had been appointed to supply my appointment while I was engaged in these official visits. I have not space to relate them all. The last on the list, I will reserve for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOKIANGA.

ON Saturday, October 23, I embarked in the steamship *Tauranga*, for the Bay. Among my fellow-passengers were a Romish priest, an English clergyman, and Henry Williams, Esq. We enjoyed a serene moonlit night. At eleven A.M. on Sunday they landed at Paihia. I remember that place when in its glory. Now it wore the look of desertion. The church was standing—a silent witness to the past!—and a few houses. A native minister, the Rev. Matiu Taupaki, was in charge of it. At noon, I stepped ashore on the Kororareka beach. I visited good old Tomati Waka, and had service with him and his wife, Mata (Martha). He was old and infirm. He talked of the unhappy state of the country. I baptized the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan. There were about forty families in the quiet township. It was a lovely day.

I was entertained at Dr. Ford's. For many years he was the medical missionary. He had been here thirty-three years, and now he was the patriarch of the place. In the evening, I preached to a company of about eighty persons, in a large room of his house. I stayed with them over Monday, and visited several of the resident families. Crossed over to Paihia in a boat on Tuesday; dined with Hugh Carlton, Esq.; and at the Waitangi, hired a horse. The scenery here

is highly picturesque. Called on Edward Williams, Esq., R.M., about six miles on the way; and in the evening arrived at Pa Karaka, where I found a kind host, in Henry Williams, Esq.

On the road I passed a Maori village, which is beautifully situated on the brow of a hill, and had much of a European look about it; there was a noble forest at the back, and a wide plain stretching before it. It was here, where two tribes were in deadly conflict when the late Archdeacon was dying. At the sad news of his death, they at once agreed to make peace. Thus he was a peace-maker to the last! The combatants buried their quarrel in the good man's grave.

Next day, I took a walk over this charming place: called upon Mrs. Williams, then seventy-five years old, and other members of the family. The descendants of the late Archdeacon numbered altogether a hundred and twenty, a valuable contribution to the public weal. The farm, the stock, the gardens, testified to the industry and taste of those who, by hard labour, had redeemed the whole from the desert, and now rejoiced in the well-earned fruit of their labour. Mr. Williams took me to the very neat little church, and I looked with peculiar feelings on the tomb of his honoured father—a man whom I had known and “esteemed very highly in love, for his work's sake.” My host rode with me to the Waimate. It was a charming day. Here I domiciled with Mr. Clarke, of the old missionary staff. One of his sons, the Rev. Edward Clarke, is the present Archdeacon. Not long before, the father's family of twenty-two sons and daughters, including husbands and wives, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the spacious room in which we sat, from the hands of two

of the sons, the Archdeacon and the Rev. George Clarke, Congregational, from Tasmania, who was on a visit to his father. It was the last time they could have such a solemn meeting in this world, for not only the sire, but others of that Christian circle, have since then gone to the upper sanctuary. The Rev. Mr. Burrows, and the Archdeacon, joined our company, and we had a long talk over the past, and present, state of the natives. Alas! there was much to mourn over in the moral degeneracy of many.

When this station was formed, in 1830, there were more than a thousand natives living near to it, whereas now they did not number above two hundred. On Thursday I went on to Waima, on the Hokianga. I passed Kaikohe on the way. Twenty years before, I stopped a night here, with the late Rev. R. Davies and his interesting family. His daughters taught the school, and the busy activities of mission work were on every hand. Now it was a scene of ruin. I found a few natives shearing sheep, in the remnant of the yard: the fences were destroyed, the house was rotting, and the garden a wilderness. The adjacent country is good, and "well watered everywhere." I met parties of natives in several places, and spoke to them. I saw a number of children. In the heat of the day I sat down on the bank of a gurgling stream, under the shade of a tree, and enjoyed a sandwich, with a delicious draught of the pure water.

The narrow pathway was much overgrown with scrub, as I came near to the Waima station. In one place, I narrowly escaped accident, by my horse getting bogged. I took Mr. and Mrs. Rowse by surprise; my letter had not reached them,—it was still lying in the post-office at

Herd's Point. Dotted with trees, the mission-house was a sylvan spot. In the green meadow, surrounding the unpretending church, was the finest oak tree I had seen since I left England; the hedges were flecked with the multiflora rose; the sweetbriar scented the air with its perfume; drooping willows, the sycamore, and the acacia all added to the beauty of the place; while the winding stream, murmuring over its pebbly bed, joined in the chorus of an evening song. The house was old and rickety; but, embosomed as it was in flowering trees, it had a pretty appearance; a modest, rural, fruitful abode. Here the summer note of the pipiwarau-roa is heard throughout the livelong day; and the hum of bees among the flowers was in harmony with all the rest. On the following day, Mr. Rowse and I rode up the valley to Manawa-kai-aia. Mohi Tawhai seemed little changed. Our talk turned on the coming feast.

Arama Karaka was a chief of high Christian principle, and his death was a great loss. He had married the widow of Hone Heke. He left a solemn injunction that no Maori custom should be observed at his death; but, notwithstanding, his widow's friends had prevailed in their resolve to have an exhumation, according to their old usage. Preparations were on foot for it. They promised to prevent excesses, and to forbid strong drink. In this valley, indeed, they had something akin to the "Maine Liquor Law." Not long before they had fined two men, five pounds, for bringing two bottles of rum within their boundary. The advantages of their sobriety were apparent. Like other valleys on the Hokianga, this is rich in soil, in wood, and in water; and I saw numbers of horses, cows, and sheep feeding thereon. These were not in days of old, when I was often here.

On the Sunday, we had a congregation of something less than two hundred. They came from a radius of three or four miles, many of them on horseback. They were clean, but their attire was, like Joseph's coat, "of many colours." Scarlet was prominent among the women. While I was preaching to them, in their own tongue, my memory was thrown back on past days. Four children were baptized, all neatly dressed in white. A collection was made for the Circuit Fund: it amounted to £8 19s. 11d.

The public service over, most of them were sitting on the greensward, pipe in mouth, under the spreading oak, the graceful willow, or the scented hawthorn, while the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was given within, to thirty communicants, including three white persons. I spoke to them of former scenes, reminded them of those who had passed away, and mourned over others who had wandered from the Good Shepherd. Mohi said his heart was deeply touched. This good man died, not long afterwards, of a broken neck, by a fall from his horse. Perhaps there was no community of Maories more docile, sober, or kind, than this; still, the vices, common to the Maori, were found among them: covetousness, indolence, superstition. The type of their Christianity, it must be allowed, was not of a high order, but there were individual exceptions. After school was over, amid general hand-shaking, they all returned to their homes, and the station was as quiet as before. The evening sped fast, as by the fireside we talked about the work.

We had arranged for a general meeting on Monday, at the village of the late Arama Karaka (Adam Clarke). This was to discuss the subject of a more liberal support

of their own missionary. "The south wind blew softly,"—it was cool and bracing. Arama's grave stood on the apex of a hillock hard by; his widow, Hariata, provided dinner for us, in English style; and we had a good attendance. When Mr. Rowse and myself arrived at the place, we found in the Whare-runanga (council-room) a sort of judicial court was being held. A young man was charged with sheep-stealing. Hone Tawhai acted as magistrate, and was taking notes of the evidence. The jury gave a verdict of "Guilty." A fine of 32*s.* was imposed; but I could not learn that the fine, so levied, was applied to any public object.

We had a free conversation on the subject of our meeting. A society steward was appointed, and collections were to be multiplied; a new church was to be built at the mission station; and at the feast, soon to take place, every precaution was to be taken against disorder. The whole spirit of the discussion was encouraging. We closed with devotional exercises.

We had decided to visit some places, on the main river, during the rest of the week. To this end, I had engaged a boat's crew of strong lads, at the rate of 3*s.* 6*d.* each, per diem. When ready to start on Tuesday morning, there was delay. I was waiting at the boat-side, when, as the tide was getting low, Mr. Rowse, to my disgust, came to tell me that the fellows refused to go unless I gave them more. No! not a penny more should the scamps have. "Never yield to extortion," was my rule. There was no time to spare, for the boat would soon be aground—so, taking the oars ourselves, we pulled down to another Maori village, and secured the services of two oarsmen.

Herd's Point is a tongue of land at the mouth of the

Waima. A few English families were living here. We dined with Mr. Von Sturmer, collector of customs, etc., and at night were accommodated at the Kohukohu, by Mr. J. Webster. When I was last here, this place was occupied by the late Mr. Russell. His half-caste daughters were well educated; and their husbands carried on a flourishing trade in timber and gum.

In order to catch the flowing tide next morning, we had an early breakfast, and at six A.M. were on our way up the romantic tributary, the Mangamuka. Here every object seemed to have a tongue that spoke to me. I thought of Turner, Woon, Whiteley, and others, who are no more. There used to be, on the sharp jutting points of the river, European dwellings. Not a vestige of those remained;—a wild grassplot, or a few trees, marked the spots. It was a solitude! Saw no one till we came to Mangataipa, where we found some natives, squaring logs. The stream is shallow here; we left our boat, and horses were brought for us, to proceed up the valley. Broken bridles did good service, and strings of Korari, or flax, supplied the lack of stirrups. Thus we went to Rotopipiwai. The old chapel was a ruin; a goodly number of cows and calves met the eye; a long line of Puriri, four-railed fence, indicated an improved method of cultivation, and this was confirmed by an ample supply of warm cow's milk to our dinner. At the foot of the Maunga-taniwha range, we found Te Otane, now old and feeble, a solitary remnant of a large class of Christian chiefs of thirty years ago.

Returning from Mangamuka, we landed at Mangungu at five P.M. This station was abandoned during Heke's war. How affecting were the reminiscences which the

sight of the old place called up. It was the first spot on which my foot trod in New Zealand. I knew it in its halcyon days, and what did I now see? "The glory was departed." I felt melancholy. Near the site of the old mission-house, there were trees of luxuriant growth—pears, apples, peaches—which Mr. Hobbs had planted, and also pines, and oaks, and acacias; but these were but silent witnesses of things that had been. The old church was standing, but forsaken and empty. I looked within—it was traced with cobwebs! We visited the graveyard. Sad memories awaked; I could have "wept aloud." The majestic river, smooth as a mirror, was flowing on as it had always done: there was a canoe, manned by a single native, skimming its surface. My fancy could repeople the silent station, with its crowds of natives; but all was changed. I left the place with a sigh, as I thought of days that could never be recalled. In the graveyard we saw one that was newly covered in. Afterwards we found it was the burial-place of Tipene Toro (Stephen Toro), a good old class leader, who had lately died firm in the faith. He was so happy when dying, that he called to his wife Kataraina (Catherine) to help him to sing one of the songs of Zion. Such a death-scene gives relief to the otherwise gloomy picture.

We slept at the Horeke. Here also I noted many changes. After a morning service on the Thursday, we pulled down the river, called at several places as we proceeded, and spent some hours, in the evening, at Judge Manning's, author of "Old New Zealand." The tide did not serve us till nearly midnight and then we went to the Heads, and found hospitable lodging at Mr. Webster's commodious residence there.

We stayed here till Sunday forenoon, and visited the European families and native settlements in the neighbourhood. At the "Kohutu" we saw Mr. Nimmo, the survivor of Captain Herd's expedition in 1826. He was upwards of seventy years of age. He lived alone, and had everything very natty. Nor was he unmindful of death, for he had long before made his own coffin, lest no one should do so for him. More than once his ready-made coffin was in request,—first for the corpse of the late Mrs. M'Donnell, then for that of a Mr. Trusted; and now he had all the boards ready to make a third. Moreover, he had chosen the spot for his grave: let us hope he did not neglect more important preparation for that event. I read the ninetieth Psalm, and prayed with the old man.

On Saturday evening I had a small congregation of whites, to whom I preached. Word was sent to the native villages that I would preach to them on Sunday morning at Pakanae. We were there by ten A.M., but only a very few took the trouble to attend. Their heartless indifference was very discouraging. Early in the afternoon we landed again at Herd's Point, and had an interesting service in the Court House. The traders and their *employés* came in boats. A native child was baptized.

There were from two to three thousand natives scattered over the wide district of the Hokianga, but not many could be found living together, in any one place. I was very sorry to hear of the alarming prevalence of intemperance among them. My host, Mr. Von Sturmer, informed me that as much as £10,000 worth of ardent spirits had been imported into the river in one year, and full two-thirds of this quantity were consumed

by the natives; and as much as £1,200 was annually paid by the Government to native assessors, few of whom were of any service. It was one of the phases of the "flour and sugar policy"—as bad in policy, and it was wrong in principle.

Before going up the Waima, we called to see Cochrane—more than eighty years of age. He was living on the Mungamuka when I arrived in 1836. He had a large family of half-caste sons and daughters, but all of them had not done as well as could be wished. Clouds were darkening the sky when we made our way to the mission station, and we reached the quiet retreat only just in time to escape a storm.

Early on Thursday morning, November 9, Mr. Rowse and I started for Wangaroa: we had a native with us, also on horseback. We stopped at the Taheke, and held a service. That night we remained with our kind friends at the Waimate: just twenty families were settled in and around this rural station, chiefly descendants of the old missionaries. Next day we dined at the Kerikeri, with Mr. Kemp. He had been fifty years in the work. I had much interesting talk with the good old man and others, relative to the early days. The old barbarous customs had disappeared, but, in late years, drinking and gambling had become fearfully common.

At five P.M. we were in the Kaeo dale of the Wangaroa, the site of our first mission station, chosen in 1822, and destroyed in 1827. I found a home at Mr. Lane's. Several families of industrious settlers were living in this pretty valley. A neat little church was being built on the spot where our mission once stood. I had good services in the Court House, morning and evening, of

the Sunday; and in the afternoon, with as many natives as I could collect in a small wooden church, a little further down. Mr. Hare, with a family of ten children, had married widow Skinner, who had an equal number of children; and I was requested to baptize their infant, the twenty-first of the combined family. Fifteen communicants partook of the Lord's Supper.

I saw the fatal spot where, in 1809, the massacre of the crew of the *Boyd* took place. On Monday, Mr. Hare's sons manned a boat, and rowed us down to the Heads of this beautiful river, and we dined with good old Mr. Shepherd and his family. He too had grown old in the service of the mission, and was not able to do much. He complained of the lawlessness of the natives. Before a magistrate was appointed, he could, by moral influence, get something like justice done; but since that time every attempt ended in failure. The harbour is approached, by a narrow entrance, between rocky cliffs; the hills are broken in every variety of form. Two singular rocks, on opposite shores, are called Peter and Paul: the former is occupied by a Romish priest,—the latter by Mr. Shepherd, of the Church Missionary Society. Within the Heads, the harbour expands into a large basin. We returned in the evening, and the Court House was again filled with an appreciative audience, while I lectured for an hour or more on the "Future Prospects of New Zealand."

We bade our friends farewell on the following day, and passed over some barren hills, on which a gentleman had vainly tried to raise a farm. He had several accomplished daughters: they despised not the rough work of bullock-driving, cross-cut sawing, log-splitting,

etc.; while, in the drawing-room, they were no less ladies. Surely they deserved success, and had the selection been made with judgment, would have earned it; but after sinking all his capital, the father had to give it up in despair, and was glad to accept an appointment in the Government service.

We stayed another night at the Waimate, and in the morning I parted from Mr. Rowse—he going to Waima; and I remained there until Thursday afternoon, when I went to the Bay of Islands. Two children were brought to me for baptism, and I visited some sick natives. At the Bay, I stopped one night with Mr. Busby and his family, at Victoria, conversing on the past and present of New Zealand. Mr. Busby came to this country in 1832, and sustained the office of British Resident until it was colonized. He was a man of culture, of stern integrity, and was thoroughly conversant with New Zealand affairs.

I spent an afternoon at Manawa-ora, a lovely little bay, about seven miles over a hilly and barren pathway, but abounding with exquisitely pretty nooks. The day was bright, and the marine scenery enchanting. There were several thriving homesteads in the little dells: I was cordially entertained at one of these, that of a worthy Scotch family; their resources were within themselves; the sons and daughters,—robust, hearty, thrifty, all earnest workers,—an example of what such families can do, even where the soil is none of the best.

On the Saturday I called on Mr. Barstow, the resident magistrate; baptized several children; and, engaging a small boat, I went up the Kawa-kawa river, paying a visit on the way to Mr. Brown, at the Wahapu. There were many hands at the Kawa-kawa, working in the

coal-mines, and my object was to preach to them. After landing, I had an hour's journey in a tram. The colliers had been taking up their week's wages, and too many of them were spending the same in strong drink. There was neither a church nor a school here, although some hundreds of workpeople were living, most of them, in rude huts. One of them, called Cooper, had fallen upon the sharp end of a pickaxe, and met his death-wound, for his lungs were perforated. I prayed with him at his bedside. His poor wife told me that once he was a class-leader. Three days afterwards, I read the funeral service at his grave, in the Paihia burial-ground, amid a company of more than fifty of his late comrades, who came in a barge with the corpse. I took the opportunity of an appeal to their consciences.

On the Sunday morning I preached to a goodly number of the people in a shed, and baptized three children. After a tea-dinner with Mr. Macleod, the manager, I took to my boat. Coming down the pleasant river, I called to see Hemi Tautari. He was a superior native—a store-keeper. His house was furnished in English fashion; and his wife, a ladylike half-caste, played on the piano. Henri used to run a schooner between the Bay of Islands and Auckland, and was very popular with all classes of passengers: he had been brought up by the late Archdeacon H. Williams. Would that such pleasing instances of Maori civilization were more common!

Arrived at Dr. Ford's in time for tea, and at seven P.M., by request, I conducted the service, and preached, in the Episcopalian church at Kororareka (or Russell, as it is now called). Archdeacon Clarke had officiated there in the morning, and announced that I would do



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AUCKLAND.

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so at night. He could give them only an occasional service. Mr. Barstow, the resident magistrate, usually read prayers. This neat church was built in 1834, and was spared, when the little town was reduced to ashes, in 1845. I returned to Auckland on Wednesday, November 24.

CHAPTER XX.

THE THAMES.

DURING the financial crisis at Auckland, in 1866-69, every source of relief was eagerly sought. It was known that gold was deposited in the promontory, terminating at Cape Colville. In the hills flanking the land-locked harbour of Coromandel, mining had been tried some years before, but, failing to be remunerative, was abandoned. Now the Government offered a large reward for the discovery of a payable gold-field; and ere long a rich find served to unlock the stores of capital lying idle in the banks, and to give a stimulus to local industry. Four young men, whose joint capital was very slender, went in a boat to the river Thames, in the Hauraki gulf, on a "prospecting" tour. Guided by a native to the mouth of a creek, they found a nugget; digging down into the bank, they obtained more. Returning to Auckland with those ocular proofs of success, they secured six men's ground, and paid the fee for the miner's right to dig, according to the Gold-fields Regulations.

But, in the face of their El Dorado, they had a difficulty. Without capital or credit, they could work their claim very slowly. Two bank clerks invested each £100 for an interest in the concern. Gold was crushed at first in a "berdan," until they were able to provide

an engine of many horse-power. I happened to be there on the day when that machine was first put to work. I saw the many sacks of golden ore in the storeroom. Within two months from that date, each one of those young men had made a very large fortune. A recital of the whole story, and of their several experiences, would show that "truth is stranger than fiction."

That mine became famous as "Hunt's Claim," and afterwards as "The Shotover." It was the precursor of many more. The news spread; a great rush set in; speculation was rife. The land belonged to the natives, and it was agreed that they should receive the proceeds of miners' fees,—and a large revenue it soon became. Steamboats were laden every day; the harbour was alive. A new town was planned, and, in a short time, not less than twelve thousand people were on the ground. Empty houses were taken from Auckland, and rebuilt at Shortland, on the Thames. This is about thirty miles down the estuary. It is remarkable that Captain Cook thought it the most eligible situation for the capital, when New Zealand should be colonized; and there are many points in favour of his view.

I had the honour of building the first church there—a plain, oblong, wooden building; but, after a year, we had to build another at the other end of the town. The natives gave the sites, for they were the landowners: a few of the best houses also belonged to them. One of my colleagues, the Rev. G. S. Harper, was sent down as resident minister, until 1870, when it was constituted into a separate charge, or circuit, and I took up my abode as superintendent minister, with a young man for my assistant, who lived at Coromandel.

The town was in an embryo condition: the streets

were but a congeries of mud-holes in winter; in rainy weather the drains overflowed, and the hills at the back were honeycombed with tunnels. Sharebroking had become a profitable, but not always an honest, calling. Gold-mining is like a lottery—some prizes, but many blanks. The Thames is now a well-regulated place; and mining, though not so absorbing as then, is steady and systematic,—yielding from four thousand to five thousand ounces of gold per month. There is certainly an extent of auriferous country which will take centuries to explore. Some of the shafts are more than seven hundred feet in depth.

Here I lived for three years, and saw the work prosper. It was a rough field. In winter the mud was, in places, knee-deep between my house and the church; for roads were not yet made. In dark nights it was no easy task to navigate one's way. Very near my residence there was a public-house, and, if it did no other good, it served me as a beacon by its lamp, for gas-light was an after-provision. In the first stage, our congregations were chiefly men; in due course, their families joined them, and the graceful forms of women, and the rosy cheeks of childhood, held their fair proportion. In the dark evenings, the men would come from their huts, near the mines, with inverted bottles doing service as lanterns, to guide them, as they threaded their way between the pits and across the running creeks. As the population became organized, we formed congregations and schools on the hills. The following account describes one of those Sunday-schools in 1871:—

“Eureka!—‘I have found it.’ This is a significant name for a gold-mine. Surely, if it be in the power of a name to give value to scrip, the shares of this mine must be at a premium; and we are glad that its prospects are cheering. But we are not giving a report of the mine;

this we leave to more competent hands. Our object is to speak of the moral and religious progress of the people, as indicated by the Sunday-school. Does any one ask, Where is this Eureka? We will tell him. Inquire for Tookey's tramway. When you have found it, follow it so far as the Victoria Battery. It will not severely tax your nerves to do this, if you do not meet loaded trucks on the way. As you go on, you will note the hand of enterprise in the busy hum around you. From the Battery, turn to the left: you will face a steep and rugged pathway, between many shafts and drives. It is not quite perpendicular. Must you ascend that? Yes: but let not the asthmatic attempt it. Never mind; it is dry just now; in winter it is a quagmire. You have climbed to the summit—broken, broken everywhere. There is very little level ground. But what a view! Three years ago these hills were clothed with forest to the water's edge, and the gullies, which tramways now intersect, and miners' huts decorate, were the channels of gushing, brawling streams, overhung by the graceful foliage of the fern tree, the fuchsia, and flowering creepers. How changed! The axe, the pick, and the spade have not only swept away the trees, but have bored numberless pits and caverns, and have taken tons of precious ore from the bowels of these hills. You look over the calm waters, far away up to the 'Spit,' and watch the column of smoke trailing behind the 'Duke.' On either hand of you the ground is covered with dwellings and the various appliances of mining work. The original green surface is exchanged for heaps of quartz and clay—blue, brown, yellow, with their many shades. The wooden cottages are built without order, because of the uneven character of the ground. Most of them have small gardens attached; the cabbage, the onion, the carrot—of which the Cornish miner is so fond—are growing. There are no pretensions to architectural style, yet neatness and comfort are not wanting. One or two retail shops, with painted signboards, are in front of you. A little way off is the humble school-house. It has lately been enlarged, and made double its former size. It is an important element, for there are many children here. Dear little things!—their ruddy faces and clear skin testify to the purity of the mountain air. But, without the school, how rude and ignorant they might have been! There is a day-school held in it. About a year ago, a few young people had it in their hearts to open a Sunday-school. They began with fear and trembling, but have not laboured in vain. At the beginning they had thirty-one children and five teachers; now they have on their roll seventy-seven children and nine teachers. Soon after the Sunday-school,

a preaching service was established: this was once on the Sabbath, and so continues; but last Sunday two sermons were preached on behalf of the school,—in the afternoon by the Rev. J. Buller, and in the evening by the Rev. J. W. Williams. Collections were made at each service, and suitable pieces were sung by the children. A library was wanted, and now a tea-meeting was devised in order to raise the needful funds. The room was filled twice over, and the tables were sumptuously provided. Certainly, no stranger would think there had been any ‘hard times’ here, judging from the happy and well-disposed company, the cheerful ring of children’s laughter, and the ample spread that rewarded the ascent up the steep hill. Flags and evergreens adorned the interior of the building, and all went ‘merry as a marriage bell.’ The tables cleared, the Rev. J. Buller took the chair, and the meeting which followed was as successful as it was enjoyable.”

The juveniles rapidly increased, and Sunday-schools were popular. At an annual picnic of all the schools in the town, nearly two thousand were assembled one year. I never lived among a people where there was more social freedom and heartiness than at the Thames. And now that the days of roughing have given place to a higher grade of civilization, I hope the people retain all the glow of their old friendships. I shall always think of them with warm feelings. From the advantages of its natural position, as well as from its golden treasures, I believe the Thames has a great future before it. Social entertainments, in aid of benevolent objects, were very frequent. These, while subserving other good objects, tended to promote a healthy sentiment in those who took part in them.

The ladies of all denominations united in a society to collect funds and administer them to the poor and afflicted. I have seen those “angels of mercy” trudging through miry roads, on their mission of love, to many a poor hovel. Their efforts to raise money by musical *soirées*, bazaars, etc., were heartily supported,

and I remember them with much satisfaction. But on one occasion there was an unwelcome interruption. The ladies had got up a *conversazione* on behalf of the Mechanics' Institute. His Honour the Superintendent of the Province (now Mr. Justice Gillies) presided, and the Provincial Secretary (now the Hon. J. Sheehan) took an active part in the proceedings. I had been asked to give a short address. Up to this time all went well, but my rising to speak was the signal for an "Irish howl." This was repeated several times during the few minutes which my speech required, for I would not be prevented from delivering it. The chairman tried in vain to check the disorder, and the ladies were not a little alarmed. It turned out that a few low fellows had been provided with tickets for this purpose. I had had the misfortune to offend some of my Roman Catholic neighbours.

A series of lectures had been given in our own church : one of these was on "Martin Luther and the Reformation," by my junior colleague, the Rev. J. W. Williams. It was as inoffensive as it was edifying. As the chairman on the occasion, I took the opportunity of advising the young people to read up on the subject ; and, on a subsequent evening, I followed with another lecture on "Martin Luther ; the Lessons of his Life." I endeavoured most studiously to avoid, not only anything like bitterness, but what might seem illiberal. But I was not forgiven, and this was one of the methods of retaliation. Nor did it end here. Some time afterwards, a Protestant meeting was to be held in St. George's Hall, at which I was to speak. A base attempt was openly made to prevent it. A steamer was chartered, and more than a hundred roughs came up from

Coromandel, armed with revolvers and shillalies, and paraded the streets. As a breach of the peace seemed imminent, the police were strengthened by arrivals from Auckland, telegraphic communication was opened with Wellington, and the volunteers were ordered to be under arms, and every precaution was taken, by the authorities, to put down any attempt at violence. It was under these circumstances that the meeting took place, and was very largely attended. The report of the speeches—none of them exciting—appeared in the local papers next morning. On the evening of that day, a body of armed police was sent to my house, with a sergeant, bringing a note from the Inspector, asking me to accommodate them for the night, as, from information he had received, he feared there would be an attack upon my dwelling. Besides the police, a number of volunteers posted themselves on guard. I had given no reason of offence to any man, and therefore slept soundly that Saturday night.

It was, perhaps, due to the vigilant measures adopted that no assault was attempted. I had only asserted—what I trust I shall always be prepared to do, at any cost—my liberty of speech. The Roman Catholic priest in charge, the Rev. M. Nivard, was an amiable and good man, and much respected by the whole community. I was on friendly terms with him. I am sure he could not be a party to such outrageous proceedings. But these served to bring out in bolder relief the latent Protestant feeling of the general community, and the better class of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens were equally scandalized by such a course of conduct.

On leaving the Thames in 1873, I was favoured with a very hearty demonstration, by way of “valediction.” I was sorry to sever my connexion with a people to

whom I was strongly attached. I returned to my old circuit at Christchurch, where, in co-operation with other ministers, I did what I could for the promotion of religion in that growing province. I felt particularly interested in the immigrants, and used to visit them in the "Barracks" on their arrival. I had the satisfaction of seeing much progress in the commercial, social, and religious condition of the people. I paid several visits to the more southerly circuits. In 1874, our first New Zealand Conference was held in Christchurch. It was my duty to initiate it; which, after devotional services, I did in these words:—

"Reverend and dear Brethren,—Most heartily do I salute you on this meeting of our first Conference in New Zealand. As the Superintendent of the Christchurch Circuit, in the name of our people, I bid you welcome to their hospitality. As the Chairman of the Canterbury District, I rejoice, on behalf of all our circuits, that we have the honour of the first Conference in this province. As the last ex-President in this colony that passed the chair of the Australian Conference, it is my appointed duty to initiate the proceedings of this assembly; and in this, my official capacity, I congratulate you, my brethren and friends, that, at last, the desire of many years is transmuted into a fact, by the presence of a Conference in this country. Some of us are old enough to remember 'the day of small things;' and as we look back upon the past, and compare it with the present, we may well say, 'What hath God wrought?' We call to mind the visit of the late Rev. Robert Young—the Deputation from the British Conference—in 1853, to institute an affiliated Conference for the Southern World. That Conference is now spread into four bands, all of them meeting, in their several colonies, at this hour. We may hail the present occasion as the precursor of much larger gatherings that shall hereafter represent the Methodism of the land. It is just a century ago since the first Conference was held in America. That was composed of only ten ministers. What a mighty outgrowth, from that little company, has covered the Great Republic,—forming its character, moulding its institutions, and shaping its destiny!

"We need not the eye of a prophet to foresee a grand future for this country. In its onward march the Methodist Church has a mission to

fulfil, as noble as it is sacred. When, in time to come, the historian of the 'Britain of the South' shall recount the moral forces that were at work in the formation of its political, its social, and its religious history, he will not overlook the importance of the step which we consummate to-day. I join my prayers with yours, my dear brethren, that the great Head of the Church may baptize us all with the Holy Ghost; that the 'spirit of wisdom and understanding' may be richly given to every one who shall take part in our counsels; and that such an influence may go forth from this Conference, that New Zealand Methodism shall be known as a great power, whose object is to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land. We meet as brethren. Equally distant from the haughty ecclesiastic, on the one hand, and the inflated enthusiast on the other, 'in the name of our God we will set up our banners.' True to the traditions of a noble ancestry and the vows we have taken upon us, we will give ourselves to the work which God has given us to do—'the friends of all, the enemies of none.'"

After this address, the Conference was called upon to elect its President, when the Rev. Thomas Buddle was chosen by its unanimous vote,—a man in every way worthy of the honour. The Conference of 1875 was in Auckland, when I was elected to the chair by a similar vote, which I highly appreciated. Returning from Auckland, I visited the Lake District, in company with the late Rev. A. Henderson, of Melbourne, and others; and thence travelled by coach to Wellington, *via* Napier—a journey of seven days. The Rev. A. Reid was chosen President of the Conference in 1876 at Wellington. Soon after that I embarked, with my wife and daughter, in the good ship *Waimate*, for England, having, within a few weeks, completed my

FORTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND.



PORT LYTTELTON, CANTERBURY.

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PART II.

Maoridom.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAORIES.

THE word *Maori*, means whatever is native or indigenous. By the English plural of this word, *Maories*, we understand the aborigines, or natives. They have been called, with good reason, a noble race of savages. The old type is all but gone: Christianity and civilization have wrought a great change in them. The knowledge of their ancient customs, their traditions, their legends, would be lost had not missionaries, and others, collected and preserved them.

The chiefs were, for the most part, majestic men. Domett, in his “*Ranolf and Amohia*,” gives a true ideal of one of them:—

“Of form, almost gigantic he—

Bull-necked, square-jawed, firm-lipped, bold-eyed, broad-browed,
His looks proclaimed his character aloud:
And when he stood forth in full height and pride,
In flowing vest of silky flax, undyed,
But crimson—spotted with round knots of wool,
Black points of cord, alternate, hanging free;
And o’er it, down to the brown ancles bare,
A mantle of white wild-dog fur well dressed,
Its skirts broad rim, tan-hued; his snowy hair
Crowned with a jet-black arching crest
Of hoopœ feathers stuck upright,
Their tips a crescent of pure white;

And in his hand, to order with or smite,
The greenstone baton broad, of war or rule,
Green, smooth, and oval as a cactus leaf—
Did he not look, aye, every inch, a chief?
Did not each glance and gesture stamp him then,
Self-heralded, a God-made King of Men?"

The advent of the white man (pakeha) has been, to the Maories, both a means of good and a cause of evil. In a very able essay "On the Maori Races of New Zealand," Mr. Colenzo says, "that (apart from any spiritual Christian benefit), taking all things into consideration, and viewing the matter from a philanthropic as well as a New Zealand point of view, it would have been far better for the New Zealanders, *as a people*, if they had never seen an European." I cannot endorse this. They have learnt from us some virtues, and they have acquired from us some vices. This is the inevitable consequence of human intercourse, while society shall be composed of "both bad and good."

Their number has been over-estimated. They are fewer now than they were half a century ago. It is a popular opinion that they are dying out. With many, I fear, the "wish is father to the thought." No correct census has yet been registered, but I doubt if they now exceed forty-five thousand, whereas they once numbered at least a hundred thousand. The decrease is due to several causes: 1. *Their inter-tribal wars*. Many of them perished in conflict with our own forces; but from 1820 to 1840, it has been reckoned that more than thirty thousand were killed in fighting among themselves. 2. *Vices imported with colonization*, especially drunkenness and debauchery. 3. *Their transition state*, wherein they

adopted, partially, our customs, but neglected our precautions. In their pristine condition, they knew little of sickness; but since they have known Europeans, the use of the *blanket* alone has been a great destroyer of health and life.

With improving habits of diet, dress, and dwelling, it is not too much to hope that they may yet "increase and multiply." In some places their decrease has already been arrested; but, whatever may be their ultimate destiny as a race, there will be Maories in the land for many generations to come. Perhaps the knowledge of the English language, the use of English customs, and the ownership of large estates, will, in course of time, prepare them for amalgamation with their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. In that case, they will become extinct as a people, but merged into a composite body; just as the ancient Celts have mingled their blood with that of the Danes, the Saxons, and the Normans, in this country. And may it not be that, at a future day, families of distinction, with all the pride of princely pedigree, will trace up their descent to some famed old Maori chief, whose name is linked with savage customs, bloody wars, and cannibal feasts? Meanwhile, the Maories offer an interesting field of study to the ethnologist. I shall not attempt anything exhaustive of this subject, nor shall I venture upon any speculations; but, in the following chapters, I will supply the reader with general information concerning this remarkable people.

CHAPTER II.

THEIR ORIGIN.

SOME of the *savans* claim for the Maories a remote ancestry. Papers written with marked ability may be found in "The Transactions and Proceedings of the New Zealand Institute," which carry back their history into the dim past. Data for an ancient pedigree are adduced in the persons of the old moa-hunters, the discovery of supposed rock-paintings, etc.; but none of the speculations I have met with give firm footing for my belief. I prefer the guidance of their own traditions. These vary in minor points, but are substantially alike throughout all the tribes, and bear the stamp of credibility. When we consider that for centuries they were kept apart from each other by their constant intertribal wars, this fact seems the more remarkable.

They reckon their genealogy by generations. The story of their descent was carefully transmitted, from father to son, by the sacred *tohungas*, or their learned men. They tell us that, from five to six hundred years ago, New Zealand was discovered by one Kupe (others say, Ngahue). Returning to his own island, he gave a glowing account of Aotearoa (long day), as he called New Zealand. That island was Hawaiki, somewhere in the north-east Pacific. So strongly did they believe

in the existence of such a place, that, not many years ago, a party on the east coast of the north island fitted out a canoe, and went forth in search of it. They were never heard of again.

It is said that, when Kupe, or Ngahue, returned home, there was civil discord among the people, and therefore he found it easy to persuade an expedition to accompany him. A fleet of thirteen large double canoes was prepared, but they did not all start at the same time. The names of the canoes, of the chiefs by whom they were respectively commanded, and the places at which the crews severally debarked, are all carefully preserved.

They brought with them the dog, the hue, and the kumara. Whether they found any prior race of people in the land is not very clear. From allusions in some of the traditions, and from the fact of an inferior people living in the middle island and at the Chathams, the former known as the *Ngati-ma-moe*, and the latter the *Moriori*, there is reason to conclude that the immigrants from Hawaiki did find a people whom they easily subdued. Traditions linger among them of the *Maero*, and *Mahoao*, or wild men of the woods,—the remnants, it may be, of that conquered race,—living in the mountain ranges of the north island.

The traditions of the Maories proclaim the fact, which their language and their legends confirm, that they are a branch of the great Polynesian family. If we suppose, according to general opinion, that they are of Malay origin, there is also a slight blending of the Papuan element in them.

No island of the name of Hawaiki is now known. There is, however, Savaii, in the Samoa group; and

Hawaii in the Sandwich Islands. The slight change of the name, by dropping the *k* in the latter, is what might likely happen in the lapse of time. Not long before I left the Kaipara, in 1854, a ship came into the river to load with timber, the crew of which was largely composed of Sandwich Islanders. Before they sailed again, they were able to converse freely with the Maories, so nearly did their language resemble that of the latter. The voyage, it is true, was long, but the canoes they had were like those of the South Sea Islanders of to-day. They were double canoes, and provided with outriggers. To this day the Polynesians make long voyages, steering by the stars. Then the prevalence of the south-east trade-winds would greatly aid them. In his missionary narrative, Williams states that he drifted twelve hundred miles, in his boat, from Raratonga to Tongatapu, through the influence of those trades, and, on another occasion, from Tahiti to Aitutaki.

There is no insuperable difficulty in the way of such a voyage having been effected, by such a maritime people as the Polynesians. In the archives of the Native Land Court of New Zealand, there is voluminous evidence to the past history of the Maories. In proving their tribal rights to their respective territories, there are three sources of title—*conquest*, *transfer*, and *descent*. In the latter case, the best grounded is that which the claimants can trace up to one of the original canoes, and this is often done. The principal tribal divisions now found to exist are traceable to an origin in the crews of the different canoes which first arrived in New Zealand. From all that I have been able to gather on this subject, I incline to the opinion that the ancestors of the Maories came from the Sandwich Islands.

CHAPTER III.

PHYSIOLOGY.

AS a rule, the men are tall, of good muscular and well-formed frames, and rarely inclining to corpulence. Yet they vary in size quite as much as Europeans. The chiefs were of imperial bearing, dignified in their manners, and agile in their movements. The head is of a good shape, and equal to the best and most intellectual of our species. The colour of the skin is of a light brown, of various shades, and, in some, fairer than that of the inhabitants of Southern Europe. The features are regular and symmetrical: the nose well formed, often aquiline; the mouth is large, and the lips well developed; eyes, dark, vivacious, and expressive; the hair, in most cases black, and slightly curly. They have, however, twelve names, descriptive of as many shades of colour. The teeth are white, even, and regular, lasting to old age. The feet and hands are well proportioned, but they are shorter in the legs than Europeans. The face, quiet and composed, shows great self-command. The Maori has the art of concealing his thoughts and feelings.

Those who live near the hot lakes have the enamel of their front teeth yellow, and also a peculiar hue on their complexion—the natural effect of the thermal springs. There the young girls are like southern gipsies in the

colour of their skin,—just fair enough to let the warm colour show through the clear olive. Their eyes are dark and lustrous, and their lips have a roseate tint, before they are disfigured by the blue tattoo. But usually the women are not so good-looking as the men. In early life their eyes are soft and persuasive, and some young girls are truly handsome. They are mild in their manners, and there is a pathos in their voices, when speaking of persons dear to them, which is very charming. Generally, the women reach maturity early, and become prematurely old.

Natural deformity was very rare. Their diseases were few. They affirm that formerly they lived to a great age: but scrofula is common, and many now die of consumption. A peculiar odour, like the smell of dried fish, clings to their persons and to their huts. Albinos are occasionally met with. The Papuan element manifests itself in an inferior grade, with a worse-formed cranium, large features, prominent cheek-bones, full lips, curly and coarse, but not woolly hair, a darker complexion, and a shorter figure. The half-castes and quadroons are a fine breed. When they are educated, they appear to great advantage.

The practice of *moko*, or *tattoo*, was formerly universal, but it is going out of fashion. They used several patterns, and the operation was performed by skilled artists. This ornament was deemed necessary to manhood, and a woman of red lips was a reproach.

The painful process was undergone at the age of puberty. The patient would place the head on the lap of the performer. First, the lines were described with charcoal; the skin was then punctured by a sharp instrument of bone, or steel, driven by a small mallet,—a pig-

ment, prepared from a vegetable substance, was dropped into the wound. Although the subject be writhing with agony, no cry of pain would escape him. Those around would be singing songs. Only a small portion could be done at a time. When the inflammation had subsided, and the excoriation healed, the operation would be continued, and so on till complete. The tattoo on the face was called *moko*, that on the bodies *wkakaairo*. It is related of one man that he endured the whole, on his face, at one sitting, but it cost him his life. The impression is indelible. Women were tattooed only on the lips and the chin. The artists were well paid for their work.

It was not a sure sign of rank in itself, but slaves could not pay the price. The general effect of this custom was to give the face a rigorous and unchangeable aspect, and to hinder the signs of old age showing themselves so soon as they otherwise would. Whatever it might do for the men, it certainly did not add to the beauty of the women. Together with other barbarous habits, this is now fading away, and will soon be a thing of the past.

CHAPTER IV.

LANGUAGE.

THE Maories had no written language until it was given to them by the missionaries. The only approach to it was that of a knotted stick—a sort of genealogical record, by which the wise men, or Tohungas, transmitted the names of successive chiefs. This was called *He rakau whakapaparanga*, or the *Generation Board*.

It was the first difficulty missionaries had to overcome, to catch the meaning of their words, reduce them to rule and system, and represent their language by fixed characters. Their alphabet is composed of only fourteen letters: *a, e, i, o, u, h, k, m, n, p, r, t, w, ng*. No two consonants, excepting the double nasal at the end, can come together; and every syllable, in every word, ends with a vowel.

There are about ten, which may be termed provincial dialects; but in all of them the grammatical structure is the same, with very slight variations. Nasal, dental, and guttural sounds prevail. The inflection of nouns, and conjugation of verbs, are all done by simple particles, affixed or suffixed. The singular is changed into the plural by the prefix of a syllable. A particle supplies the place of the verb “to be.” Every verb has, not only active and passive meanings, but also

a causative, by prefixing the *whaka*,—thus *Haere*, go, becomes *whakahaere*, cause to go. The declensions of nouns, the distinctions of pronouns, and the conjugations of verbs, are all simple and precise. Like the Greek, the pronouns have three numbers—*singular*, *dual*, and *plural*. These, again, may be called *inclusive* and *exclusive*. The language has several articles, *singular* and *plural*, and abounds in *prepositions*, *adverbs*, and *conjunctions*,—each having its own delicate shade of meaning.

New Zealanders make no mistakes in the use of their own tongue. As two consonants never come together, and no word ends but with a vowel, the effect is euphonious. The same word, or root, stands for noun, verbal noun, adjective, or verb, which gives simplicity. Its terseness is remarkable, while it contains great beauty and power of expression. Age, sex, and rank, have each its special mode of address.

It is wanting in words that express abstract ideas, such as *hope*, *gratitude*, *charity*; at the same time, any Maori, wishing to speak of these sentiments, would not be at a loss for suitable words whereby to make himself understood. For instance, because there is no word for gratitude, it has been hastily concluded that they know nothing of that feeling. Doubtless they are naturally a very selfish people; but whatever was the case in their purely heathen state, I am bound to say that I have known many cases of thankfulness for benefits bestowed,—not in the mere conventional form of “Thank you, sir;” but in such words as these: “You have made my heart light.” “I shall never forget your kindness.” “Very good have you been to me.”

“When I hear of the covetousness and ingratitude and selfishness of the native people,” said Bishop Selwyn, “I have only to look into the faces of Henry and Lot,” (two travelling companions), “the most helpful, the least self-seeking, and the best-tempered of all companions; and forget all the accusations brought against their race by Englishmen, who see their own failings reflected in the native mirror, without recognizing them as their own. The charges of ingratitude against the natives are generally made by those who have given them the least reason to be grateful. For myself, I must say that I have met with so much disinterested kindness from the New Zealanders, that I should be as ungrateful as they are supposed to be, if I did not acknowledge my obligation.” The same passions, good and bad, are latent in them as well as in ourselves—for “one touch of nature makes the world akin.”

It is easy to make a serious mistake in the New Zealand tongue, or *reo maori*, by simply using one vowel for another,—such as *mou*, instead of *mau*. The former of these is simply possessive; the latter is active as well as possessive: the first is always applied to clothing which you put on; the second to food which you consume. I knew a missionary who, in the early days, had a lesson in *Maori* in not the most pleasant way. It was expedient to give an occasional present to the chiefs, in order to secure their good offices, for the lives of the missionaries, and their families, hung upon their caprice. One day the said missionary was giving a small three-legged iron pot to an old chieftain, who, instead of being pleased with it, flew into a great rage, much to the surprise, and somewhat to the terror, of

the donor. The cause of this was, he had said, “Mou tenei,” whereas he ought to have said “Mau tenei.” Both phrases have, in English, the same meaning,—“This is for you;” but in Maori, there was an important distinction. By the latter form, he would have been understood to say,—what, of course, he meant to say,—“This is an iron pot for you, to do with it as you please;” but by the unfortunate, but ignorant, use of the other form, he was heard to say,—what he never intended to say,—“This is an iron pot for you *to be cooked in.*” Hence the fury of the insulted chief.

It was also an offence to a chief, if anything else was suffered to bear his own name. I knew a gentleman who called his horse “Tawera,” *the morning star*. This happened to be the name of a chief woman, who, in consequence, claimed the horse as her own. For this reason, if a chief bore the name of anything in common use, that thing would, by his own tribe and friends, be called by some other name. For instance, a great chief was called “Kukupa”—that was the name of the wood-pigeon, but from that time the bird was called *kuku* by his tribe.

The Maories have many proverbs, and sayings, and fables. Their proverbs are mostly derived from observation and experience. Here are a few specimens:—

“Sir, bale the water out of your mouth.”

MORAL.—A rebuke to a noisy, wordy antagonist.

“Here are baskets of uncooked food : a man has hands.”

MORAL.—Don’t wait for me to cook your food, but help yourself.

“When the seine is worn out with age, the new net encircles the fish.”

MORAL.—When a man grows old, his son takes his place.

“A deep throat, but shallow sinews.”

MORAL.—A word to a voracious, but lazy fellow.

"A lazy and a sleepy man will never be rich."

"A wooden spear can be parried : not so a mouth one "
(an accusation).

"Stand to work, and thrive ; squat, and want food."

"For the winter seek fuel, but food for the year."

Their sayings were, for the most part, the expressions of well-known men of other days, and were used as cautions and warnings. Their fables were conversational, between natural objects,—such as the cod-fish and the eel; the shark and the lizard; the potato and the fern-root ; the rat and the parrot ; the locust and the ant ; etc. There are three classes of persons who talk Maori: the *missionaries*, *officers of the native department*, and *licensed interpreters*. Few others acquire more than the most slender knowledge of it. For colloquial purposes, it is not hard to learn ; but to be able to speak it in its idiomatic purity, is a rare accomplishment.

To a stranger, they seem noisy, rapid, vehement in their talk. Many words, in ancient use, have become obsolete ; and some of their old poems are not capable of an intelligent rendering. A competent Maori linguist says, "The New Zealand language is but a remnant of what it once was ;" yet its copiousness enables them "to give proper names to every natural object, however small ; different names, not only for a tree and its fruit, but for every part of a vegetable, whether above or below ground,—for the young and adult fish of the same species,—for everything made by them, and for each of its various parts,—for every kind of tattooing, and each line and marking of the same ; and upwards of fifty names for a sweet potato, and forty for a common one." A dictionary of six thousand words has been compiled, and thousands more might be added to it.

The language bears a close affinity, in structure, idiom, and verbiage, to many of the dialects of Polynesia, and is remarkably similar to that of Raratonga.

The memory of the traditions, legends, songs, as well as of many old customs, is fast passing away from the minds of the people. Sir George Grey did good service, during his first administration of the government, by collecting into a large octavo volume a number of their poems, myths, and fables. Among these is a great variety of songs,—love songs, war songs, death songs. The language is full of poetry; and, like that of all primitive peoples, abounds in figure.

In many of their old songs, as in their proverbs, industry is praised. Their love songs have many tender and affecting passages. The feelings of abandonment, loneliness, and despair, are brought out with much pathos. Their war songs contained horrible curses, and were truly ferocious. The funereal wails and dirges were only used on occasions of death; they were plaintive and melancholy, and accompanied with cutting into the flesh, till the blood flowed profusely. Space forbids me to furnish many specimens of the New Zealand poetry, but I offer the following:—

A LAMENT.

Weep, weep, ye tides of Hokianga, for my Kura.
 These were thy walks, and these thy favourite haunts, oh ! Kura.
 But Kura is not here ;—
 She is traversing the path that leads to the land of spirits.
 Lovely in life was the form of thy visage, oh ! Kura.
 We see thy beauty no more.
 Thy attendants now are the guardians of the dead.
 Alas ! my Kura.

Another.

The evening star is waning. It disappears
 To rise in brighter skies,

Where thousands wait to greet it.
All that is great and beautiful, I heed not now ;
Thou wert my only treasure. My daughter !
When the sunbeams played upon the waters,
Or through the waving palm,
We loved to catch thy gambols
On the sandy shores of Awapoka.
Oft at the dawn of day
Thou girdedst on thy garments,
And with the daughters of thy people
Hurried forth, to see the fruits of Mawe gathered in.
Whilst the maidens of Tikaro,
In quest of the rock-sleeping mussel,
Braved the surges, and in turn
Entrapped those stragglers of the finny tribe
That linger near the shore to feast awhile.
When the tribes assembled
To partake the evening meal,
Thy fond companions gathered round thee,
Each eager to bestow some dainty,
And await thy smile.
Where now? Oh! where now?
Ye tides, that flow and ebb,
No longer may ye flow and ebb.
Your support is borne away.
The people still assemble
At their feast of pleasure.
The canoe still cuts the wind in twain,
And scatters the sea foam ;
Still the sea birds, like a cloud,
Darken the sky, hovering o'er the crags,
But the loved one comes not !
Nor even a lock of thy waving hair
Was left us, o'er which to weep.

Another.

Behold the lightning's glare !
It seems to cut asunder Tuwhara's rugged mountains.
From thy hand the weapon dropped ;
And thy bright spirit disappeared

Beyond the heights of Raukawa.
 The sun grows dim, and hastes away,
 As a woman from the scene of battle.
 The tides of the ocean weep as they ebb and flow,
 And the mountains of the South melt away ;
 For the spirit of the chieftain
 Is taking its flight to Rona.
 Open ye the gates of the heavens !
 Enter the first heaven, then enter the second heaven.
 And when thou shalt travel the land of spirits,
 And they shall say to thee, "What meaneth this?"
 Say, the wings of this our world
 Have been torn from it, in the death of the brave one—
 The leader of our battles.
 Atutahi and the stars of the morning
 Look down from the sky,—
 The earth reels to and fro,
 For the great prop of the tribes lies low.
 Ah ! my friend, the dews of Hokianga
 Will penetrate thy body,
 The waters of the rivers will ebb out,
 And the land be desolate.

Another.

A lament for Te Heuheu, a dignified chief, who, with sixty of his people, was overwhelmed by an avalanche of boiling mud at Taupo. His brother speaks :—

The morning breaks, it looks forth
 By the side and through the peaks of Tauhara.
 Perhaps my friend comes back to me.
 Alas ! I swim alone !
 He is gone : thou hast taken him !
 Go then, thou great one !
 Go, thou terrible !
 Go, thou that wert like a Rata,
 And gave shelter to many.
 Who is the god that hath cast you,
 In his anger, to the jaws of death ?
 Sleep on, my father, in that much-dreaded house.

The cord of Kaukau shall no more grace thy arm.
It was the delight of thy ancestor, of Ngahere,
Which he left, a sign of chieftainship.
Turn this way thy great and noble frame ;
Let me see it once again.
Like the blue waters is thy face,
Marked with a hundred lines.
Thy people now are chieftainless,
And have no courage left.
They stand alone ; they look dismayed,
Like the stars of heaven forsaken :—
Atutahi is gone, and Rehua, the man-eater ;
The great star that stood over the milky-way is gone.
And thou too, Tongariro, stand'st alone.
The prows of the Arawa float in the water.
Women from the West shall weep,
Because thou art gone.
Come back from the West, come back from the sea,
With thy tattooed body looking as beautiful as that of thy
tupuna of Rongomai.
The darkness of the Po has enshrouded thee,
Son of Rangi ! But cease to sleep—
Arise, stand forth ! take again thy mere,
And talk o'er thy deeds of valour,
How thou didst tread them down by hosts.
Thou wert a rock by ocean shore !
But thy death was sudden ;
By the side of Pepeke.
Thou didst fall. Thou wert laid on the earth,
But thy fame shall travel while the heavens remain.

The New Zealanders draw largely on their ancient poetry in their public speeches. Many of them are truly natural orators, and therefore, in their large assemblies, wield great power and influence. Their memories are tenacious : every word, sentence, or image is skilfully chosen, from their copious language, to make impression upon the minds of their hearers. Their traditions and

myths, their songs, proverbs, and fables, contained, for the Maori orator, a mine of wealth. Repetition never palls, provided it be pointed and pertinent. Their large meetings were held in the open air. One after another, the speakers will spring to their feet, and, with spear or mere in hand, and the dog-skin mat, or the silken kaitaka, waving from the shoulder, they move up and down with a stately and firm step, which quickens into a run when passion is invoked. Hours pass in this way. Whether regard be had to their choice of natural images, their impassioned appeal, or their graceful action, no one can deny the oratorical power they put forth. But this power is likely to die with the older men. The rising generation know little of the past, and have not at their command the same resources by which to move upon the minds of their countrymen.

For abstract ideas, as already noted, they had no terms. Before the doctrines of Christianity could be explained to them, the missionaries had to Maorify many English words. They have been blamed for using the Maori language at all; but a little reflection must convince any one that no other course was open to them. It would, no doubt, have been a good thing to teach the Maories in English, if it could have been done; but who had power to compel them to learn a foreign tongue, so hard to acquire, and of which they felt no need? It is not too much to say that, if the missionaries had confined themselves to the English language, there would have been no Christianity among the Maories to this day. Preaching could produce no effect on the minds and hearts of such a people, unless they could say, as did those "out of every nation under heaven," at Jerusalem: "We do hear them speak, *in our tongues*, the wonderful

works of God." Yet the missionaries were not indifferent to the value of English literature for the people, and, as soon as it could be done, formed many schools for instruction in English. Up to a recent date, those natives who could speak and write the English language, had learnt to do so in the mission schools. With the advance of civilization, the natives became alive to the importance of knowing English: they are therefore now desirous that their children shall acquire it. A number of schools is now established among them, in which *only* English is taught, reports of which schools are regularly published. They are maintained by the fees paid by the parents, supplemented by grants from the colonial government. About sixteen hundred Maori children were being taught in those schools when the last report reached me; but, limited as it is, the literature in Maori, and especially the excellent translation of the Holy Scriptures, will have much interest for the philologist. It will be long before the Maori dialect will fall into disuse. When the time shall come that they be an English-speaking people, that will, more than any other thing, be a factor in the amalgamation of the races—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."

CHAPTER V.

LEGENDS.

THE Maories have manifold traditions. These were orally transmitted from one generation to another. They may be divided into three classes. *First*, those that relate to the origin of the world and of man: they were very shy in revealing these to foreigners. The *second* class includes the history of certain fabulous beings, heroes or demigods, who lived in a far-off age, in the truth of which they had little confidence. The *third* concerns the migration of their forefathers from Hawaiki, and the history of the tribes after their arrival. To the correctness of these, they yield a decided belief. The last I have already described in the chapter on their *origin*,—the first will properly belong to that on their *mythology*. It is from the second I will now produce a few examples:—

I. MAUI.

In their legendary tales, the first refers to a wonderful character called Maui-potiki, or Maui, *the little one*. He was the youngest of five brothers. A child of premature birth, wrapped in a tuft of his mother's hair, he was cast into the foam of the angry surf. The seaweed enfolded him, and he drifted upon the sandy beach. Birds and flies were buzzing about him, when his great ancestor,

Tama-nui-ki-te-rangi (the great son of heaven), found him, and carrying him to his house, hung him up in the roof, that he might feel the warm smoke and the heat of the fire. Thus he was saved alive. As he grew up, but while yet a child, he crept into the dancing-house and hid himself behind his brothers. The mother called each of the four brothers by name, to make ready for the dance: these were Maui-taka, Maui-rotā, Maui-pae, and Maui-waho. Seeing another, she cried out, "Whence comest thou?" Then Maui-potiki said he had come from the sea. When his mother heard this, she exclaimed, "You are indeed my last-born, the son of my old age. I will now call you Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga, or Maui in the topknot of Taranga." But he was better known as Maui-potiki,—baby Maui.

The mother became so fond of him that the brothers grew jealous, and treated him roughly. Every night, their mother came to this dancing-room: she slept there, but in the morning was gone,—the sons did not know whither. One night little Maui stole his mother's garments. He hid them. Then he stopped up every crevice to keep out the light; and when his mother awaked, the sun was high in the horizon. Finding no garments, she snatched up an old flax mat, with which the doorway had been covered, and hurried away. Maui pressed after her. He saw her reach a tuft of rushes, drop down a hole underneath it, and disappear, leaving the rushes in their place. He ran to the spot, pulled up the rushes, and, looking down, he saw an open cave, running deep into the earth. He covered the hole again, went back to the house, and told his brothers. Maui could transform himself into the likeness of any bird: in the form of a pigeon he flew to the cave, and came to a place where

was a grove of trees. There he saw a number of people, and, among them, his parents lying on the green grass, under a tree. He perched on a spray, and dropped a berry, very gently, on his father's face. He did this several times to both father and mother. At last the whole party jumped up and threw stones at this pigeon. None of them hit him except the father's: that struck him on the left leg, whereupon he fell, and lay fluttering on the ground. They were about to catch him, when, lo! he was turned into a man! Supposing he was a god, they were frightened; but the mother knew her own child, and the father took him to some water, and baptized him. The ceremony over, Maui returned to his brothers, and told them of all that had happened.

From that time Maui lived with his parents. He saw that, every day, a present of food was taken to some one, and he was told it was for his great ancestress, Muri-ranga-whenua. They pointed out to him the place of her abode, and he said he would take it to her himself. Day by day, Maui carried the food, but, instead of giving it to her, he laid it on one side. The old chieftainess became very hungry, and thought something had gone wrong. She turned to every point of the compass, but could smell nothing, until she sniffed the breeze from the west. At last Maui came. When asked why he had served her so, he said that he wanted her jaw-bone, with which she wrought magic, and she gave it to him at once.

After Maui had been some time with his brothers, they thought the days were too short. He proposed that they should catch the sun in a noose, and make him go more slowly through the sky, that they might have longer light for work. They objected because of the

great heat of the sun. He reminded them how, by his magic, he had assumed the form of a bird: then they consented. Strong flax ropes were made. Maui took his charmed weapon, and the brothers carried food, rope, etc. They travelled several nights—hiding by day, that the sun might not see them. At last they got away to the eastward, to the very edge of the place out of which the sun rises. They built on each side of it a wall of clay, and formed huts of the branches of trees, in which to conceal themselves. A loop was made to catch the sun when he should rise. Maui was posted on one side, and his brothers on the other. Our hero held the jaw-bone in his hand. His order was, “Keep yourselves still; don’t let the sun see you, lest he take fright; and when I shout, pull away at the rope as hard as you can, while I rush out and beat him. Don’t pity him when he screams.” At length, the sunbeams shed their light on the hill-tops, and very soon his head gets into the snare. They then hauled at the rope: the sun struggled, rolled, and jerked; but he was fast. Maui belabours him: he roars. Heavy blows are dealt out to him: the sun, in his agony, cries out, “Why do you serve me thus? Do you know what you are doing? Will you kill Tama-nui-te-ra?” (great son of heaven). But from that hour he has gone more slowly in his course!

One day, Maui’s brothers went a-fishing. When they launched the canoe, he jumped into it, but they compelled him to get out again, for they were afraid of his enchantments. When they returned, Maui hid himself, in the night, in the hollow of the canoe bottom, so that in the morning they paddled away without seeing him. He did not show himself until they were far out to sea: then they threatened to take him back, but Maui

stretched out the sea, so that they could not see the shore. They suffered him to stay, and to bale out the water from the canoe.

After a long while fishing, and no sport, Maui asked that he might have a try, and drew out of his bag a hook that was flashing with mother-of-pearl, carved, and beautified with dog's hair. This hook he had made out of the jaw-bone of his grandmother. As they would give him no bait, he struck his nose against the gunwale of the canoe, and made it bleed. He daubed the hook in his own blood, and cast it into the sea. It sank down, down, till it took hold of a carved figure on the roof of a house in the bottom of the deep sea, and passed along the rafters. A strong pull followed. With all their strength they hauled the monster to the surface: foam and bubbles came gurgling with it, and at last an island emerged from the water, and their canoe lay aground upon it. Maui went to observe the usual ceremonies, telling his brothers not to stir till he came back to them; but when he was out of sight, they began to eat food and to cut up the fish. On this, it tossed its head, lashed its tail, and opened its mouth. This was the cause of the island becoming so uneven—here a hill, there a vale; anon, a cliff. They called the island *Te ika o Maui* (the fish of Maui), and by that name New Zealand was known to our famous navigator, Captain Cook.

Maui's next feat was to put out the fire of Mahu-ika, another ancestress. He got up in the night and extinguished the fire that was burning in the cooking-houses, and in the morning, very early, he called out, "Cook some food for me; I am hungry." When the slaves went to do so, they could not find a light. Then Maui's mother said, "Go to Mahu-ika (the goddess of fire); tell

her that our fire is out, and ask her to give you some." The slaves were afraid to go. Maui offered to go, if his mother would show him the way. The path was pointed out, and he was warned not to play any tricks with Mahu-ika, as it would not be safe to do so. When he got to the place, he was so wonder-struck at what he saw, that for some time he could not speak. At last he said, "Oh, lady, will you rise up? Where is your fire? I am come to beg some of you." She asked many questions, and said, "Here is some fire for you,"—pulling out a nail of her finger. The fire burned: Maui took it, and, after going a little way, he put it out, and returned for more. He did this over and over, until the old lady had drawn out every nail from her fingers and toes, but one. In a rage with him, she pulled out the last one, and, dashing it to the ground, the whole place took fire. "There, you have it all now," she cried out.

Maui fled, but the fire followed him so closely, that it would have consumed him had he not changed himself into an eagle, and flew into the air with all his might. He saw a pool of water, and dashed into it, but it was hot. The forests caught fire; the earth and the sea caught fire; and Maui was like to have perished in the flames. Then he called upon the gods for rain. The rain poured down upon the fire, and quenched it; and before Mahu-ika could get to a place of refuge, she was almost drowned. Her shrieks and screams were as loud as were Maui's, when he was scorched by the flame. The old lady had lost all her stores of fire, but she had thrown some sparks into the kaikomako, and a few other trees, where they still lie; and when fire is wanted, men get it by rubbing together pieces of the wood.

This Maui had a young and beautiful sister. Her

name was Hinauri, and her husband was called Irawaru. Maui and his brother-in-law went a-fishing; Irawaru had good sport, but Maui could catch nothing. By-and-by, their lines were entangled. A fish on Irawaru's hook was drawn up by Maui. Then he saw how it was; Irawaru's hook was barbed, and his was not: this made him angry. When they dragged their canoe to the shore, he said to the other, "Get under the outrigger, and lift up the canoe with your back." He did so, and Maui, jumping on him, pressed the whole weight of the canoe upon Irawaru. By his magical art, he lengthened his back-bone, and drew it out in the form of a tail. Returning alone to the village, his sister asked for Irawaru. "I left him at the canoe," he said; "he has plenty of fish; you had better go and help him to bring it: and if, when you call, he does not answer, then say, 'Moemoe! Moemoe!'" At once Hinauri hurried off to the canoe, and as she could not see her husband, she called unto him. No reply coming, she cried out, "Moemoe! Moemoe!" and Irawaru, who was running on all-fours among the bushes, hearing her voice, came to her, "wagging his tail behind him," and barking, "Au! Au! Au!" He was the progenitor of the canine race; and to this day the Maories call dogs "Moemoe! Moemoe!"

Maui went to the village where his parents lived. His father told him he had heard of his doings, but he thought he could not do one thing—which was, to overcome Hine-nui-o-te-po (the great goddess of the night). He remembered that when he baptized him he left out some part of the ceremony, and he feared he would, after all, perish because of that omission. Maui asked, "What was Hine like?" He was told that "her eyes

shone like the sun; her teeth were as sharp as pounamu; her body was like that of a man; the pupils of her eyes were jasper; her hair resembled seaweed; and her mouth was an image of that of a large fish." He recited his conquest of the sun, his fishing up the island, his success with Mahu-ika, and his other exploits. The father said, "Go, then, and visit your great ancestress, who flashes so fiercely there, where the edge of the horizon meets the sea." At once Maui went in search of companions, and a number of birds joined him. They started in the evening, and found the goddess asleep. Maui told the birds that he would creep into the old lady, whose mouth was wide open, and they must keep quiet until he had done so. They said he would be killed. He replied, that if they did not wake her by their laughing, before he came out of her mouth, he would live, and not die. So saying, he entered into the old chieftainess; but, notwithstanding the strict charge he had given, the little Piwakawaka could not help letting out its merry note, which waked the old lady. She opened her eyes, started up, and snapped Maui into two parts. If Maui had succeeded in his attempt, death would have been destroyed, and men would live for ever; but, according to the proverb, "Men make heroes, but death carries them away."

II. TAWHAKI.

A couple called Kaitangata (man-eater), and Watitiri (thunder), begat a son whose name was Hema. The mother was an enchantress. Kaitangata was fond of fishing. Watatiri had taken Kaitangata for her husband, because she was fond of human flesh, and supposed, from his name (Man-eater), that he must be a cannibal.

When she found he was but a simple sort of man, she was angry. She made a net, and, killing two men who were in a canoe, she put their bodies into it, dragged the net to the shore, and sent her slave women to bring home her fish. Her husband having had no success that day, went with them, but was horrified when he found, not fish, but arms, legs, and other parts of the human body. The wife had them cooked, but he would eat none of it. Fish-hooks were made of the bones; but by reason of some failure in the ceremonial, Watatiri lost her eyesight; so she had to sit in the hut.

One day they had visitors. They were talking with Kaitangata in the verandah. She overheard him saying of her, that her skin was as cold as the wind, and her heart was like snow. This so enraged her, that she fled away to the sky, whence she had come, and abode there. As Hema, the son, grew up, he married Kaumika. They begat three children—a daughter, called Pupu, and two sons, Karihi and Tawhaki. The father was killed, and the mother captured by the Paikea, Kewa, and Ihupuka people.

When the boys arrived at manhood, they made voyages over the sea, to avenge the death of their father; but they could not find the land of their enemies. Their sister taught them an invocation, by virtue of which, they found the place of their grandmother Watatiri. The old woman was stone-blind, and sitting among the reeds, beating about with her weapon, so that, if any one came within reach of it, she would kill him for food. As she counted her stores, Karihi took away one piece. Nine were counted, but the tenth was gone. She counted them again, supposing she had made a mistake. This time, Tawhaki took a piece,

and when eight were counted, there were no more; and each time she recounted, there was one less. Then she thought some one was robbing her. As she could not see, she lashed her weapon around, but her grandsons kept beyond its reach. When her rage had cooled, Karihi went near, and, touching one of her eyes, its sight was restored. He did the same to the other, with the like result. When she saw these two young men, and found they were her grandchildren, she became very friendly.

They told her that they wanted to revenge the death of their father, and asked her to show them the way. She constrained them to tarry for a time; but the young men were not easy. They saw heaps of human bones, and they feared their grandmother would kill and eat them. They kept on asking the way. After long delay, she said, "The road is on my neck—loose this cord." When they had untied it, they saw that the other end was fastened to the sky. "You must climb up by this cord," she said. They then began the ascent. Tawhaki repeated the prayer their sister had taught them, but Karihi forgot it. When they were a good way up, the wind blew, and swung them from one side of the heavens to the other side. Karihi could hold on no longer: he fell to the ground, and was devoured by his grandmother. Tawhaki descended far enough to see the fate of his brother, and then climbed up again till he came to a land in the sky.

There was no one there but the mother. She was sitting by the door of a house, and their father's bones were inside, hanging under its steep roof. The tribe, Ponaturi, lived under water all day, and came to sleep in the house by night. The mother had to watch the

door to wake them at the dawn, and they called her "Tatau" (door). Tawhaki repeated a karakia, or charm, and his father's bones rattled for joy. He wept over his mother. She told him the people would be there at sunset, and begged him to go away. He hid himself, by climbing up to the ridge-pole, and creeping in between the layers of reeds, which were under the thatch. His mother told him to be sure to come down before morning, and stop up every chink in the house, so that not a ray of light might shine into it. Evening came, and the whole tribe left the water, and filled the house. They were soon asleep. Tawhaki came down and sat by his mother. They talked in a whisper at the door. "The sun will kill them," she said. Every now and then, some one cried out, "Ho, Tatau, is it morning?" and she answered, "No, no; it is deep night: sleep on,—sleep soundly." At last, when the sun was high in the heavens, an old man called out, "Ho, Tatau, is it morning?" Then she said, "Yes," and told Tawhaki quietly to pull away all the things with which the window and door had been stopped. When this was done, the warm rays of the sun came streaming upon them, and destroyed them all.

Tawhaki burnt his father's bones, together with their bodies. After that, he returned to his home, taking with him his mother, and the calcined bones of his father. The fame of his valour, and of his manly beauty, found its way to the ears of a young maiden, who lived in the sky, and she came down to know whether the report was true. Her name was Tangotango, and she became his wife. Their first baby was a girl: Tawhaki was displeased because it was a girl, and his wife took it

so much to heart, that she went back to the sky with the child, to return no more.

Tawhaki was broken-hearted, and resolved to follow them. By incantation, he reached the heavens. He disguised himself, and looked like an ugly, old man. He passed through a wood to a place where a party were hewing canoes. He saw that they were former enemies of his, but they did not know him. "Here's an old fellow," they said; "he will do for a slave for us." When they left off work, they made him carry their heavy axes, the weight of which caused him to lag behind. When they had gone out of sight, he went back to the canoe, and finished it, from the bow to the stern.

As he went by, two women were collecting fuel, and made him carry it. Thus this great chief was treated as a slave, even by slave-girls. The men said, "We have caught an old man for a slave." Then Tangotango replied, "That's right: bring him along with you; he will do for all of us," little thinking whom she was so deriding. As soon as Tawhaki saw his wife and child, he went right up to the place where they were sitting, although the people tried to stop him. He took his load of firewood to the feet of Tangotango. Then they said, "The old fellow is tapu" (sacred). The next day he did the same, and finished a second canoe. On the third day they set a watch, that they might find out who it was that so skilfully wrought on their canoes. They saw Tawhaki pull off his old rags, and take on him his own appearance. Noble and handsome, he went to work. "Why," they said, "he is not at all like the old man."

Running off to the village, they asked Tangotango

to describe her husband to them. When she had done, they said, "That must be he." Again Tawhaki assumed the old clothes, and came to the village. Tangotango asked him who he was. He made no answer, but went straight up to her. "Are you Tawhaki?" she asked; he said, "Humph!" Snatching up his little daughter, he pressed her to his heart. Now all the people knew who he was; they rushed out of the place, because it was *tapu*, and were filled with admiration at the splendour of his appearance. The child was honoured with all that was due to high rank. Tawhaki and Tangotango were reunited. The karakia, or ceremony over, lightning flashed from the armpits of Tawhaki; and, to this day, it is said, that thunder and lightning are caused by his footsteps when he moves.

III. RONA.

A volume might be filled with the fabulous tales of the Maories. These used to be related by them as they sat in the whakamahau (verandah) in the still evening hour. But my space limits me to only one more. This resembles the old nursery tale in England of "The Man in the Moon." If a Maori be asked what he thinks of the dark spots on the moon's disc, he will answer "Rona." The story varies in its details with different tribes. I will give the version which I have most commonly heard.

Once upon a time, a slave-girl called Rona was sent, by her master, to fetch a calabash of water from the running stream. The moon was shining in the heavens. As she came to the brook, and was about to descend some rude steps, that had been cut in the bank, the moon was suddenly hidden behind a dark cloud. In a fretful

spirit, being not able clearly to see her way, the girl cursed the moon for withdrawing her light. To curse a superior was a great crime in the moral code of the Maories. Her queenly majesty bent down to punish Rona for her rashness. She seized her by the long locks of her hair, and lifted her from the ground. To save herself, the girl caught hold of the overspreading branches of a pohutukawa tree. But it did not avail her at all. The moon took her up, tree and all, and there she abides—a monument, to all generations, of the sin of “speaking evil of dignities.” It is a singular coincidence that two mythical tales, so much like each other, should obtain currency at opposite ends of the earth—“The Man in the Moon,” and “Rona,” of the Maories.

CHAPTER VI.

MYTHOLOGY.

THE Maories had no idea of a Supreme Being—no conception whatever of a God of goodness. Yet they had “lords many, and gods many.” To their minds, those were powerful and malignant spirits “altogether such as themselves.” Their ancient deities were so mixed up with the spirits of their ancestors, that they can hardly be thought of as distinct from each other. They had traditions of the creation, as anterior to the gods; but we have only fragments of their old beliefs. They divided the process of the creation into six stages—but in some places they mention nine. Those were, *first*, the age of thought; *second*, of darkness; *third*, of light; *fourth*, the sun and the moon; *fifth*, the dry land; and, *sixth*, gods and men. In this formula we may note a dim shadow of the Mosaic cosmography. It begins with the creation of something from nothing. The law of development is recognized, for that something brought forth something more, with a generative power. Spirit is placed before matter, and thought before both. The god of darkness, *Te Atua o te po*, was before the heaven was divided from the earth, when “darkness was upon the face of the deep.” Then come the gods of light, *Nga Atua o te Ra*, who said, “Let there be light.” The great mother of night was *Hine nui o te po*. *Rangi* and *Papa*

(heaven and earth) were the parents of all the rest. There were ten heavens. The lowest was of crystal, and next to the earth, along which the sun and moon were supposed to glide. Above the floor, was the source of rain; the next, of spirits; the fourth, of light; and the highest of all, where the god *Rehua* lived. By some it was said that the *first* heaven was the wind; the *second*, the clouds; the *third*, the substance of heaven; the *fourth*, the earth; the *fifth*, the water; the *sixth*, the gods,—and so on, up to the *tenth*, of *Rehua*.

Their general idea of heaven was that of a solid body, lying flat upon the earth, or *Papa*, which means *level*. They formed a globe, each being half a sphere. *Rangi* and *Papa* (heaven and earth) had many children. Among these were, *Rongo-matane*, the kumara; *Haumia*, the fern-root; Tane-Mahutu, from whom sprang trees and birds; *Tanga-roa*, the fish-god; and *Tumatauenga*, who was a man. For ages they had lived in darkness. Tired of this, the families of *Rangi* and *Papa* held counsel among themselves. The question was, should they kill their parents, or rend them apart from each other, that the light might shine unto them. They decided to try the latter mode. *Rongomatane*, *Tangaroa*, and *Haumia* each tried to effect the separation, but they all failed. *Tumatauenga* was equally unsuccessful. But Tane-mahutu fixes his head on his mother, the earth, and with his feet firmly pressing against *Rangi*, the sky, his father, by a great effort he parted them asunder, and cared not for their shrieks and cries. Far, far beneath goes down the earth,—far, far above rises up the sky. From that time, the light was let in; and all the beings that had been hidden in the darkness, began to “increase and multiply in the earth.”

The separation once made, was complete and final, but the mutual affection between Rangi and Papa never dies. The soft sighs of her loving heart rise up before him, from the woods and valleys, in what men call mists; and the outspread heaven sheds many a tear upon the bosom of mother earth, in what men call dewdrops.

Any attempt to explain, intelligibly, the manifold aspects of their ancient faith, or the history of their gods, is like the endeavour to untie a hopelessly-entangled skein. *Tiki* is said to have been one of their first gods, and he is credited with the creation of man, whom he made "after his own image." He formed him of *red clay*, which he kneaded with his own blood. After the eyes and limbs were finished, he gave breath to them—a remarkable likeness to the record in Genesis: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, in the image of God created He him, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." Another statement is that man was made of clay and the red ochreous water of swamps; that *Tiki* gave him, not only his form, but his name, and called him *Tiki-ahua*—*Tiki's likeness*. *Heitiki*, or *memory of Tiki*, is the name of a green-stone ornament, in the rude image of a man which is, to this day, worn on the neck, and is highly prized. The new-born child is *he potiki*—*gift of Tiki from Po*. The most sacred part of a chief's person is the topknot of his head, which is the *putiki*.

The first woman was formed out of the earth by the *Arohi-rohi*, or the quivering heat of the sun, and the echo. *Tahu*, which means husband, was the author of good, which may have reference to marriage. *Tane* is the name for man. He ornamented his father (Heaven) by sticking the stars over it, as pearl-shells are stuck

over the bodies of images. Thus Heaven is called the house of Tane.

It would be of little interest to the general reader to give the long catalogue of their imaginary deities. Those that were concerned in the creation of things, may be called historical gods. Those that now interfere with mundane affairs are the dreaded spirits of their ancestors. Their accounts of them are but a magnified history of their chiefs—their wars, murders, and lusts, with the addition of some supernatural powers. They were cannibals, moved by like feelings and passions as men, and were uniformly bad. To them were ascribed all the evils incident to the human race.

The people had no direct intercourse with their gods. This was the special office of their priests. Besides the Atua, or god, the Maories believed in the existence of other beings—a sort of fairy called “Patu-paearehe.” They were supposed to live in communities, to build pahs, and inhabit the hill-tops. They were said to be white, and albinos were considered as their offspring. It was only at early morn that they could be seen; and now they can be discerned by none but the Matakite, or Seer. They had also a great fear of an imaginary being called *Taniwha*. This was a sea-monster. Everywhere they surrounded themselves with spiritual beings; in every spot, some one of them had a shrine. Their stories are full of the deeds of gods—marine, terrestrial, and celestial.

CHAPTER VII.

RELIGION.

THE Maories had a moral sense—a standard of right and wrong. It was a grossly perverted one. They “called evil, good, and good, evil.” Religion—according to both the true and popular meaning of the word—they had none. They knew nothing of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. The abode of spirits, they ascribed to a place called *Te Reinga*, at the north cape. The word means, the leaping-place. To this *ultima thule* they were supposed to travel, from the spot wherever death met them. On their arrival, they went over a ledge of rocks, leaped on a flat stone, and thence, slinging themselves into the water from the branch of a tree, they entered Po, into which the *Reinga* was the passage.

In that domain there were many rooms, each having its own name. The lowest of them was the worst, having neither light nor food. In that one, the spirits pined and became extinct. In the highest region, which was that next to the earth, they fed on the *taro* and the *kumara*, for the spirits were thought to need food. Near to the *Reinga* was a river called *Wai-ora-tane* (living water for man). A plank was laid across this river by one who had the charge of it. Every spirit had to go over this plank to get into the *Reinga*. It some-

times happened that, when the spirit came to this plank, it was driven back again by the keeper. Thus when any one had been sick and "nigh unto death," and got well again, he was said to have reached *Wai-ora-tane*, and to have returned.

The heavens, to which the deified chiefs go, brighten in beauty as they ascend. But in the Reinga, or *Hades*, the lower the spirit descends, the worse is his condition, and in the lowest chamber ceases to be. That is *Porawa*, or total darkness. Another name for the Reinga is *Te Rua*, or the cave: "*Kua hoki mai te Ra ki te Rua*" (*The sun has set, or returned to the cave*). The sun and moon were supposed to shed their light in that region of the dead, when they disappeared from the earth. But that light shone clearly only in the upper chambers; in the next below, it was feebler,—till, at the lowest, it was lost altogether.

They had no visible idols, no forms of worship, no stated sacrifices. On certain occasions, propitiatory offerings—sometimes human—were presented to their gods. The spirits of departed chiefs were invoked and dreaded: these were regarded as taking an active part in earthly affairs.

An order of men, similar to priests, called *Ariki*, were thought to have communion with the gods: these were their principal chiefs. Another class of wise men, called *Tohunga*, were also credited with great influence with the unseen: some were ventriloquists, which greatly magnified their power. The *Matakite*, or seers, were analogous to the clairvoyant. The *Tohunga* had recourse to spells, omens, and auguries. He was the official organ of the minds of deities. He used incantations, and professed to be inspired.

In the power of witchcraft, sorcery, and the evil eye, they were firm believers. The law of *tapu* stood in the place of religion. This principle they held in common with all the Polynesians. It was potent in all their religious feelings, as well as in all the relations and incidents of social, tribal, and domestic life.

The word *tapu* is derived from *ta*, to mark or to touch, and *pu*, real: it signifies to set apart, or to make sacred. It was enforced with rigour. Nothing could set it aside, or soften its claims. All were subject to its authority. Every calamity was traced to some violation of the *tapu*. When one died, it was through the anger of *Whiro*, and commonly his family would be stripped of whatever they had. Did a canoe upset, it was because *Tawhirimatea* was offended, and the same result would likely follow. Were they defeated in war, then *Tu*, the god of war, had been outraged by some infringement of the *tapu*.

Arbitrary and cruel as the reign of the *tapu* was, it had also a better side, for in their savage state it had the force of law, which all feared. It secured some sort of organization, and clothed the ruling power with super-human authority. Every chief was sacred in his own person: the head was especially so; and he had the power of making anything sacred by calling it his backbone. The will of a chief was the rule of the *tapu*; and the higher his rank, the more was his *tapu* feared. Anything that was *tapu* in itself, such as the person of a chief, or which became so by his will, or by contact with any sacred object, could not be used for common purposes, until the *tapu* was taken off by certain ceremonies.

Any food, vessel, or thing was *tapu* from the moment it came into contact with any sacred thing. According

to this law, a chief could not carry food on his shoulder, or eat it in his house, or have it cooked on his fire,—or else it would be *tapu*. He took his meals outside his dwelling, or in the porch of it, and the remnants were carefully placed in the *wata*, or devoted store. If a slave should eat of it, death would follow. When he drank, the vessel must not touch his lips; if it did, it could not be used again. Placing his two hands, like a funnel, to his mouth, his attendant would pour out the water from the calabash, and thus he gulped it down.

A gentleman in Auckland once invited a chief to dine with him. He had some bargain to transact. They sat down to a leg of pork. When the meal was over, and the chief rose to depart, he, most considerately, although greatly to the surprise of his host, took away with him the remnant of the joint that was left on the table. He did this lest the servants should eat it, and die in consequence!

The clippings of his hair, the parings of his nails, or the dropping of his blood on any place, would make it sacred, and give the chief a claim to it. Many a vested right in a land estate rests upon no other ground than this. A missionary was going up the river Waitangi, in his boat, when he heard an excitement on the shore. He landed, and saw a company of natives in great alarm. Their chief, Tareha, in eating some fish, had transfixed a bone in his throat. Suffering as he was, no one dared to meddle with the sacred throat of so great a chief. The missionary had a small pair of forceps with him, and by means of this instrument he extracted the bone, to the great relief of the sufferer. But, as soon as it was done, the latter demanded the forceps as his own—it had been down his throat!

Dead bodies were *tapu*, and everything that touched them. No one officiating in funereal obsequies might handle food. Often have I seen these undertakers, while subject to the law of *tapu*, gnawing their food, which was tied to a stick that was fixed in the ground.

The groundwork of this singular institution was that something of the essence of the *Atua*, or god, passed into whatever a sacred thing touched. Chiefs and Arikis, being akin to the gods, derived this virtue directly from them, and imparted it to others. To eat any one was the greatest indignity that could be practised: therefore the devouring of the slain in war. To threaten to eat a chief was the greatest insult that could be offered to him: it was enough to light up the flame of war. To eat anything which had been in any way connected with the *atua*, was virtually to eat the *atua*, or his spiritual essence; hence the enormity of the crime of transgressing the *tapu*, and the severity of its penalty—death.

The *atua* thus protects himself against this sacrilege by forbidding the eating of any food that was *tapu*. Whatever became *tapu*, by accident or relation, and not inherently, could be released by some ceremonies duly performed. A full exposition of the system of *tapu* would be tedious. Its power has been broken by Christianity, but its influence is not yet extinct. It takes generations to stamp out superstition from the minds of any people.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORALITY.

WHEN free from the spirit of war, the Maories were hospitable, courteous, and generous; but they were naturally vindictive, cruel, and deceptive. Their moral side was a dark picture: it was relieved by only the faintest gleams of light; selfishness, in some form or other, was the base line of it. I have already said that they had no word in their language to express their gratitude. They were not incapable of this, but it was a rare virtue.

As one pleasing instance, I may relate the conduct of a young chief who had become wearied with constant scenes of bloodshed. He hid himself in a place near to the enemy's pah, but so that he could see all that was passing. A young chief came out to reconnoitre. He sat down with his back turned towards his concealed foe, who, stealing quietly along, sprang suddenly upon him, overpowered him, pinioned his arms, and led him away prisoner. When they were out of sight of the pah, he unbound the captive chief and bid him pinion his own arms instead. He did so, and then marched back with the former captor to his own pah. There was at once a rush, and the presumed prisoner was in the jaws of death. Then the young chief commanded them to stay their hands until he had told them how he had secured his

captive. He related all the circumstances of the case, and asked them whether they ought to kill him. They were filled with admiration, the prisoner was unbound, peace was made between the contending tribes, and, having been feasted, the young man returned to his own place, accompanied by some of his newly gained friends.

The Maories thought little of life. Suicide was common. They were cold-blooded in their revengeful acts, retaliating on the innocent. They would kill, roast, and devour, even little children, and "glory in their shame." Children were disobedient to parents; they were shamefully given to lying. The sick, the infirm, the aged—although their own parents—were heartlessly abandoned, and suffered to perish from sheer neglect. Their conversation was sensual, their ideas filthy, and their language obscene. Chastity was rare, if known at all. They were given to sorcery, witchcraft, murder.

I dare not describe in detail their every-day life. Such description would shock the moral sensibilities of English readers. If any wish for a fuller insight of their moral character, I will refer them to a book called "*Te Rou, or the Maori at Home*," by John White, Esq.;* and to a volume, by Judge Manning, entitled "*Old New Zealand*." The apostle Paul has drawn the picture in Romans i. 28—32: "And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents,

* Sampson, Low, and Son, 188, Fleet Street.

without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." To this black catalogue of heathen vices, I may add, as common among the Maories, the revolting feast of the cannibal.

CHAPTER IX.

DOMESTIC HABITS.

THE family is the foundation principle of society. The Maories had strong domestic feelings; but in this, as in other respects, there were striking contradictions in their character. *Polygamy* was common. As in all ages and countries, it bore its vicious fruits. Usually one wife would be entitled to take rank as such, and the rest sustained the position of slaves. A chief's wealth was reckoned according to the number of his women. My old friend, Te Tirarau, had twelve wives, but one only was treated with the respect due to that relation. I had the satisfaction of baptizing her; and from that time, the inferior women had their freedom. When a chief desired to take a second woman of rank into his conjugal regards, he would sometimes resort to diplomacy, that he might win the consent of the first.

He gently hinted to her his intention, when the indignant lady would angrily protest. Then he would insist upon his right. All he meant, he said, was but a joke; but since she had taken it up so warmly, and said such strong things, he certainly would bring home a second wife. He then proceeded to name the object of his choice. Very cunningly, he mentioned one whom he knew was most obnoxious to his spouse. She be-

comes furious, and threatens to destroy herself. He persists. At last she declares that she would submit, provided he would select any one but the woman he had named. His point was gained. Taking credit for a great concession to his wife's feelings, he consents to the choice of a girl of rank, with whom he had been captivated at a late feast. So the matter is settled.

The practice of polygamy gave rise to jealousy, and often to crime. *Infanticide* was frequent, and in many cases as the result of jealousy. A male child was seldom sacrificed, because of his future value as a warrior. If spared at the birth, their children were objects of very warm affection. The father may be often seen carrying his little one on his shoulder underneath his blanket. *Slavery* was an institution from the earliest times. It was, upon the whole, a mild *regimé*. The slaves, generally, became an integral part of the tribe to which they belonged. If noted for skill or valour, a slave could rise to distinction, and a woman of high rank would not object to him for a husband; but he was ever open to the reproach of slavery, and, in case of offence, would be taunted even by his own children.

It was the fate of the slave that he could claim no *status*. He was the absolute property of his owner; just as his dog, or his pig. His life was valued at no higher rate; and at his death, the honour of a ceremonial was denied him. In the old times, when a chief died, his slaves were killed, that they might attend his spirit to the Reinga; and, at any time, by the bidding of his caprice, a chief could take the life of a slave, and did so, oftentimes, in the most wanton manner. No

one would condescend to notice it. "He can do what he likes with his own," would be the only remark.

I think I cannot better illustrate the condition of the New Zealand slave, than by reciting an incident which took place at Waima, in the Hokianga, in 1842. The Rev. John Warren had formed that station two years previously. One day, an old chief-woman came to him with one of the lowest and most wretched kind of a slave. "I hear," she said, "you want a servant. I am dying with love for my slave. He is cold and naked: I want him to work for you, that he may get a blanket, to keep him warm during the winter." Mr. Warren, knowing if he gave him a blanket, the old woman would come, the next day, and take it from him, said, "No; it is true I am in want of a servant, but I am tired of slaves, because as soon as they are clothed you come and strip them." But because of the respect they had for a written agreement, he added, "If you will bind yourself that he shall stay with me a year, that I pay him his wages every month, and you have one-half of the same, then I will pay him a month in advance." This was settled. In due form the agreement was signed and witnessed.

All went well for two months. The time for planting potatoes had come: the woman ordered the slave to go and plant her potatoes. "What about the agreement?" he asked, and objected to go. Never before had he dared to disobey. She goes to the missionary, and most blandly says, "I want that slave of mine to plant my potatoes while the weather is so fine. I suppose he may do so?" She was told that it could not be allowed, for he was tied by the written agreement. "Only for a week or two, and then he shall return,"

she rejoined. But Mr. Warren stood by the agreement.

She went away, telling the slave if he did not go to her work in two days, she would kill him. But he did not want to go, and begged Mr. Warren not to yield to her demand. "I had rather be killed," he said, "than that you should consent to my going." After a few days, his old mistress waylaid him at the brook when he was drawing water. She beat him about the face, till the blood stood in a pool at his feet.

The missionary was in his garden, and, hearing a strange murmuring noise, he followed it. When he saw the state of the case, he seized the woman by the shoulder, on which she fell over into the brook, and quickly gathering herself up, went away, declaring she was killed, and vowing vengeance.

At sunset, a party of thirty men came rushing up the path in front of the house, headed by the incensed woman, whose tongue was protruded, and her eyes standing, as it were, on her cheek-bones, and calling the slave by name, at the top of her voice. When somewhat exhausted, she said, more mildly, "I am come for my slave, to take him home." Anticipating some such visit, the poor slave had fled into Mr. Warren's bedroom, and hid himself underneath the bedstead. Mrs. Warren sat before the door with her infant in her arms, and some native girls beside her.

For some hours the outcry was kept up. One of the men, with uplifted hatchet, jumped in, saying he would smash the door. But he recollected himself, and felt ashamed. Then he turned upon the old woman, and blamed her as the cause of their committing a trespass on the missionary's house.

The tide of feeling was now turning, and Mr. Warren took advantage of it to propose that he should redeem the slave, and give him his liberty: and he laid before them a considerable amount of property, as the redemption price. Several of them were disposed to accept it, but the old lady gave vent to an outburst of virtuous indignation: "So you want me to sell him! Is that your gospel? Who ever heard of an English lady selling the man that she loved? Have I not loved him dearly? Did I not run after him, and catch him, when he was no longer than my arm,—when we killed and ate his father and his mother, in the Waikato? Did I not bring him part of the way home on my own back? and ever since, whenever I fed my pig, did I not always throw him a potato at the same time? And now I am asked to sell him! No: never! never! *Mate rawa*. I'll die first." This was her last effort.

An old chief was the next speaker. He sang a love-song, in which he satirically complimented the old lady on her surpassing beauty, and recited the many conquests she had made, only they were many years ago; and then, addressing her, said: "Madam, you are a great lady, and you have been badly used in this affair: you never made a written agreement with the white man: you were not the aggressor in this matter: you did not come and shed blood in the missionary's garden: you were very much hurt by falling into the river; and if you had been only a common woman, you would have been killed. But you are a priestess, and full of the Atua Maori (*native god*), so there is no killing you. All that you have said of your great love to the slave is perfectly true. We know that when you fed your pig you threw the slave a potato, but it was after the pig

would eat no more; and we know that when you had got the pig nice and fat, you did not object to sell him for a blanket. My advice is, that you do the same with this slave. Shall I take care of these goods for you? What say you?" Suiting the action to the word, he stooped down, as if to listen for the answer,—“Ae? ae. Ae? ae.” And thereupon he gathered them all together, and the whole party went away, but a small share of the property falling to the old woman, as, no doubt, she expected. But the poor slave was free.

Among other fruits of Christianity, was the abolition of slavery. The chiefs voluntarily made a great sacrifice in permitting their slaves, that chose to do so, to return to their ancestral homes. Most of the natives of Taranaki, who, in later years, were in arms against the colonial Government, were of this class. The demoralizing effects of abject servitude remained with them. But there were others who preferred to continue with their masters, and their tribes, with which they had become incorporated.

Bishop Selwyn, in his interesting journal, gives the following case:—

“We landed at Onetea, and the native ceremony, of ‘tangi’ (wailing) began in the usual form. My object was to endeavour to redeem the mother and brother of my faithful friend, Henry Mauhara, who now, for five years, had lightened my labours, by sea and land, by his devoted fidelity and unwearied activity. . . . The poor old mother, bowed down, as most of the native women are, by carrying heavy burdens, stood before her son, who was seated at the door of the house. No words were spoken, but tears such as no civilized man can shed rolled down the cheeks of both. They had not met for many years, and now the son returned with stores of tempting presents, earned in my employment, to redeem her from slavery.

“When the ceremony was over, I opened the pleadings with a speech

in which I set forth the faithful services of Henry, and my wish to show my sense of his kindness towards me, by releasing his parent. I gave the master the choice proposed by Paul to Philemon, of giving them up freely in a spirit of Christian love, or of receiving payment as the price of their redemption. The old chief answered me in terms which strongly illustrated the mild character of slavery in New Zealand.

“He said that he was an old man, that he needed help, because he could no longer work for himself; that it would not be long before he was in his grave, and then it should be as I wished. The old woman followed in the same strain, enumerating her domestic duties, and explaining that the old man would have no one to fetch him water, or to light his fire, or to boil his pot, if she were to leave him; in short, that she ‘loved her master,’ and that ‘she would not go out free.’”

The great events in the domestic calendar of the Maories were those that are so reckoned among every people,—birth, marriage, death. In the latter case, and at the rites of burial and exhumation, a feast was provided. The higher the rank of the deceased, the greater the display. But slaves, excepting such as had distinguished themselves, received the interment of a dog. At those seasons, there was “great lamentation,” much of it mechanical, but along with it, much that was real.

There was rejoicing at the birth of a child, particularly if of great rank in the tribe. This would take place either in the open air or under a frail hut. Some elderly woman, aunt or grandmother, was the presiding genius. The place of birth, and every person and thing connected with it, was *tapu*, or, as in the Levitical ritual, “unclean,” and, for the time, separate from all things common. The infant’s nose was flattened; the knee-joints were rubbed down, in order to reduce the inner part, and make them handsome. To do this, the nurse placed the child, with its face downwards, on her

lap, and the legs and knees were rubbed down, with much squeezing of the inner knee. This process was repeated daily, for many weeks. Female children had the first joint of the thumb bent outwards, that they might be the better able, in after-life, to scrape, weave, and plait the flax leaf.

While very young, the lobes of the ears were pierced with a sharp-pointed stone (obsidian), for the sake of wearing ornaments, of sharks' teeth, birds' skins, or green-stone (jade). When the child was eight days old, the parents and friends gathered together, by some running stream, for the ceremony of Tohi. It was analogous to the Jewish rite of purification. A priest sprinkled water over the child, with a branch of a tree, and gave its name, using with it some invocation. The following is one of them :—

“Sprinkle this boy ;
Let him flame with anger ;
That the hail may fall ;
Dedicate him to the god of war ;
Ward, ward off the spears, let them pass off ;
Be nimble to jump about ;
Shield off the blow, shield off the spear ;
Let the brave man jump about ;
Dedicate him to the god of war.”

Children were subject to no restraint as they grew up. They went naked in their early years. They were the property of the tribe. If any misfortune befell one, the father was held accountable. A party of his friends made a raid upon him, and took away all that he had : he would feel that they were wanting in respect, if they failed to do so. Mingling as they did in all tribal councils, the children were prematurely familiar with public affairs.

There was no marriage ceremony. Betrothal took place in infancy or childhood, and rested on tribal considerations. Sometimes a young girl was made *tapu* for some grey-headed old chief. This was productive of much misery. As the bride-elect came to years of discretion, she might have a strong dislike for her affianced, or a decided preference for some other one. In such a case, she would either hang herself, or elope with her lover. Then arose an alarm, and a pursuit.

When the fugitives were overtaken, a struggle would follow, between the friends on both sides. The strongest would carry off their victim, and it was well for the poor girl if she had no joint dislocated, or limb broken, during the rough pulling and hauling.

If not betrothed in childhood, a marriage between two young persons was not an easy thing. Every one of her relations had a say in it: they had little of sentiment about it. Before the relatives could agree, the young couple sometimes ran off to the woods, and hid themselves; and after time had softened anger, their act would be condoned.

When I was living at Wellington, an intelligent native applied to me to marry him to a woman who was with him. They had come from Waikanae, about thirty miles up the coast. As none of their friends accompanied them, I saw that this was a secret match. In answer to my questions, they told me that the woman was a widow, and that all her friends wished her to marry a man whom she did not like. Therefore, they had slipped away to get married, before their relatives could interfere. I sent for Hemi Parae, a respectable chief, and asked if their story was a true one. He

endorsed it all, but said, "Surely you will not marry them. If you do, there will be a great row." "They are of age to judge for themselves," I replied. I told the man to go to the Registrar and obtain an authorization, so putting them under the protection of the law. As soon as they were married, they prudently went across the straits, to Queen Charlotte Sound, there to enjoy their honeymoon. Not long after, I had occasion to visit Waikanae, when the father of the bride gave vent to his feelings, in not very soft terms. But the great healer, Time, brought back his love for his daughter. He sent word to the fugitives to return to his village; and on their doing so, they lived in peace.

Contrary to our customs, courtship often began with the young women. *Ropa*, or squeezing the hand, was the token. When marriage was decided, great provision was made for it: new mats were woven, and food of various kinds was served up in profusion. The bride was brought, by her uncles and brothers, to the bridegroom's house. She was arrayed in new mats, and her parents received gifts from him and his friends. In some parts, instead of waiting for gifts, the friends paid their respects to the bridal pair, by taking away from them, all that is movable, and leaving them nearly naked. Adultery was punished with death.

Death was gloomy to the Maori. In his expressive language, it was *Night*, the *Po*, or the "land of darkness." But in whatever form it came, whether by disease, accident, or war, the Maori died bravely. Too often, the last words, calmly spoken, would be of dire revenge on enemies—a legacy of blood to the surviving children. Seldom did any one die in a good

house,—it would thereby be *tapu*. So, in order to save the house for future use, when death was expected, the sick man would be taken to an open shed.

The invalid was under the special charge of some priest, who would be often repeating his charms. When death took place, the event was announced, since they have had fire-arms, by a volley of musketry. Friends, far and near, came to the place to bewail: if that of a chief, the corpse was laid out in state. The women sing the dismal dirge, cutting their faces, and lacerating their breasts, with sharp shells, till covered with blood; and all the while, rehearsing the valorous deeds, and exalting the high praises, of the departed. This is repeated on every fresh arrival of friends, all of whom join in the expression of grief. The mourners cut their hair close, on one side of the head, and wore garlands of green boughs. When friends arrived, the gesticulations of the women were vehement.

Many a time, on coming home, after a long journey, the first tidings of a death met my ears by the melancholy wail which, when many were engaged, sounded like a Pandemonium. With the Maori, the greater the noise, the greater the mourning. Silent sorrow is not at all to his taste. As a mark of respect, the deceased was kept in state as long as possible. Dressed out in his best mats, his head bedecked with feathers, his favourite weapons by his side, the dead man lay upon his bier. One or more of a chief's wives have sometimes strangled themselves, at his death, that in Po they might wait upon their lord.

All that had anything to do with the corpse were *tapu*, as well as everything that came in contact with it. Various modes of burial were in use. They would

either dig a grave in a house, or mausoleum ; or make a frame by joining together two pieces of a canoe ; or they would carry the *tupapaku* (dead body) into the dark forest, and leave it there between the forked branches of a tree. In each case, it would be in a sitting posture. His best garments would be left with him, with everything that had been about his person during illness. Some food was placed at his side, that he might feed on the essence of it, throughout his journey to the Reinga.

All those who took part in the funereal rites, had to observe certain ceremonies before they could be relieved of the *tapu*. While the dead was lying in the sacred place, the priest would, again and again, offer his *karakia* (incantation) that the spirit might reach the eighth heaven.

When decomposition was complete, exhumation took place : this was usually within two years of the time of death. A great feast was prepared, and there was again the plaintive wailing for the dead. The bones were most carefully scraped and painted red, then wrapped in a mat, and, with severe ceremonial, would be either placed in a small house, resting on a pole, or taken to the top of some sacred tree, or, what was more general, carried to some lone cave. Every step in this proceeding was under the most rigid demands of the *tapu*.

Great reverence was paid to the place of sepulture : violation of its sacredness was a crime to be expiated only by death. The spot was selected under a clump of trees—the glossy, dark velvet-green of the karaka (of *Corynocarpus lavigata*, or New Zealand laurel) was preferred. Monuments for the dead, painted red, were elaborately carved, and the whole surrounded with a

substantial fence: but their superstitious awe was the best protection of the sacred enclosure. In most places the old custom has given way to the more simple rite of Christian burial, but the deep feeling of reverence for the dead remains.

CHAPTER X.

SOCIAL LIFE.

MAORI society has three grades, each one having several degrees of position or influence. The first class is that of the *Rangatira*, or chieftain; the second, the *Ware*, or commoner; the third, the *Pononga*, or slave. The *Ariki*, or priest, was generally found in the person of the chief. They believed that the *atua*, or departed spirit of a chief, cared most for the living members of his own family: hence the families of the chiefs were more *tapu* than others.

A common man could rise to the dignity of a chief, if brave, eloquent, or wise. It was the *tapu* that made the difference between chiefs and others. There was little or no outward distinction. In their mutual intercourse, there was unreserved freedom: chiefs and slaves seemed on equal terms. But every one was careful in what he said, lest he should give offence. If he had anything disagreeable to state, he would clothe his message in a studied ambiguity.

Under the influence of passion, the most opprobrious epithets would be unsparingly uttered, which culminated in bloodshed; but otherwise there was much self-restraint. Something like a community of goods existed. Their wants were supplied from one store. Buying and selling were not practised: a kind of barter prevailed.

They gave gifts, and looked for gifts in return,—a system of reciprocity.

Those who lived on the sea-shore would send presents of fish to those who were inland ; and they, in their turn, would requite them with potted birds, eels, or something else. For any service rendered to him, a chief would give an equivalent, but not by stipulation. When one chief was visited by another, there was a display of generosity : his pride would be wounded if he could not present his gifts in a lordly style ; and it was done with an assumed air of disinterestedness, as though what he gave was really of no value.

Ceremonious visits were their gala days. Just before the guests arrived at the settlement, they would array themselves in their best garments, garnish their heads with feathers, their faces with red-ochre, and besmear their bodies with the fat of birds or the oil of fish. A discharge of musketry announced their approach. The athletes of the village ran forth, in a nude state, to greet their friends with a dance of welcome. This over, the *tangi* commenced : this was always observed at the meeting of friends, preceded by the *hong*i, or rubbing of noses.

They have the faculty of calling up affecting memories at will, till tears flow freely. Falling on each other's necks, their heads covered with their garments, they wail, sob, and chant over the many phases of their life, since the last meeting.

The objects of a friendly visit were various. When the tribes, so meeting, were of a common ancestry, there was great joy. The deeds of their forefathers were rehearsed, and their praises sung : events of the past were brought under review ; plans were made for fishing,

planting, hunting; war exploits were concocted; and the priests would ply their spells as to probable results.

Days were spent in these festivities. Work was suspended, and the whole attention of the people was lavished on their visitors. Games were played by the young: of these they had many; one of them is similar to what English children call "cats' cradles;"—kite flying, spear throwing, race running, walking on stilts, wrestling, drafts, riddles, swinging, swimming, hide-and-seek, and other sports. "Young men and maidens," as well as boys and girls, would join in these pastimes. The plaintive pipings of the simple flute would be heard, as well as the vibrations of the guttural sounds of the *Haka*, a lascivious song of which the young people were fond.

They were all expert at drafts. Little girls sometimes amused themselves with questions and answers. Young woman excelled at a game called *pohi*. They used a ball, tied to a string three or four feet long, holding the string in one hand; the ball was struck by others in different directions, but always keeping time with the measure of a song. When several of them joined in the diversion, seated on the ground, their attitude was most graceful. All were adepts in *mamimga*, or poking fun, from the merest joke up to the most complete simulation.

The youth enjoyed swinging over a stream; holding on by a number of ropes fastened to the top of a high pole, which was fixed into the bank, they, one after another, plunged into the water beneath it. They were good swimmers. I was once returning from Auckland to Tangiteroria, in company with several canoes. We all pitched our tents at the south head of the Kaipara. Very early in the morning, the look-out from the top of

the hill called out to launch the canoes. As my boat was heavily laden, we did not get afloat as quickly as the canoes. It was at the last quarter ebb, and a gentle breeze was blowing in our favour. All the canoes, with their blanket-sails set, were ahead of us when we started. The current of the tide was carrying them seaward: we saw one of them disappear when about midway across.

When we got to the other side, the wind had become too strong to allow us to land. We hailed some natives ashore, and desired them to go in quest of the missing canoe; but we feared that all on board were drowned. Three days afterwards, the whole party, of thirteen, came to my house; they had capsized, but they held on to the canoe, which was bottom-up, and used one hand as a paddle. They drifted outward until the tide turned, and that brought them in again; and thus, swimming and guiding their canoe, they all came safe to land.

Etiquette was strictly maintained. A great chief was received with profound respect. On such occasions, he scarcely deigned to notice those below him. There is a strange compound in the character of the chiefs. The man, at times, thus lofty in his mien, and princely in his bearing, may be seen, at other times, resorting to meanness in order to gratify a wish. He can beg, bully, or bounce a poor trader, that he may extort from him the means for his ostentatious presents.

There is a code of manners among themselves. Coming near to a village, on a journey, they sounded a shell, or fired their muskets, that they might not take the people by surprise. If invited, they entered in silence, the foremost waiting for those who lagged behind. Not to invite a party of strangers, was a gross

breach of hospitality: it was equally rude for the party, so invited, not to respond to it. The travellers were led to the best house, strewn with clean mats, fresh fern, or leafy branches. Were they charged with any message, it was not given till after food had been served up. Meanwhile, they sat in respectful silence. No questions were asked as to the purport of their visit.

After they had eaten, they were greeted with words of welcome, songs, and speeches. Care was taken not to refer to any past grievances, or to hurt any one's feelings. If one did so, it was said he had no parent, but was hatched by a bird. They were equally careful not to step, or hand food, over any one. Fire, food, water, were abundantly supplied to them. If men of rank, the chiefs themselves would wait upon them, but would retire nimbly, lest they should hear anything in their own praise, or even seem wishful to hear it. There was no staring, no laughing, no joking, at the expense of the guests.

The chief would give up his own house to them, and sit outside the door in the sun, wind, or rain, talking with them, until they begged him to come in. No one was asked his name. No opinion was combated. If the host did not agree with it, courtesy required that he should not oppose it. If any one among the visitors had done a wrong, it was overlooked, for the present, on account of the rest.

When they departed, they were supplied with food for their onward journey, and oftentimes the chief of the clan would go with them some of the way. The parting words were "Hei kona ra" (*you sit there*), to those who stayed, and "Haere ra" (*you proceed*), to those who went.

When one met another on the road, the mutual salutation is "Tena ra ko koe" (*that is you*). They are great talkers. The night was their choice time for conversation. No little circumstance escaped notice, when they unfolded a tale. Their observation of men and things was close and shrewd.

They were stoical and demonstrative by turns. A Maori may be in a violent rage, or bitterly weeping, or as stolid as a mule, from one and the same cause. At one time they controlled themselves wonderfully; at another, they could not suppress their feelings. Exceedingly superstitious, they were afraid in the dark. They were always in dread of the Atua (God). Sensitive to ridicule, they had a strong feeling of shame, and had a lively apprehension of the ludicrous. Instances have been of self-murder, the result of a rebuke in the presence of others. But it was when their loved ones died, that their feelings were most lacerated: some have gone down to the grave with them. A chief would change his name sometimes at the death of a beloved one—a son, or daughter, or friend,—and take one that recalled the memory of the departed. •

CHAPTER XI.

OCCUPATIONS.

THE Maories are not a lazy people : by dint of labour, they have always had to provide for their wants. They found time for visiting, feasting, and recreation ; but, as a barbarous race, they may be said to be industrious, regular, and temperate. The men and the women had their respective occupations ; while, in ordinary field-work, they found employment for all.

Building, fishing, hunting, together with the clearing of the forests, the manufacture of their tools, and the moulding and carving of their canoes, were the proper work of the men. Cooking, weaving, and weeding, belonged to the women. In cultivating the ground, chiefs worked with the slaves ; but the former, being sacred, might not touch common things.

They are good judges of the quality of soils. The potato, the maize, and the kumara, are grown by them to a large extent ; and, in late years, they have also produced great quantities of wheat. They keep their fields and gardens very clear of weeds. The kumara plantations (these are only in the north island) were not only extremely neat, but were protected by superstitious ceremonies.

They made canoes, some of which, with many hands, took years to finish. The largest of them carried two

triangular sails, made of rushes. The women wove garments of the fibre of the flax leaf; and that class called the *kaitaka*, was profusely ornamented. For a spade, they formerly used a wooden tool called *ko*. In the busy season, they went to work before sunrise. They enjoyed a hearty meal at about ten o'clock, and when they returned to their huts, at sunset, they were ready for another.

Their occupations vary somewhat, in manner and method, in different parts of the country. When at work, they are merry, stimulating each other by songs, and by sallies of wit. They surround their cultivations with low and close fences, to protect their crops from the pigs. Large trees were felled for building houses, making canoes, and other purposes.

The canoes were of all sizes: the largest would carry a hundred persons. They were beautifully carved,—at least their war-canoes, with prow and taffrails adorned with feathers, and painted red. They used these in their war incursions, their fishing expeditions, and on all great occasions. Catching fish, digging fern root, making eel weirs, carving boxes, shaping ornaments, adzing pebbles, etc., took up much of their time. If we think of the primitive character of their implements, being of wood, of bone, or of stone, we shall see that their work was tedious. It took several years, in some cases, to complete a single article.

The kumara, the taro, and the hue, each required a different soil: on this account, they had their patches far apart from each other. It was also expedient to do this, that they might save one or more, in the case of a visit from a *taua*, or pillage-party. From some pretext or other, two or three of these were expected every year.

The kumara was planted on little hillocks of sheltered ground facing the sun. The ground, which was carefully prepared, was mixed with gravel, which the women carried, in baskets, from some pit, or from the bed of a running stream hard by. Women bore heavy burdens on their backs, because the chiefs, being *tapu*, could not do so. When the kumara sprouted, it had to be keenly watched to protect it from the ravages of caterpillars. The ground was kept loose about the roots. Before it ripened, some of the larger roots were cautiously removed, scraped, and dried in the sun; they were then boiled, and used as a sort of sweetmeat.

Some of the best houses they built were the kumara stores. The labour in taking up this tubercle, sorting, packing, and storing it, was not small. The taro and the hue demanded a moist, but rich, soil.

The culinary department was very simple. The kitchen, or cooking hut, was called the *kauta*. A hole of eight inches deep, and three feet diameter, was made in the earth; stones were heated to redness; a layer of flax and fern was put upon the hot stones; the food, washed very clean, was laid upon this, and covered over with a mat; water was then poured on it, and the steam arose; the earth, or ashes, then shut up the steam.

The women deftly prepared dishes of the useful flax leaf, and, at the right moment, the oven was uncovered, and the food served up in those dishes, exquisitely cooked. The flax dish held enough for three or four persons.

However regardless of cleanliness in their own persons, the cooking of their food was remarkably clean and wonderfully well done. In the summer time, the women

expressed the juice from the berry of the Tupakihi. The fruit of this shrub is highly poisonous: it grows, like small black currants, in pendent glossy clusters; but the juice affords a refreshing beverage. A funnel was made of flax leaves—the end of it placed in the orifice of a large calabash; it was filled with the berries, which were covered with a layer of fern; and the women, holding on to a pole, stamped out the juice with their feet.

Their fishing expeditions were great occasions, and attended with religious ceremonies. They used not only hooks, but nets and seines, made of the fibres of the flax leaf. In olden time their hooks were made of bone—often of human bone. They would go out into the deep sea, with their large canoes, for ten or more miles from the shore. Cod, snapper, and other large fish, in great quantities, rewarded their toil. In their nets they take numbers of mullet, dog-fish, mackerel, and other kinds that are found in shoals. They made nets which were even a thousand yards in length. The dog-fish they dried in the sun, for winter use. From rocks or small canoes they plied the hook and line. The mullet will jump into a canoe, kept in oscillation by a native placing one foot on each gunwale.

CHAPTER XII.

HABITATIONS.

AT this day, the Maories are not to be found in large numbers in any one place. Christianity has made life sacred, and property secure. War is no longer their chronic condition. They now scatter themselves over their lands, living in small companies, or families, apart from each other, and away, for the most part, from the European settlements.

It was not so in their normal state. Mutual tribal jealousies, with the law of *utu*, or revenge, made it expedient, or necessary, for them to dwell together in, or near to, their fortified villages. Those were built on some commanding site, usually on the summit of a hill, with an open prospect, and wood and water close at hand.

Their best houses were well built, only too low. Much labour and skill were expended on them. They were oblong. The walls inclined inwards. One sliding door and a window were the only apertures to let in the light, and to let out the smoke. A large porch, or verandah, was at the sunny end. They were of a size to hold from five to a hundred people. Cool in summer, they were warm in winter. The framework was of hard wood, neatly adzed; the planks from one to two feet wide. The ridge-pole was supported by strong posts, sunk into the



A KAINGA MAORI (NATIVE VILLAGE).

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ground. To the totara posts along the side, they fastened long poles; and between the wide pilasters, coats of bulrushes were securely tied. The inner side was ornamented with reeds to the roof; the outside was protected by layers of bark. The posts, the uprights, and the ridge-pole, as well as the end of the verandah, were carved in grotesque figures, and all the woodwork was painted white, red, or blue.

Two of such houses have been bought by the Provincial Governments of Wellington and Canterbury, and erected near their museums. In the case of the latter, the sum of £200 was given for the materials. They were prepared for a chief on the east coast of the north island, but the war prevented the building of the house for him.

Since Christianity has been adopted, they have built many spacious and handsome churches of the like materials. On the formation of a mission station, they build a large *raupo*, or rush house, with several rooms in it, for the missionary. But the common houses have walls only two or three feet high, surmounted by a steep and overhanging roof. In temporary abodes, for fishing or planting, their huts are of the frailest kind.

The leaves of the *nikau* make a capital lining for the thatch. When a tribe was on a journey, or making a visit, as they halted, they would throw up a mimic town in the space of a few hours. The solitude was vocal with their noise. No plan nor order, like streets, was observed in their buildings; but there were ways of communication.

Stores for food were placed on high poles, to protect them from the ravages of the rats. Each family, or sub-tribe, enclosed their house by an inner fence. The

whare-puni (hothouse) is now going into disuse. This was designed for warmth in cold weather, before they had the luxury of the blanket. They were low; the external air was excluded; wood burnt to charcoal made a clear fire, and around it from thirty to forty natives would huddle together, in a temperature of more than 90°.

It took many hands, and many months, to build one of their best houses. Coarse mats were laid on the floor, and the only furniture was the utensils they required for daily use. The *whare-kura* was a sort of temple of ancient date, of which a tradition only remains. It was here that, in remote times, the priests initiated the young men into a knowledge of their sacred mysteries.



SKELETON OF THE EXTINCT MOA (DINORNIS).

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CHAPTER XIII.

FOOD AND CLOTHING.

IN their former state, the Maories lived mostly on fish and vegetables. Fish, fresh and dried, formed a large part of their dietary. They ate cockles and mussels freely. Pork was reserved for special occasions, excepting that of the wild pig, which was at any time free game. Birds were included in their bill of fare—the pigeon, the parrot, and the parson-bird, as also the wild-duck. These they potted in their own fat, when abundant, and preserved them in their calabashes, for use or for gifts.

In ancient days they hunted the gigantic wingless bird, the Moa (*Dinornis*), and fed upon it, as proved by the many ovens which have been unearthed containing the bones. This family of birds has been long extinct. There are some specimens of the skeleton, in the Christchurch museum, fourteen feet high.

A small rat, which has also disappeared, was esteemed a great delicacy. They caught it in traps which were ingeniously framed. Eels are numerous, and very large. In times of scarcity they subsisted largely on roots; of these the Aruhe, or fern root, was the most used. That of the Ti, or cabbage-tree, contains much saccharine juice; and the pith of the Korau (fern tree), the stems of

the Nikau (palm), and the roots of the Raupo (bulrush), were also eaten.

Some very poor edible fruits, such as the Karaka, the Taua, the Hinau, the Tawhera, the Korohi, and the Ramarama, added to their list of dainties. The fern root was sorted and stacked, and when wanted was soaked, roasted, and pounded. The karaka and taua berries were baked, steeped, and dried. They buried baskets of these, as of the maize, in the banks of muddy creeks, until they were decomposed, and then greatly relished what to others is a most nauseous dish. The hinau fruit was pounded to flour and made into cakes.

They snared many birds besides those already mentioned, such as the Kiwi, the Weka, the Titi, and others. The products of their fields and gardens gave them supplies of potatoes, kumaras, taro, maize, gourds, pumpkins, and melons; to which may now be added apples, peaches, and grapes. Before they had any acquaintance with cooking utensils, the only mode of heating their food, except in the hangi, or oven, was by casting a red-hot stone into a wooden bowl of water. Those who lived near the hot-springs had no such difficulty.

Captain Cook did them a lasting service by introducing the pig, the potato, etc. Since that time, they have cultivated wheat and maize extensively, and also tobacco. They are owners of horses, cows, and sheep; geese, fowls, and bees; and they possess all the appliances of British husbandry. Such a calamity as the late Indian famine can hardly happen in New Zealand: it is a land of plenty. The diet of the Maories is much improved: they partake largely of rice, flour, and sugar; and for the purpose of cooking, pots, pans, and platters may be seen in all their houses.

Their clothing was made from the fibre of that most useful plant the flax (*Phornium tenax*). There are several sorts, and it grows everywhere. No village is without it. It answered all purposes: it gave the material for their nets, their lines, their baskets; they made use of it for their mats, their dishes, and their cordage; it served instead of nails in their architecture; and from it they manipulated all their garments.

Some of their best cloaks were silky and showy: it took a woman a long time to weave one of them—it was a work of skill and patience. A wide border dyed in various colours ornamented the *kaitaka*: this was in some cases twelve feet long and seven broad. Tassels waved from the *korowai*, a mat about five feet square. The *kotikoti* was made of flax leaves, seven inches long, twisted into hard pipes by exposure to the fire, and dyed yellow and light brown. This mat rattled as the wearer walked. There were nine other kinds, of which the *ngeri* is the coarsest.

In the south island, it being colder, they made sandals for their feet of flax strings. Their dress consisted of two mats—one wound round the loins, and the other thrown over the shoulders. Men wore these mats on the right, women on the left shoulder. Belts were provided from the same material. The most prized of all was the *topuni*, which was composed of stripes of dog skins, black and white, cleverly sewn together with the flax fibre. This garment would figure only in public demonstrations.

They adorned their heads with birds' feathers, and those of the *huia* were highly valued. Bird skins were stuffed into the lobes of their ears. The shark's tooth was a prized ornament, dangling in the ear; and around

the neck was suspended the *heitiki*, a rude image of a bust, fashioned out of the precious green-stone.

But all their primeval arts and habits are fast going into disuse: they will fade away with the present generation. Their tools, their food, their dress, are all gradually assuming the customs of English settlers. It is difficult and costly now to obtain any specimens of their mats, weapons, or ornaments. In a few more years, things which were common when I landed in New Zealand, will be looked upon as rare curiosities, which the posterity of that generation will be unable to reproduce.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOVERNMENT.

THEY lived under the rule of patriarchs. Nations, tribes, and families, composed the whole community. Of the first there were eighteen: these were independent of each other. The tribes were all subject to their respective chiefs; and they, with the tribes they represented, acknowledged the authority of the chief of the nation.

Under ordinary circumstances, each tribe managed its own affairs; but when some great crisis arose, the whole nation combined for attack or defence. There were many tribes within the nation: one of them, numbering not more than five thousand persons, included fifty subdivisions. The prefix *ngati*, meaning offspring, was the generic term for a tribe, as Ngatiwatua, Ngatiporo, Ngatiawa, etc. This accords with the Irish tribal O', and the Scotch M'.

The highest rank united the spiritual with the temporal authority. He was not only a chief, but a priest, or *ariki*. Such were the eldest sons, descending in a direct line, from the leaders of the Hawaiki expedition. It was hereditary rank. In failure of male issue, the chieftainship passed into the female branch. Hereditary chiefs ruled by divine right, and their mandates were viewed as those of inspired men. If one proved a weak-

ling, he could be practically superseded by a stronger brother, but the former could not be dethroned.

There were three names given to a chief: the first was a pet term, chosen by the mother; the next was bestowed by the priest, on assuming manhood; and the last was taken at the father's death, and was the family name. He had no pageantry, but his sacred influence gave him power. He would sometimes lay claim to inspiration. Te Heuheu, the great Taupo chief, not long before he was swallowed up by a landslip, said to a missionary, "Think not that I am but a man,—that my origin is of the earth. I come from the heavens: my ancestors are all there: they are gods, and I shall return to them."

But, although he held both civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the chief could not declare peace or war, alienate territory; or do anything affecting the whole people, without the sanction of the clan; and, great as the chief might be, he had no power of enforcing his will upon any but his slaves, if they were inclined to resist it. Rights in landed estates were vested in the chief, but not in him alone. Conquest and occupancy gave a title, as well as inheritance.

Disputes concerning boundary lines were a frequent cause of bloodshed. It became a proverb with the Maories, "Land and women are the roots of war." Not a foot of land is without a claimant. Every one had a right to cultivate some soil for himself, provided he did so in agreement with public opinion, and the law of *tapu*. The first of these was declared in the assemblies of the people; and the last was regulated by the priests.

In the administration of justice, every one had a right

to give his opinion, in their councils. The rough principle of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," was that which ruled their decisions. The design of punishment was, not to prevent crime, but to revenge injury.

A wrong done to any one by a member of another tribe, was resented as though inflicted on the whole of his tribe: and any one of the tribe to which the offender belonged might be selected as *utu*, or payment. But within the same tribe, actual aggressors were held accountable for their own deeds.

They were democratic in their civil relations, aristocratic in their pride of birth. When danger faced them, the tribal bond was close. The remotest connexions were bound, in honour, to espouse the cause of that tribe of which they were a part. *Utu*, or satisfaction, like the *tapu*, entered into everything. Even for extremes of joy and sorrow, payment was legally demanded. If, by accident, a man should burst his gun, when firing in honour of an arrival, the weapon was wrested from him, and it became the property of the captor. If any one was wounded by means of the accident, his crime was aggravated.

It was common, at a marriage, for their friends to take everything from the happy couple in honour of the event. Men of renown would habit themselves in their best garments, as that extended their fame. A similar practice was observed at the birth of a child. the death of a child, or the decease of a favourite. If a canoe was capsized in the water, those on shore would swim to the mariners, and despoil them of all they could lay hold of, and then claim the canoe for a prize.

When one was killed in battle, his friends destroyed his plantations. If a man stumbled over his neighbour's gate, he could claim a reward for his own awkwardness. A chief was once selling some bags of wheat to an Englishman. The latter desired to see them weighed. The chief's son was sent for a steel-yard. In fetching it, a snarling dog bit the boy in his hand. At once, the father claimed large payment from the trader, for had he not wished the wheat to be weighed, his son would not have gone for the steel-yard, and the dog would not have bitten him!

But the great standard of law was the *tapu*. Its demands were inexorable. Transgression was always followed by penalty. All its exactions were but a code of fixed usages; but the application of it was often arbitrary.

The laws of inheritance were sharply defined. The eldest son was heir to the patrimony, as well as to the title, and rank, of his father. The divisions and subdivisions of landed property were rigidly maintained. Since the introduction of civilization, whereby land has acquired a money value, new complications have arisen from conflicting claims. To investigate these, the Native Land Court was constituted by the Colonial Legislature.

Its weak point has been the admission of lawyers to plead in the court. An astute native has come to rely more on the skill of his legal champion, than on the merits of his case. It ought in its process, and decisions, to be ruled solely by Maori law and custom.

In the reports of its proceedings, this court contains a mass of valuable evidence, touching the past history

of the Maori people—their wars, their migrations, their intertribal relations. I have before me now an elaborate interlocutory judgment in the “Orakei Land Case,” which was delivered by Judge Fenton, in 1869. It traces up the descent of the tribes concerned to the original immigrants, and gives a detailed account of their wars from 1720, downwards. The estimated value of the estate in question was £50,000.

CHAPTER XV.

WAR CUSTOMS.

WAR was a passion with the Maories. Every one was trained to it, from his childhood. Even the women were active auxiliaries in their martial exploits. A people, so revengeful in their disposition, and so energetic in their character, never wanted a pretext for fighting. But the most frequent *casus belli* was either land or woman.

They never took this step without counsel and care. If not ready to seek payment for injuries, fancied, transmitted, or real, they would patiently bide their time. Vindictive purposes were handed down, from father to son, through generations. The latter never thought he had done his duty, until he had redeemed the honour, and fulfilled the dying wishes, of his sire or grandsire. Arrears of such reckonings were always on hand; and as any one related to the offending party, directly or remotely, was a fair prey for the "avenger of blood," no tribe could tell when the storm of war might burst upon it, even from those with whom they were living in peace. Hence their continual and mutual distrust.

When war, on a large scale, was decided on, it was usually at one of their great feasts. Religious rites preceded, and attended, their war expeditions. The Tohunga figured largely in these. He predicted the

events, and directed the movements of the battle. Recourse was had to auguries, omens, and signs.

Birds were often their *media*. If the cry of the Pie was heard from landward, then a war-party was coming in that direction. If a village was to be attacked, a god came by night, in the shape of a bird, and warned them with the alarm, "Blood! blood!" A night-bird, called the Hokio, was supposed, on the eve of an assault, to call "Kahao! kahao!" and that was caused by a choking from the hairs of the heads of those who would fall in the strife.

In the sky they found omens, as when a lone star was seen before the morn. In their dreams, in the singing in the ear, the tossings of the arms, the twitching of the muscles, and the gurgling in the throat, during sleep,—all had a meaning, and, perhaps, a menace. The warriors cut their hair before going into battle. This was done by the priests, with due ceremony, and invocations to the gods.

Their food was cooked in separate ovens,—that is, those for the priests, and those for the people. Divination was used to foretell the results of the impending action. No food was eaten while these were being performed. Early dawn was the orthodox time. The chiefs of both sides were represented by as many fern-stalks, and these were called by their names. Each stalk had a strip of flax tied to it, while another set was prepared without the flax. They were all fixed into the ground. A stick was thrown across them, and according to the way in which the fern-stalks fell, were the chances of the fight.

Young men engaging in battle for the first time were set in a line by a clear stream of water, and the priest,

with a branch of a tree dipped into the stream, sprinkled their naked bodies, calling upon Tu, the god of war. No boy or woman was allowed to be present at this ceremony.

If the scene of war was distant, they sallied forth in fleets of large canoes. These would hold from eighty to a hundred warriors in each. They were gracefully moulded, elaborately carved, and profusely ornamented with red paint and feathers. Two leaders stood erect, brandishing a spear or a hatchet, and, with the war-song, urged on the rowers, who plied their paddles with great precision, and bounded swiftly through the water.

In these canoes they would navigate the coast, and, in passing from one river to another, would drag them, by main force, across an isthmus of many miles. It sometimes, but rarely, happened that opposing fleets met each other, and a contest would take place at sea.

Before engaging in fight, they worked themselves into a frenzy by the dance. No words can picture its revolting character: they looked more like demons than men. All in a state of nudity,—the face and body blackened with charcoal,—the whole army, running some distance, arranged itself in lines, and assumed a squatting posture. At a given signal, they suddenly sprang to their feet, holding the weapon in the right hand. With a simultaneous movement, each leg was alternately elevated, and then, with a spring, they jumped into the air, and made the ground shake as they came down again. All the while, they uttered savage yells, ending with a long deep sough,—their mouths gaping, their tongues protruding, their eyes goggling, and all the muscles of their bodies quivering. They slapped their naked thighs with the palm of the left hand, with a defiant sound. This would

be repeated again and again,—old women, disfigured with red-ochre, acting as fuglemen in front of them, and all keeping time with the chorus of the war-song. In calm weather, the sound of the war-dance could be heard for miles.

Maddened with rage, the combatants hurled their spears, and with fierce screams rushed on to mortal conflict. To have the honour of slaying the first man was an object of ambition. This was announced by the cry, "*Whaka ariki!*" When a panic seized one side, the victors followed up their advantage like so many hounds after their prey.

If the aid of a friendly tribe was wanted, a token was sent to them called *Ngakau*. The messenger gave no explanation, but sang one of their songs. If the alliance was accepted, the token was received; but if not, the envoy was sent back as he came.

The approach of an enemy was made known by the sound of a gong, or of a conch-shell, or by beacon fires on the hill-tops. During Hongi's depredations, the mountains were lit up night after night, as a warning to the inland tribes of the route of the invader.

If a chief wished to instigate his tribes to war, he made an effigy, called it by the name of his intended foe, and, in the sight of the people, cleaved the head with an axe. Thus Heke gave a feast at Kaikohe, in 1845. Pyramids of food were piled around poles: one of them was surmounted by the figure of a man; lifting it up, Heke split it with an adze, saying, "I'll cleave thy head, O Governor." By this they knew that he was resolved on war with the whites, and wished them to join him.

All the incidents of the march received the closest attention, and yet they were disposed to be clamorous,

quarrelsome, and riotous. The chosen hour for attack was in the grey morn, and under cover of a mist. The besieged not only used divinations, but in some cases offered a sacrifice. A chief on the Hokianga, who was so beset, killed his own son—an only child—and burnt his heart on a fire just outside his pah. If the smoke of the offering was blown by the wind across the pah, then it was doomed; if otherwise, it was impregnable. These superstitious observances so influenced the mind, on both sides, that according as courage was excited or depressed, the fulfilment of the prediction was secured.

Their forts, or pahas, were built on lofty hills, always securing a retreat by wood or water. They surrounded them with strong stockades and deep trenches. Many of those old earthworks may be seen over the country, with immense heaps of cockle-shells. Had they tongues, many a bloody tragedy could be unfolded. They were selected and appointed with clever strategy.

Stockades were also erected in the valleys and plains: they consisted of irregular lines of poles, from twenty to thirty feet high, and six to twelve inches in diameter. A lighter fence, from six to eight feet high, was outside this. Between the two there was a ditch. At every corner there was a quadrangle, from which to rake the besiegers. Obscene figures, rudely carved, were stuck over the gateway and along the fences. Since firearms have been known to them, they defend their pahas from a number of rifle-pits. The huts inside are covered over with earth and clay, making them musket-proof.

The consummate skill shown by them in the construction of their rude forts astonished our military engineers. It was one of their peculiarities that, during a siege, interchange of visits was allowed between belligerents,

and even exchange of articles. In this way, each party learned the tactics of the other. If the assault was very hazardous, the besiegers approached under cover of a breastwork. When the decisive blow was struck, then the yells of the conquerors, the shrieks of the wounded, and the screams of the women, were appalling.

Every cruelty was inflicted on the vanquished. Their blood was quaffed while warm; their heads preserved; their bodies cooked. Before they had firearms, their conflicts were hand-to-hand. They used a variety of manual weapons, such as the mere, the hani, the hoeroa, the patu, the taiaha, the toki, etc., but they had no missiles excepting a sort of sling which was much like a whip. Since firearms have become general, there has been less loss of life than before, as they fight from a distance.

When the victorious army returned with the trophies of conquest, they were greeted by the women with hideous noises, grimaces, and contortions. Those of them who had lost husbands, or brothers, or sons, would wreak their vengeance on the wretched captives. The dance was renewed, the *tapu* was removed, and the wailing for the dead begun. After food had been eaten, the best orator recited the achievements they had wrought.

When opposing parties were well matched, and their losses at par, peace could honourably be made. In that case, a herald was sent from one side—an aged man, of sound judgment, and related to both parties. His flag of truce was the green branch of a tree. A discussion took place, and, if terms were mutually agreed upon, the peace would be ratified with a feast.

The heads of fallen foes were preserved; the brain, the tongue, the eyes, were scooped out, and the cavities

filled up with fern or flax; then boiled in water, till the thick skin was easily peeled off. This done, it was plunged into cold water, and after that, baked in an oven. When the oven cooled, the heads were exposed on stages to the sun, the wind, or the smoke. As the effect of steaming, the muscles shrank, but the hair, the moko, and the features were intact. Sometimes the heads of friends were so preserved, but more commonly of enemies, that they, by their ghastly appearance, might give *éclat* to the great feasts, where, fixed upon poles, the Pihe, or song of triumph, would be sung. At one time, a brisk trade sprang up by captains of vessels, till, prompted by their cupidity, natives killed each other to get heads for sale. The Legislature of New South Wales, having jurisdiction over British subjects in New Zealand, interposed, and, by making it a capital offence, put an end to the inhuman traffic.

Wars were waged every summer. The education of a young chief was not complete, until he had joined a war-party and killed his man. One that did not engage in it, would be taunted as having the hands of a husbandman, and not those of a warrior.

Cannibalism was common. It is not known when this horrid custom began, only tradition says that it was instituted by Tu, the god of war, who ate his own brothers. It was, I think, clearly a war practice. Its origin was not due to scarcity of food, or the mere liking for human flesh. Hatred and revenge are their strongest passions, and under the influence of these, they came to devour their enemies. Chiefs used to pride themselves on the fame of being great cannibals. It was the utmost degradation to which they could reduce their foes—to eat them!

Christianity has stamped out this, as well as other ferocious practices. Now they are ashamed of it. In the unhappy contest with our forces, some bodies of the slain were mutilated, but none were eaten. The last instance of the kind was by old Taraia, in 1842. In the year 1809, they killed and ate the crew of the *Boyd*, at Wangaroa. In 1816, the brig *Agnes*, of six guns, with fourteen men on board, stranded at Poverty Bay, and all the crew were devoured, save John Rutherford. A whale-ship was cast ashore at Wanganui, in 1820, and one European and a negro were alone spared;—all the rest were committed to the ovens.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPACITY.

MORALLY degraded as the Maories were, in their heathen state, they have great capabilities. Physically well made, they are strong, wiry, and agile. In mental power they compare favourably with Europeans. They may be raised to a high-toned civilization. They are quick, observant, and imitative. Their memory is most tenacious. Their imagination is not greatly developed; but they can reason closely when not under the power of their superstitions.

They learn readily anything to which they apply themselves. With the passions of men, they had the minds of children, in their original condition. Then it was not difficult to impose on their ignorance; but now they are well able to take care of themselves.

Their senses—seeing, hearing, feeling—are remarkably acute. In spirit, they are independent, and will defend their right, in the face of death. Of their prowess, their strategy, their endurance as warriors, they have given ample proof. In building, attacking, and defending their stockades, they show their genius for war.

For the peaceful arts of industry they have equal aptitude. They know something of the first principles of mechanics, such as the use of the inclined plane, the lever, the drill, the screw, and the pulley.

They have names for everything that grows in the soil, that flies in the air, or swims in the water. They observe the clouds, and give names to many of the stars. They are acute in apprehension, and smart at repartee. In the early days, the chief Te Pahi was dining with a large party at the Government House, Sydney. A discussion arose as to our penal code. He could not reconcile our punishment of theft with his own sense of justice, maintaining that stealing food—when perhaps the thief was hungry—ought not to be so severely punished. He was told, in reply, that, according to English law, every man who took the property of another was liable to be put to death. “Then,” exclaimed he with animation, addressing the Governor, “why don’t you hang Captain ——?” pointing to a gentleman then at table. “Captain ——, he come to New Zealand, he come ashore, and tiki (stole) my potatoes. You hang Captain ——.” The Captain was covered with confusion, for the charge was true: like many other commanders of vessels, he had, when off the coast, and in want of potatoes, sent a boat’s crew on shore, dug up Te Pahi’s plantation, and carried off the produce, without offering him the slightest remuneration.

In December, 1856, a public meeting was held at Taupo, on the question of the King movement. Some of the orators advocated a clean sweep of all the *pakehas* (white men),—governor, missionaries, and settlers. One evening, in a large house that was lighted up, one of the speakers was eloquently pressing his extreme views upon his audience. Tarahawaika walked quietly round, and, one after the other, put out the lights, till the place was in total darkness. The speaker suddenly

stopped, and said, "Don't you think you had better light up the candles again?" "Most certainly," replied Tarahawaika; "it was very foolish to put them out." The meeting at once apprehended the meaning of the symbolical act, and the orator sat down amid roars of laughter, enjoyed at his expense.

In one of Governor Grey's journeys, he told some natives who were around his tent, that they should do good to others as well as to themselves, and ought to give a tenth of their annual income for works of charity. The natives listened with great attention, and afterwards went away. But, in the middle of the night, two of them returned and woke up the Governor, who inquired what was the matter. They said that they had been holding a council respecting his conversation with them, and they were deputed to ask whether he himself had been in the habit of giving a tenth of his income for charitable purposes. The Governor was obliged to confess that he had not hitherto done so, but he would begin from that time.

Their very errors, which brought them into deadly conflict with the Government, arose out of an earnest wish to secure some better system of government, to protect themselves from the demoralizing wave of colonization, and to perpetuate their nationality. It was these objects which formed the basis of the Land League, the King movement, and Maori isolation.

When, in 1872, Governor Bowen made a tour of the eastern coast, from Wellington to Auckland,—a district which had, till just then, been inaccessible to Europeans, being hostile,—he met with a universal chorus of welcome, in which there was not a "touch of servility, couched in language that might have been spoken by the Highland

chieftains, Children of the Mist, when the clans were gathered together to declare for the unseen, unknown object of their imaginative romantic loyalty, full of the poetic fervour of one feeling common to all, yet strangely distinct, and true to the spirit of clanship."

With countless flags flying, the tribes and their chiefs came to meet His Excellency, and expressed their desire for English education, for the English tongue, and for the roads, the laws, and the knowledge of other lands. Among the many speeches, the following was that of an old chief called Tahira: "Welcome: all I can do is to greet you. I cannot make myself one with you so thoroughly as my friends around you have, because our thoughts are not yet the same; but when I find that I can dwell quietly, and without being disturbed, in my own place, then perhaps I shall see my way clear to do as others have done. It were better that the position of the land were made clear. My hands are quite clean. I do not know your thoughts. Unite yourselves with us to-day, because it has been through you that this place is what it is."

There have not been wanting among them cases of romantic chivalry worthy of any people. Some few years ago, the *Delaware* was wrecked upon a rock, near Wakapuka, close to Nelson. The chief's daughter, Julia, and her husband, immediately put off their clothes, and swam to a rock, near the vessel, carrying a couple of ropes with them: one they made fast from the shore to the rock, and the other they threw on board the vessel, to which it was secured. The crew were thus enabled to reach the rock in safety, and thence the shore. All were saved, except the chief mate, who was ill in bed, and unable to make the effort. This

brave act produced a great impression in Nelson; and well it might. A subscription was raised; two gold watches were purchased; and the presentation was made by Judge Johnston, with a suitable address in English and in Maori.

During the Waikato war in 1863, we are told by Major-General Sir James E. Alexander, that one day several large canoes were seen coming down the river from Mere-mere, with a white flag flying. On being detained at Colonel Austen's post, they were found to contain a large quantity of potatoes, and several milch goats, as a present for General Cameron and his soldiers, for the chiefs of Mere-mere had heard that the General and his troops were short of provisions; and in obedience to the scriptural injunction, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," they had sent their presents.

We have seen that powerful tribes were for years in arms against us, but it should not be forgotten that many shed their blood freely on our side, heroically fighting on behalf of law, order, and authority. Among many names worthy of honourable mention, I will refer to two who rendered signal service to the Colonial Government, —Tamati Waka in the north, and Hone Wiremu in the south. *In memoriam* of each of those brave men, a monument has been raised at the public expense.

Pomare, of the Bay of Islands, gave one of his daughters, a fine, tall, handsome woman, to a military officer. They lived together until the officer's company was ordered to Wanganui, full five hundred miles further to the south. She was left behind, but determined to follow her partner: to do this, she undertook the journey on horseback. It was a bold and hazardous enterprise



WANGANUI BRIDGE.

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in a country where there were, at that time, no roads, and filled with dense forests and deep morasses, rugged mountains and rapid rivers: still, love carried her through, and she overcame all difficulties. She went, by Mangakahia, to the Wairoa; thence to Kaipara, Waitemata, Waikato, and so through the interior to Taupo, thence to Ahuriri, and crossed over to Otaki.

Being the eldest daughter of so great a chief as Pomare, she was there received with the greatest respect, and a large *cortège* of young chiefs attended her to Wanganui, which she reached at the head of a cavalcade of fully sixty. Her entrance was that of a princess, and caused quite a sensation.

She found her partner, again lived with him, and some time afterwards gave birth to a daughter—a fine, fair child. She continued at Wanganui for two years, when the officer, with whom she was living, obtained leave to return to England, he having inherited large property through the death of a relative.

Poor Nga Huia and her child were left behind. He had given a promise to send for them: she waited long, but in vain;—no letter ever arrived. She went back to her father, and gradually pined away.

Surely she deserved some better fate than that heartless abandonment! The mother died, but the daughter, Nota Elwes, is still living. Her father is a man of wealth, but strives, perhaps, to blot out of his mind the memory of his child, as well as that of her unfortunate mother—the once well-known and admired Nga Huia!

More than all, the moral lever of the Gospel has lifted many of them from “the horrible pit and miry clay” of their pagan life. It has proved “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,” and moulded the

dark heathen into the devout Christian, which is "the highest style of man." Take as an instance the following, related by an eye-witness.

A remarkable proof of the power of the Gospel was given when Tamati Wiremu Puna, the chief of Aramoho, was admitted to the Lord's Table. By his side knelt Panapa, a chief of the Ngati-apa, who, in former years, had killed and eaten Tamati's father. This was the first time they had met together : his emotion was most extraordinary; he seemed perfectly to quiver with it. After the service was over, he was asked the cause of it. He then related the circumstance, and said it was only the Gospel, which had given him a new nature, that could make him eat of the same bread, and drink of the same cup, with the murderer of his own father. Who will say that such a people may not be worthy to stand side by side with ourselves? Far distant be the day when the muse shall sing

"THE LAY OF THE LAST MAORI."

PART III.

Christianization.

CHAPTER I.

SAMUEL MARSDEN.

THE honour of carrying the Gospel of peace to the warlike Maories, is due to the late Rev. Samuel Marsden. He was then senior chaplain of the colony of New South Wales. The story of his life shows what can be done by a man of devoted aim, although of little learning, and no brilliance. He was of lowly parentage. It was at Horsforth, a village near Leeds, that he was born, in 1764.

His early training was among the Methodists, to which branch of the Christian Church his parents belonged. To the end of his life, he cherished a warm affection for that people. Under the auspices of the Elland Society, he was admitted at St. John's College, Cambridge. Before he had taken his degree, an offer was made to him of a chaplaincy in New South Wales. His ordination and marriage over, he set sail, with his wife, in a convict transport, for the distant colony. The trials of the voyage prepared him for those that were in reserve.

By his faithfulness he provoked the enmity of many. With Governor King he had a misunderstanding: this did not, however, prevent the Governor from seeking his advice. On one occasion, Mr. Marsden stipulated that he should be allowed to address His Excellency as a private individual: he then locked the door, and, in

plain, honest words, told *Captain* King what he thought were the faults of *Governor* King. To the credit of both, they parted on good terms.

At another time, there arose a fierce dispute between the Governor and the Commissary-General, when Mr. Marsden was in the room. He retired to the window, that he might not see the coming storm. The Governor, in a rage, collared the Commissary, who, in his turn, struck the Governor. The latter, riled at the insult, called out to the chaplain, "Do you see that, sir?" "Indeed, sir," said Mr. Marsden, "I see nothing," laying emphasis on the word *see*. Good-humour was at once restored.

Mr. Marsden was a man of deep piety, good sense, and catholic spirit. After an absence of fourteen years, he visited England. He had acted as the Colonial Agent for the London Missionary Society, and now he persuaded the Church of England Missionary Society to turn their attention to New Zealand. Accordingly, on his return voyage, in 1809, he was accompanied by Messrs. Hall and King, who were soon followed by Mr. Kendall, and, in 1815, by the Rev. John Butler, the first clerical missionary. With his devoted zeal in this good cause, Mr. Marsden fell into the error—not uncommon at that day—that a savage people must be civilized, before they can be Christianized. Experience has proved the contrary.

While on the voyage, Mr. Marsden saw a man with a dark skin, and a sad look, among the common sailors on the forecastle. He was wrapped in an old great-coat, very sick and weak, and had a bad cough. The poor fellow seemed near to his end. This was Tuatara, a native of New Zealand.

He was the son of a chief, and had been five years at sea. He had been badly treated. He shipped for England, in the *Santa Anna*, to see King George. To his chagrin, he was not only disappointed in this, but he saw little of London, was ill-used, cheated of all his wages, and was put on board the convict ship *Ann*, in which Mr. Marsden and his party had embarked.

On hearing his story, the good man felt for him,—both his sympathy and his indignation were aroused. He took him under his personal care. By proper treatment, Tuatara recovered, and was, ever after, truly grateful. He remained under Mr. Marsden's roof, in New South Wales, for six months after their arrival, and was then forwarded to his own country—a fore-runner for the missionaries.

It was the intention of Mr. Marsden to accompany the three missionaries, Messrs. Hall, King, and Kendall, to New Zealand; but the Governor, who had despotic power, forbade him. To him, as to most others, the whole scheme was but the chimera of a pious enthusiast. He would not allow his useful life to be so wantonly exposed.

It was not long before this time, that the news had arrived of the destruction of the *Boyd*, and that all on board—seventy souls—had been eaten by the cannibals, excepting only one woman and a child, who were reserved for slavery. Mr. Marsden obtained, with difficulty, permission to send the three missionaries, as pioneers, with the promise that if, on the ship's return, all turned out well, he should no longer be hindered. He sent them in the brig *Active*, and with them a message to Tuatara, to receive them kindly, and inviting him to return with them to his house at Paramatta, and to bring along with him two or three friendly chiefs.

They were the first messengers of peace to New Zealand; and on their arrival at the Bay of Islands, Tuatara was there to greet them, and to repay, a thousand-fold, the kindness of his friend, the minister of Paramatta, in the welcome he secured for these defenceless strangers.

How wonderfully do the providence and grace of God combine for the fulfilment of His purposes of mercy! The poor, despised, maltreated Maori, on board the ship, becomes, in the hand of God, and through the kindness of His servant, the instrument of opening this "great door and effectual" for the preaching of the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

Poor Tuatara owed no gratitude to the white man, except his patron. He had left Sydney under an express engagement that he should be set on shore at the Bay of Islands, where his tribe lived. But although the vessel passed within two miles of his own shores, and in sight of his long-lost home, he was carried to Norfolk Island, and left there. He was defrauded, too, of his share of the oil he had taken with his companions, worth a hundred pounds.

A whaler found him there almost naked, and in the last stage of want, and took him once more to Australia, and to Mr. Marsden. After another short stay, he sailed again from Sydney, and, to his great joy, soon found himself among his own people. How much he would have to relate to them! The tale of his wrongs was enough to kindle, in their vengeful hearts, a burning rage which might, if opportunity offered, excite them to deeds similar to that which befell the *Boyd*. But the story of Mr. Marsden's kindness was a makeweight in the other scale.

Among the things which his friend had given him, was a supply of wheat for seed. Nothing like a field of grain of any kind had yet waved its golden ears on that fertile soil. To Tuatara was committed the honour of sowing the first crop of wheat, in a country destined, within forty years, to rival the best farms in England, both in the value of its crops, and the variety of its produce.

The green blade, and then the growing corn, were viewed with wonder by the natives. They knew the value of roots; but how the wheat could yield the flour, out of which the bread and biscuits, they had eaten in English ships, were made, was more than they could understand. They tore up some of the stalks, expecting to find something like their own potato at the root. That the ears should furnish the substance of a loaf of bread, was not to be believed. Either Tuatara was playing a trick with them, or he had himself been duped, and they were not going to be so taken in.

Tuatara had only to wait. The field was reaped, and the corn threshed out: then he found himself minus a mill! He tried in vain to grind his corn in a coffee-mill, borrowed from a trading ship; and now his friends laughed at him for his simplicity.

Fortunately, the missionaries brought him a hand-mill. Still incredulous, the people assembled to watch the result; but when the meal began to stream out beneath the machine, their surprise was great; and when a cake was hastily baked in a frying-pan, they shouted, and they danced for joy. Tuatara was now believed. He was right in the matter of the wheat, and they could trust him as to his report of the missionaries: they were good men. Thus the first favourable impression was

made upon the savage Maories, whose race was, in the next generation, to become a civilized and Christian people.

Messrs. Hall and Kendall returned to Sydney on the 22nd August, 1814. Tuatara, and six other chiefs, accompanied them. Among these was the celebrated Hongi, who was an uncle to Tuatara. They were all of them Mr. Marsden's guests. He had at times as many as thirty New Zealanders in his house at once. He was known, respected, and trusted by them. It was to him a relief and a joy, that the mission had so far succeeded; and, having permission from the Governor, he decided to go with the missionaries, when they returned to the Bay of Islands.

That was in the following November. There was a motley crew on board that small vessel,—savages and Christian teachers, enterprising mechanics, their wives and children, besides cattle and horses. Mr. Marsden's fame had preceded him, and, for his sake, all were kindly received.

The tribes of Wangaroa and the Bay were at war with each other, and Mr. Marsden's first work was to try to make peace between them; and he succeeded. He passed the night among them ashore, and next day invited the chiefs to breakfast on board the *Active*. Then he gave them presents, explained the objects of the missionaries, and begged them to live in peace with each other.

He had the great satisfaction of seeing the rival chiefs rub their noses together, in token of mutual reconciliation. A little incident served to increase their confidence in Tuatara. He had often told them of the horse and its rider, but was as often laughed at by his

unbelieving countrymen : but now that the horses were landed, and Mr. Marsden actually mounted on one of them, they stood in crowds and gazed in mute astonishment.

The first Sunday on which the living and true God was proclaimed in New Zealand, was memorable in its history. Tuatara was very active; on the preceding day he fenced round about half an acre of land, and put up a reading-desk in the centre, covering it with red cloth. He provided seats, for the whites, out of some old canoes: the natives would squat upon the ground. It was a fine summer Sabbath morn, when, from the deck of the vessel, Mr. Marsden saw the English colours hoisted on a flagstaff on this improvised open-air church.

At ten o'clock the bell was rung. All, except the mate and one man, went ashore. Korokoro, Hongi, and Tuatara were dressed in regimentals; they had swords dangling by their sides, and switches in their hands; these were presents they had received from Governor Macquarie. All the people of the settlement were present; but as they could not understand what was said, Tuatara undertook to explain it to them as well as he could.

During the service, they stood up and sat down, at the signals given by Korokoro's switch, and he was regulated by the movements of the Europeans. A very solemn silence prevailed. "I rose up," said Mr. Marsden, "and began the service with singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, and felt my very soul melt within me when I looked at the people and thought of their state." It was Christmas Day, 1814, and the text was in every way appropriate: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of

great joy." Thus dawned the first Christian Sabbath in New Zealand.

After this, Mr. Marsden made a short coasting voyage, accompanied by twenty-eight chiefs, all fully armed after their own fashion. But he had gained their confidence, and his name acted as a talisman among them. It was necessary to take steps for the location of the missionaries. A piece of land, about two hundred acres in extent, was duly bought and paid for, as their residence. This was the grain of mustard-seed in the soil of that dark country.

Rangiho was the name of the place selected as the first mission station: it was afterwards removed to Te Puna, a little further up the river. Here Mr. King dwelt to the day of his death. I remember seeing the venerable man in 1845, when his head was white with the snows of many years.

Much was hoped for from the influence of Tuatara; but his work was done; he fell sick before Mr. Marsden sailed, and died four days afterwards. He had seen a glimmering of the light, and no more. He wished his friend to pray with him, and he did so; but the superstitions of his country had a firm hold upon him—the priest was with him night and day. He was happy to hear what Mr. Marsden said to him, but could not rise above his pagan fears. When he died, his favourite wife was inconsolable: while the others were cutting themselves, she went a short distance off and hung herself. No one was shocked by it: her mother wept while she was composing the limbs of her daughter, but she applauded the deed; the father looked at the corpse with unconcern; her brothers only smiled, and said "it was a good thing in New Zealand." Mr. Marsden, and ten

chiefs with him, together with his travelling companion, Mr. Nicholas, landed in Sydney on the 23rd March, 1815.

Mr. Marsden had New Zealand much at heart. In July, 1819, he took with him Mr. Kemp and others, whom he placed at the Kerikeri. Hongi had marshalled an invading force of some thousands, and his fleet of war canoes was ready for sea, when Mr. Marsden appeared. By the force of his influence, he persuaded Hongi to give up his design.

This chief was a remarkable man—a compound of gentleness and ferocity, of chivalry and savagery, of dignity and cruelty. In 1820, he visited England, and gained much attention. George the Fourth honoured him with many marks of royal favour. His majestic person, graceful manners, and gentle disposition, were greatly admired. But his ambition was the more intensely fired. “There is but one king in England,” he said, “and there shall be only one king in New Zealand.” The possession of arms and ammunition was his great passion.

Returning home, by way of Sydney, he there exchanged other valuable presents for more muskets. There he met Hinaki, a chief from Hauraki, with whom he had an old feud. A mission station was about to be established among his tribe; but Hongi interposed: with a distorted countenance and a contemptuous sneer, he told Hinaki to go home and put his pah in order, for he intended to fight him. After this, they ate at the same table, slept under the same roof, and sailed in the same ship. Hinaki tried to move Hongi from his purpose, but the savage was implacable.

A fearful battle took place. Hinaki and his people defended themselves bravely, but Hongi's advantage of firearms gave him the victory. Hinaki was shot. Hongi scooped out the eye of the dying chief, swallowed it, and drank the warm blood as it oozed from his wounds. About a thousand of Hinaki's warriors were killed, and three hundred of them were roasted and eaten on the field.

Hongi returned to the Bay of Islands, with many captives. His daughter was so infuriated by the loss of her husband, who had been killed, that she took a sword, which had been given to her father by the hand of royalty, and smote off the heads of sixteen prisoners, and then went and strangled herself. From that time Hongi carried devastation over the whole land. In 1827 he destroyed the mission premises at Wangaroa; but at the same time received his death-wound, which ended his life in 1828. He died as he had lived, an unmitigated savage.

Seven times did Mr. Marsden visit New Zealand, and he made some venturesome journeys inland. Sometimes he found the mission reduced to great extremity, and the brethren ready to give it up in despair; but their courage rallied in his presence. At other times, fierce battles were raging among the tribes, and he was able to quell them. He was seventy-two years old when he paid his last visit in 1837. His daughter was with him.

Then he came to Hokianga, in the *Pyramus*, and stayed over two Sundays with his Wesleyan brethren. I had the privilege of both seeing and hearing him. I marked the high esteem in which the Maories held their benefactor: it gave the lie to those who say

they have no gratitude. They insisted on carrying him in a *kauhoa*, or hammock, through the forest to the Waimate.

Old as he was, he visited all the stations in H.M.S. the *Rattlesnake*. Wars had not yet ceased, but the Gospel had made way. The apostolic Marsden, in contrasting his seventh with his first visit—embracing a period of twenty-two years—saw the fruit appearing, and could “thank God and take courage.” Nothing could exceed the gladness of the Maories, in whatever place to which he went. He had almost finished his work. In July he returned to New South Wales, and in the following May entered into his rest. His last words were about New Zealand.

CHAPTER II.

SAMUEL LEIGH.

TWENTY-ONE years after Mr. Marsden landed in Sydney, he accorded a hearty welcome to the Rev. Samuel Leigh, the first Methodist missionary sent to the Antipodes. The biographer of the venerable chaplain (his son, the present Bishop Marsden,) speaks of him (Mr. Leigh), in reference to New Zealand, in these terms:—

“The Rev. Samuel Leigh, a man whose history and natural character bore a marked resemblance to those of Mr. Marsden, was the pioneer of Methodism, and proved himself a worthy herald of the cross, amongst the New Zealanders. A warm friendship existed between them. On his passage homeward, he was a guest at Paramatta; and no tinge of jealousy ever appears to have shaded their intercourse, each rejoicing in the triumphs of the other.”

Mr. Leigh arrived in the colony on the 10th of August, 1815. He was a native of Milton, in Staffordshire. In his youth he joined the Congregationalists, and for some time was with Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, for a course of theological study. But as his doctrinal views took a form in harmony with those of the Methodists, he felt it his duty to offer his services to that Church. After two years' preparation, he was ordained in 1814, and appointed to New South Wales.

He had a voyage of five months in the *Hebe*. Paramatta was then the second town of importance. The only church was that of Marsden. By him Mr. Leigh was received with great cordiality; but all were not like minded.

In the town of Liverpool, there was a clergyman who, outwardly friendly with Mr. Leigh, was offended because, when he came thither, the public bell was rung to call the people to his service. This clergyman complained to the senior chaplain. He had him and Mr. Leigh face to face. When the whole affair was explained, a well-merited reproof was given to the complainant; for it was he, as the chaplain said, who had entered within Mr. Leigh's labours.

At Newcastle, the Government built a church for the benefit of the convicts. There was no resident minister, and Mr. Leigh was asked to supply it as often as he could. When the large-hearted Marsden heard that the Methodists intended to build a church in the town of Windsor, where he had some property, he at once wrote to Mr. Leigh, saying he would give land enough for both a church and a parsonage. The letter did great credit to his mind and heart. "You may rely," he said, "upon my continued support and co-operation, in all your laudable attempts to benefit the inhabitants of this populous colony."

In like manner, when Dr. Lang was building the first Presbyterian church in Sydney, and could not proceed for want of funds, the generous chaplain offered to advance all that was necessary, as a loan without interest, and found the sum of £500 for the completion of the building.

Can we wonder that when this liberal-minded clergy-

man died, and his funeral sermon was to be preached at Paramatta, a notice was read in the Wesleyan church : "Next Sunday morning we intend to close this place of worship, and, as a mark of respect to the memory of our late venerable friend, go to the English church to hear his funeral sermon."

With the manly spirit of Marsden, Leigh had the strongest sympathy, and they were fellow-helpers. The latter showing signs of failing health, his friend urged him to try the effect of a sea-voyage, and offered him a free passage in a vessel he was sending to New Zealand.

While he was considering this thing, the Rev. Walter Lawry arrived from England. That was in May, 1818. Being thus relieved, Leigh felt himself free to accept the kind offer. Mr. Marsden asked him to inquire into the plans of the missionaries, and to favour them with his counsels. By them he was most hospitably received, and had frank and profitable conversations about their "work of faith and labour of love."

No impression, in favour of Christianity, had yet been made on the Maori mind. During a stay of nine months, Mr. Leigh saw much of the appalling degradation of the people, and "his spirit was stirred in him." He returned to Sydney with improved health.

In 1820 he visited England. After repeated appeals, he persuaded the Wesleyan Missionary Society to open a mission in New Zealand. With this object before them, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh sailed for Sydney, on April 28th, 1821, and in the month of February of the next year they landed at the Bay of Islands. The Episcopalian missionaries hailed them joyfully as fellow-labourers, and did all they could to promote their design. Before

leaving Sydney, Mr. Marsden had made Leigh a present of two fine asses, and sent them on to New Zealand: after landing, he inquired for them, and was told that they had been seized and carried off by the Maories, for having trespassed on their *wahi-tapu* (sacred ground). They took them to be large pigs. Late in the evening they were brought back in good condition.

Acting on the advice of Marsden, it was Leigh's intention to form a station at Mercury Bay; but this was prevented by Hongi's action. "I will," he said, "sweep that people from off the earth." He therefore turned his attention towards the north. He hired a boat, and five Maories, to go on a tour of observation. Overtaken by a storm, they found refuge in the Wangaroa harbour. It was here that the *Boyd* massacre took place. But before he would decide on a site, he paid a visit to the Oruru valley, inland.

The Rev. Mr. Butler went with him, Mrs. Leigh staying with his family. They were well received: "the barbarous people showed them no little kindness." He went also to Wangarei, to the south, where thousands of natives had perished by war within three years. After much thought, and earnest prayer, and friendly counsel with Messrs. Butler, Hall, and Shepherd, it was decided to renew the visit to Wangaroa, where an eligible piece of land was secured. This was done on June 10th, 1823. The next day saw the erection of a rude building, under the direction of Messrs. Butler and Leigh. On the Sunday, a war-canoe arrived, laden with slaves, one of whom was killed, roasted, and eaten in the village.

It was in the romantic valley of Kaeo that the first Methodist station was planted in New Zealand: it was

named "Wesley Dale." Just before this time, Mr. Leigh found a valuable colleague in Mr. Stack. Some years afterwards, he (Mr. Stack) transferred his services to the Episcopalian mission, and now, at the ripe age of seventy-eight, he is abundant in vigorous labours among the navvies in Portsmouth, where he resides.

Soon afterwards, the mission staff was increased by the arrival of Mr. White. Mr. and Mrs. Leigh lived little more than a year in this beautiful spot, when the state of Mr. Leigh's health required for him medical advice. Accordingly, they embarked for Sydney, in the *Dragon*, with Mr. Marsden, their unfailing friend, who had visited them at Wangaroa on the 14th of November, 1823. Mrs. Leigh died in Sydney in 1831, whereupon her bereaved husband returned to England, and ended his course there in 1852.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh were not long enough in New Zealand to acquire more than a very slight knowledge of the language; but they had to endure some of the experience incident to life among such a savage, war-like, and haughty people. One of their keenest trials arose from the firm refusal of the missionaries to supply the natives with arms, or powder, in exchange for food supplies. They would offer as many as a hundred baskets of potatoes for one musket, and doggedly refuse to sell for anything else.

The thievish habits of the people taxed their forbearance. Every now and then, a fighting party would arrive, and place them in peril. One of the missionaries wrote: "Since Hongi's return, the natives, one and all, have treated us with contempt. They are almost past bearing, coming into our houses when they please, demanding food, thieving whatever they can

lay hands on, breaking down our garden fences, stripping the ship's boats of everything they can. They seem, in fact, ripe for any mischief. Had Mr. Marsden himself been amongst us, much as he has their esteem, I believe he would not have escaped without insult ; but the Lord is 'a very present help in time of trouble.' "

It may with truth be said, that in those days, all who engaged in that work, exposed themselves to perils among the heathen." It is to their self-denying labours, and patient endurance, we owe, under God, the later prosperity which has crowned that distant field. And they, "after they had served their own generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep."

CHAPTER III.

HENRY WILLIAMS.

IT was Mr. Marsden's fourth visit to New Zealand in August, 1823. He came in the ship *Brampton*. The mission party that he brought with him included, not only Messrs. Turner and Hobbs, for the Wesleyan mission at Wangaroa, but also the Rev. H. Williams, who began the formation of a new station at Paihia, in the Bay of Islands.

He had formerly held a commission as lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy, and had seen active service. He now engaged in a still nobler warfare; and he was well fitted for it: uniting a sound judgment with an ardent zeal, deep devotion with lofty principle, and a muscular frame with dauntless courage, he was suited, by natural as well as by acquired and moral faculties, to gain an ascendancy over the rude and turbulent natives; and this he did in a remarkable degree.

In later years, he was better known as the Rev. Archdeacon H. Williams. In 1826, he was joined by his brother William, who had been trained to the medical profession. The two brothers met in Sydney. H. Williams had gone thither in the *Herald*, on her first voyage. The vessel was built in the Bay, under his direction, and partly by his own hands. She was wrecked in the Hokianga, in 1828, whither she had

gone to get supplies of potatoes. They took ship together for New Zealand, and landed at Paihia in the month of March.

The Rev. W. Williams had charge of the boarding-school for missionaries' children, at the Waimate. He translated the first version of the New Testament into Maori; and occupied, in after-days, an important station at Waiapu, on the south-east coast. When that district was formed into a diocese, he was consecrated Bishop. The natives had always called him by the familiar name of *Parata* (brother), but now it was exchanged for that of *Pihopa* (bishop).

His diocesan synod was composed chiefly of Maori clergymen. During the disastrous war he was a sufferer, and had to abandon his station. He was a man "greatly beloved" by all who had the privilege of knowing him. Full of years and their growing infirmities, so that he was no longer equal to the arduous duties of his episcopate, he resigned it only a year or two ago; and when we last heard from New Zealand, he was supposed to be on his death-bed. His memory will be embalmed in the affection of multitudes.*

It is not the least praise of these excellent men that they retained their catholic-mindedness to the last. It was in the spirit of brotherly co-operation that the two societies began their work, and, as far as the old missionaries are concerned, they continued, shoulder to shoulder, in the good fight against "the world, the flesh, and the devil." There lies before me the copy of a characteristic letter which the good Archdeacon wrote to

* Since writing the above, we have heard of the death of this good Bishop.

his old friend, the Rev. John Hobbs, on the forty-third anniversary of their landing. Here it is:—

“BAY OF ISLANDS, *August 3rd*, 1866.

“My dear old Friend,—Forty-three years this day we entered together the Bay of Islands. It was on a Sunday—a memorable period, never to be forgotten. Our feelings were then greatly excited. What mighty changes since! We landed among cannibals—men and women savage by nature, in dark ignorance, fully prepared for mischief of every kind; and the land also *tapued* to such an extreme as scarcely to leave room to tread without falling into error; every man doing as he thought fit in his own eyes, without restraint or imposition, at every turn. Yet we have been preserved, for the good hand of our God was upon us. Since those early days, we have seen, we may say, many glorious times, when the savage character was set aside, and the people flocking for instruction in divine things. They then remembered the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy, in joy and praise. But now how changed! ‘Aue! aue! te mahi a Hatana!’ (Alas! alas! the work of Satan!) But is there not a reason? During the years now past, and unknown, even by name, to the present generation, our trials were very great, but our mercies were greater, and unnumbered; and we are now surrounded by children, and children’s children.

“My wife and I are now being well stricken in years; our work is finished; and we are looking for that great change which awaiteth us, when sin and sorrow shall for ever cease; when we shall behold the glory of the Lord, and be partakers of that glory. I feel that day not far distant—the time of the end draweth nigh.

“On this day, we assembled, though not by design, the various orders of our Church: a bishop (Parata), archdeacon (self), priest (Burrows), deacon (Taupaki), and Clarke (old clerk).* Our arrival in the Bay was brought up, when you were not forgotten. We should have been glad to have had you amongst us with your trumpet;† and as the spring is coming on, and you should consider yourself strong enough to endure a voyage, we shall all be glad to welcome you for change of air, which may renovate you considerably. Our sons and daughters are now settled around, who will all give you a hearty reception. Old Clarke and old Kemp are still about, who will expect you to pass a little time with them; but you will

* The whole party are now dead.

† Mr. Hobbs is deaf.

find great changes, particularly among the natives. Indolence abounds, and indifference to their religious duties, in which they once delighted. This is a sad grief to us, but Satan knows his time is short. Mrs. Williams unites in kind regards to Mrs. Hobbs and the various members of your family, and believe me,

“Ever yours faithfully,

“HENRY WILLIAMS.”

But the Archdeacon has gone, while his friend Hobbs, in a green old age, remains. He has bequeathed to New Zealand an honoured name, an influential family; and to his sons, a charming inheritance at Pakaraka, where his venerable widow finds a happy home amid the tender attentions of her own loved ones.

It was the lot of Mr. Williams, as of many other good men, to be evil spoken of. His heroic bearing, his sturdy honesty, and his outspoken sentiments, brought upon him the enmity of many unprincipled Europeans. Evil reports were fabricated to his disadvantage, which was a cause of grief to his friends.

In justice to the name of a truly good man, it is right for me to say that I do not think any one did so much for New Zealand as did that intrepid missionary. He was denounced, even in high quarters, as a “traitor,” while he was laying the settlers under an undying obligation by the services he was performing, at great personal risk, as well as inconvenience.

On the question of title to some lands he had bought from the natives,—not for himself, but for his children,—he had the misfortune to come into conflict with Sir George Grey, the Governor, and with his own Bishop (Selwyn). Even the Missionary Committee in London was so biassed by false statements, that they required their old and faithful servant to yield to the demands of the Governor

and the Bishop, under pain of dismissal. The Archdeacon was a man of high principle: he held to the righteousness of his own cause; and he knew that "when a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Deeply as he felt the cruel act of injustice on the part of the Committee, whom he had so long and so faithfully served, his resolve was at once taken. He would not yield to unrighteous demands, implying dishonour on himself; and no time was lost in clearing out from the Society's property, where he had lived and laboured for more than thirty years, and he found an asylum in the bosom of his family at Pakaraka.

I rejoice to add that, on fuller information, the Committee saw their error, made the *amende*, and restored the Archdeacon to his former position. His biographer, Hugh Carleton, Esq., has ably vindicated his character from all the calumnies by which it was assailed.

I knew him well and admired him much. Even to old age, he was "abundant in labours." From north to south, the name of Te Wiremu (Williams) was honoured by the Maori tribes. Reviled as he was, most wickedly, by many of our own race, he was held in universal esteem by those who knew him. The natives—for whose benefit his life was devoted—loved him as a father, and after his death, refusing any contribution from Europeans, they subscribed the sum of £200, in order to erect a memorial stone at Paihia, which monument was unveiled on the 11th of January, 1876. "The memory of the just is blessed."

CHAPTER IV.

NATHANIEL TURNER.

THE Rev. Messrs. Turner and Hobbs were passengers in the *Brampton* in 1823. Three days afterwards, they went overland to Wangaroa. All hands were busy at work in the station, when the shout was heard—"Pakeha!" (white man). The two missionaries were on the spot. Moved by curiosity, the Maories collected together to see what they were like. It was an exciting occasion. They returned to the Bay, chartered a small schooner, the *Schnapper*, to convey them and their luggage round, and Mr. Marsden went with them.

It was winter: the station was in its embryo state. They climbed up a clay bank to their first New Zealand home. The house was unfinished. Mrs. Leigh, being the only lady in the place, was heartily glad to greet Mrs. Turner. Mr. Marsden was welcomed by all. The Maories ran to pay their respects to him, and kept the station in an uproar all the day. He stayed with them over the Sunday, preached, and administered the communion to the mission family. He took a fatherly interest in their affairs; marked the improvements on the station; and held converse with the chiefs and people, inquiring as to their conduct, the state of the school, and all things concerning their welfare. Mr.

Leigh's health having suffered, he urged and persuaded him and Mrs. Leigh to go with him to Sydney, for the sake of medical advice.

The mission staff at Wangaroa was now made up of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Messrs. White, Hobbs, and Stack, Luke Wade, an artizan, and a nurse-girl that Mrs. Turner brought with her from Sydney. Of these, Mr. Stack alone could speak the language. The little party felt their position;—their work was before them, and they set themselves to do it.

Mr. Turner succeeded Mr. Leigh as Superintendent. Born in Cheshire, in 1793, he was left an orphan at an early age. When sixteen years old, he was the subject of converting grace. In 1820, he was nominated for the ministry: ordained in the following year, he sailed, with his wife, for New Zealand, by way of Sydney. The station on which they now found themselves was sequestered among hills and mountains, of almost every size and shape. The vale is about twelve miles from the Heads, which open into a spacious harbour, where the largest fleet may ride safely. The tribes that lived on the banks of this river were spoken of as the vilest in the land.

The little band had to "endure hardness." George—the same man who instigated the destruction of the *Boyd*—was their chief, and he gave them much trouble. When angry, he would threaten them with the fate of the murdered crew. After his rage was spent, placing his hand to his heart, he would say, "When my heart is quiet here, then I love Mr. Turner very much; but when my heart rises to my throat, then I could kill him." But it rose to his throat very often.

Mr. Turner had been only a short time at Wangaroa, when, going one morning over the hill, he came upon a small tribe who were preparing to eat the body of a slave. With much ado, he was allowed to bury the unconsumed remains.

The missionaries sought to instruct the children: they were apt, but volatile, and self-willed. In order to teach them, they had likewise to feed and to clothe them. A son of Te Puhi was one of their scholars: his mat was so filthy, that they had to put it into the large iron boiler of hot water. The father came to the mission-house, with several others, greatly excited, and demanded the boiler—it was *tapu*. He seized the pot, and was prevented from taking it only by sheer force. When food was cooked in it, the children would not eat it. At last, the old chief relented. He took some of the food into his own hands, and declared that now the *tapu* was gone.

When at family prayer, it was not uncommon for the natives to creep in, and steal something. A chief, for instance, would secrete the teapot within his mat. One day the dinner was cooked in the yard: while the table was being laid, inside, a hawk-eyed fellow got over the fence, and walked away with oven, dinner, and all. On washing days, basket and line, as well as garments, were tempting bait, and had to be narrowly watched. Such things as these were among the petty trials of the missionary pioneers.

In May, 1824, a new house was completed: the goods were removed into it by night, when the natives were asleep: a few trusted ones were told off to keep watch. But a valuable box of tools was missed: the party of thieves, with their chief at their head, was interrupted

dividing the spoil. The next morning, while the mission family were at prayer, there was the sound of horrid yells in the yard—an armed body of the natives were preparing to surround the house, with a view to plunder. This turbulence was a common thing. With their brethren of the Episcopalian mission, who had the same things to bear, they kept up a fraternal communication, oftentimes exchanging visits, to their mutual help and comfort.

The deputation of the London Missionary Society, Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, with Mr. Threlkeld and son, put into Wangaroa, to see the missionaries, on their way from Tahiti to Port Jackson. They were on board the *Endeavour*. The Maories crowded the deck, and began their pilfering tricks. In trying to clear the deck, a chief was jostled by the captain, and fell into the sea. This placed the lives of all on board in great danger. The natives took possession of the ship, and made the officers and crew prisoners. They armed themselves with axes, billets of wood, and whatever else they could lay hold of. Not one of the passengers or crew could stir. The captain was surrounded with spears. Mr. Bennett's arms were pinioned to his sides, while Messrs. Tyerman and Threlkeld were in custody, in another part of the ship. The howls and yells were terrific. Any attempt at resistance would have been followed by death: they all expected it every moment. The axe was uplifted, waiting only the signal to give the blow. The little boy asked his father, "Would it hurt them to be eaten?" All prepared to die, but the cook, rather than be devoured, thought of weighting his body and leaping overboard.

In this state of agonizing suspense, they remained

for two hours, when the cry was heard, "A boat, a boat!" It had on board one of the missionaries and the chief Te Ara, who had come to invite the gentlemen to Wesley Dale. Their timely appearance saved their lives from destruction; but this circumstance left such an impression of danger upon the minds of the visitors, that they hurried away as quickly as they could clear the harbour, two of the missionaries keeping with them till they went out to sea.

The violence of Te Ara's temper often, and sorely, tried the patience of the missionaries. One day he brought a pig for sale: Mr. Turner gave him the full value for it; but not pleased with it, the savage insulted him: he dashed in pieces an iron pot, pushed Mr. Turner along the bank, and twice levelled his musket to shoot him. He was foaming with rage. Going away in a sulky mind, a loud scream was soon heard from the raupo house. He had scared the girl Betsy almost into fits. He went away, but returned in the afternoon.

His daughter Charlotte, who lived with Mrs. Turner, had cut her finger, and was crying. Seeing her in tears, the angry father seized her by the head and feet, and doubled her body. He lost hold of her as she fell to the ground, and she got away from him. Afterwards, he told Mrs. Turner that when he is in a rage he could destroy anything, and that had moved him to shoot her husband in the morning.

At another time, he jumped into the mission yard like a fury. Tossing his weapon into the air, he cried, "Where is Huki? I will kill Huki." He went through the window into the new kitchen, and seeing Huki's mat on the floor, he chopped it to pieces. All the natives fled

from his presence. He flew from one room to another, calling for Huki, but the boy was not to be found. The reason of this freak of madness was simply that a few boards had been removed from the end of a rush house in which he was allowed to live, and he would kill the boy to gratify his angry passion. Such scenes were often repeated.

Just before the mission family were going to bed, one night, this chief entered the yard in his shirt, with a billhook in his hand, and quivering with passion. He stamped with his feet, tore to pieces whatever came in his way, and ordered the lads to be given up to him that he might kill them; and, gnashing his teeth, he said, "And I will eat them too." They wanted to know what they had done. He would give no reason until their blood was shed. After some time, he said that the boys had beaten his daughter, and that she was now lying with groans in their house. They told him that one of the girls was moaning, but it was not his daughter, and that the moaning was caused, not by a beating, but by illness. Then they were all brought before him, and when he saw them, he confessed that he had acted rashly, and went home deeply mortified.

These and similar instances of insecurity marked the every-day life of the mission family. That, in the midst of all, they were preserved from serious injury, they ascribed to the good providence of God, controlling the passions of savage men; and in effect saying, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." At times, their lives seemed to hang upon a slender thread. "Gross darkness covered the minds of the people." Thus "in jeopardy every hour," they patiently endured, till January 9th, 1827.

Before this, there had been several fightings, plunderings, feastings on human bodies, and the like; but the initial difficulties were becoming less. The station was now in order; their garden and their field had become productive; they had "come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves" with them, and their barn was "filled with plenty." They had learnt the language, made visits to distant villages, and prepared several small books. Uncheered as yet by a single convert, they had reason to hope that a brighter day was about to dawn,—when lo, "sudden destruction cometh upon them."

Hongi and his warriors had invaded the place: the people shut themselves up in their fort; and the missionaries, thus deserted, were at the mercy of any marauders. Very soon, an armed body came to rob, and burn, and slay. The brethren and their family escaped only "by the skin of their teeth."

They had twenty miles to travel through forest, and fern, and thicket, to the Kerikeri, the nearest station. At the bend of a stream they met a war-party from Hokianga, under the command of Patuone. Their lives again trembled in the balance. The chief was humane, and, ordering the army to proceed, as they remained by his side, they were saved from the bloodthirstiness of the more savage men. When within six miles of the station, they met the Church of England missionaries and a company of natives, coming to their help. But it was not thought safe to remain there. Next day they proceeded in a boat to Paihia.

Bishop Williams thus recalls the scene:—

"It was a mournful sight when, on the 11th of January, 1827, the large boat of Paihia was seen on its way from Kerikeri with as many

passengers crowded into it as it was capable of carrying. It contained all that remained of the mission station of Wangaroa,—Mrs. Turner with her three little children, and the rest of the party. Their clothes were contained in a few small bundles, which they carried in their hands the distance of twenty miles. Arriving at Kerikeri, the natives would not allow them to remain, fearing that that place would be the next to fall. They were thankful, therefore, to proceed onward to Paihia. It is not easy to describe the effect of this breach which had been made upon the mission body. The first thought was to comfort and relieve our friends, who had lost their all—those friends whom some of us had visited in peace and security not two months before: the next was apprehension for our brethren at Kerikeri. Then, too, it was felt that every-one must pack up all they could send away by the ship *Sisters*, which was about to sail to New South Wales. News from every quarter showed that all the tribes were more or less involved in this horrible civil war, and the fate of Wangaroa opened our ears to listen to reports we had before disregarded, and showed us that we were all exposed to a like danger.”*

Thus fell the first Wesleyan mission station in New Zealand. I often heard the details of the mournful story from the lips of the fugitives. They left New Zealand for New South Wales on the 31st of January, 1827.

Six months afterwards, Mr. Stack returned, that he might be able to report as to any prospect of resuming the mission. By invitation of the powerful chief Patuone (who had saved the lives of the mission party in their flight from Wangaroa), and his brother Nene, the river Hokianga was chosen; and on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, preparations were soon made for resuming the work at Mangungu.

Mr. Turner had gone to the Friendly Islands. The two chiefs accepted Christianity some years after that date, and were widely and honourably known by the names of Edward Marsh and Thomas Walker, or, as they read in Maori, *Eruera Maihi* and *Tomati Waka*.

* See “Christianity among the New Zealanders,” by Bishop Williams. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Hongi's death took place soon after that, and, from circumstances arising out of it, there were several acts of bloodshed, which culminated in a great hostile array at Waima.

It threatened to be one of the most sanguinary contests ever known in New Zealand, for the parties were inflamed with mutual resentment, and, like bloodhounds, longed for an opportunity to devour each other. But the missionaries were beginning to be a moral power in the land. At the hazard of their own lives they stepped between the contending tribes, and, after many days of tedious negotiations, they succeeded in concluding a mutual declaration of peace.

And now the first faint streaks of morning light appeared: the truth was laying hold of the mind, the conscience, the heart. Missionaries were desired for other tribes, books were greedily read, worship was, in many places, established.

During the following years, war, with all its attendant horrors, was rampant in some parts of the land, but on and around the mission stations many were baptized, and "sitting at the feet of Jesus, in their right minds and clothed." The "due" time had come, in which they who had so long "sown in tears" should "reap in joy." And "a new song" was put into their mouth: "for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

A blessed change had come over the people when, in 1836, Mr. Turner resumed the charge of this important and now prosperous mission. The Rev. Messrs. Whiteley and Wallis had joined the little band. Mr. Woon had

come from the Friendly Islands, and was in charge of the mission press at Mangungu. Mr. Stack was engaged in the service of the Episcopalian mission. Mr. Hobbs had been removed to Tonga ; but soon after Mr. Turner's arrival, he returned to New Zealand, and by his long experience, his varied gifts, and mastery of the language, he greatly strengthened the mission.

Mr. Turner remained till the end of 1839, during which time several new stations were formed. He loved New Zealand, and would gladly have stayed there; but at that time, there were no prospects for a grown-up family. He therefore returned to Australia, where he exercised his earnest ministry in many circuits ; but his zeal so far outran his strength, that in 1853 he was compelled to retire from active service, and become a supernumerary. He finished his course in the bosom of a large and happy family, at Brisbane, in 1864, and " he being dead, yet speaketh."

CHAPTER V.

J. F. POMPALIER.

IN 1838, a small vessel came into the Hokianga with a new and disturbing element in the mission field. It brought the Roman Catholic Bishop Pompalier and two priests. They chose for their first abode the mouth of one of the tributary streams. Not long afterwards, the Bishop removed his head-quarters to the little town of Kororaréka, in the Bay of Islands; and, after its destruction, to Auckland. He was liberally supplied with funds by the Propaganda Fidei, and soon had as many as twenty priests, besides lay-brethren, at his command, for service in New Zealand. They were all Frenchmen. It is to be regretted that the agents of that society are more zealous in treading in the steps of Protestant missionaries, than in breaking up new ground, in purely heathen lands. This has been the case, at least, at the Antipodes, to the great scandal of our common Christianity. Some of those priests were located in different places, while others travelled up and down the country. They were all zealous in their vocation, and made efforts worthy of a better cause. The resident priests gave praiseworthy attention to the improvement of the social life and industrial pursuits of their neophytes.

Lieutenant the Hon. H. Meade, R.N., in his "Ride

through the Disturbed Districts of New Zealand in 1864-5," gives the following picture of one of these self-denying men:—

"After leaving Lake Rotorua, the character of the country we passed through to-day was dismal in the extreme, the path winding along barren valleys and through vast crater-like basins of pumicestone, sparsely covered with scattered tufts of a poor kind of buffalo-grass. In one of these terraced basins we found two little whares, one of which was surmounted by a cross: these were the church and dwelling of Father Boibeaux, a French Roman Catholic missionary, who has been out here about five years. We gladly stopped for an hour or two, and partook of the good father's hospitality. It would be difficult to conceive a life of greater devotion and self-denial than this. Wifeless, childless, with no companionship save that of his little congregation of natives, most of whom live at great distances from their priest,—no hope of ever again seeing his native land, or returning to the society of educated men,—his life is passed in his Master's work, in a place where even the barest necessities of life are procured with the greatest difficulty. He spoke with affection of his native friends, and hopefully of the ultimate progress of civilization and Christianity amongst them; though he confessed that, under the combined influence of the war and the new fanaticism, he, as well as the Protestant missionaries, have almost entirely lost the influence enjoyed in years gone by."

In one of the Native Commissioners' Reports for Opotiki, I find this record: "The Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. J. Alletage, seems to advise them in their worldly affairs with great zeal and judgment." In this direction they made good use of that quiet, but potent, agency of "Sisters of Mercy," who taught boarding-schools of Maori and half-caste girls.

Highly coloured reports of their great success, found their way into the pages of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith." They grossly deceived themselves, if they believed all that they wrote respecting their glowing triumphs. Without the slightest wish to under-rate their merits, I may say, with much satisfaction, that

they failed to withdraw the converts of the Protestant missionaries, to any appreciable extent. For this, much was due to the fact that the Scriptures were in their hands; and, through the liberality of the British and Foreign Bible Society, they had been very widely circulated.

They found many adherents from those who had resisted the appeals of the Protestant missionaries, and who regarded them as a rival sect; and, by the free use of presents, they drew many of them for a while. But all that was illusive; and when the novelty had gone, it was estimated that not more than three per cent. of the Maori population were professed Romanists.

They took the name of Pikopo. This no doubt was maorified from the Latin word *episcopos*; but, unfortunately for them, it had an ominous meaning in the Maori tongue,—*creeping in the dark*. Their untiring energies were worthy of praise; but, unhappily, were fruitful chiefly of strife and discord. It was their one great object to assail and denounce the missionaries who had preceded them.

They carried about a picture of a chronological tree, representing the Protestant bodies as the lopped-off branches, to be “cast into the fire.” Thus “endless genealogies which minister questions” were brought forward, to the confusion of the people; in the place of the elementary truths of the Gospel—the “milk for babes”—which they stood in need of, in their spiritual infancy.

I do those men no wrong when I accuse them of sowing the seed of division among a people who were but just coming to the light. As Frenchmen too, perhaps unconsciously, in their zeal, their influence was

as adverse to the sovereignty of our Queen as to that of the Saviour. In 1862, C. H. Brown, Esq., reporting on the state of the tribes on the south-eastern coast, said:—

“I fear that the Roman Catholic priests, intentionally or unintentionally, have done the natives much harm, in a political sense. It is especially from the Roman Catholic natives we heard such taunts and objections as these: ‘In the beginning you brought us the faith; we received it blindly; we have since seen the wrong of it. Now you bring us another law, we are going to be more cautious. Yours is a land-taking, a man-destroying Church. The French are a good people; they don’t take land. You have deserted the faith, and set up the Queen as your God.’”

They were as prone to challenge the Protestant missionaries to open controversy, as they were to make a systematic attack upon their right to teach and preach. Their letters, in their own organ, show this. Take the following out of many, which I select at random:—

“We were informed that the apostles of error had arrived before us at Hokianga, and I resolved to hasten to oppose them, before they should have time to make any progress. One day, we hope, this people will be made to understand that they are following mercenaries, who usurp the title of pastors.”

“Heresy has everywhere gained some of the infidels; happily, the sheep are still defended against the fury of the wolves.”

“The Protestants trembled at our approach, and made every effort to excite persecution against us.”

“On the 22nd of January last, twenty savages, having many chiefs at their head, appeared early in the morning before our house. Their project, as I afterwards learned, was no other than to burn the objects we had with us for divine worship, and to throw the bishop and the priest into the river that flows under his dwelling.”

The following extract from a letter of Bishop Pompalier will show how near akin was his own superstition to that of the Maori:—

“Some days ago, a child, very dangerously ill, was brought to me for baptism; the father, who is a native, accompanied it himself, and expressed a wish to be allowed to share the grace of salvation. I hastened to confer the sacrament on the child: at the end of two days it had perfectly recovered—a circumstance which made a very favourable impression on the minds of the natives.”

Referring to a heathen tribe, a priest says:—

“I found them unshaken in the faith, notwithstanding all the seduction and threats which had been held out by the Protestants to draw them over to their sect.”

Again he says:—

“The savages are opening their arms to us on all sides: we have scarcely more to do than to pass through a tribe to convert it.”

They meant well, I faint hope, but they did evil. Their self-denial, their laborious efforts, their fervent zeal, were worthy of respect; but, alas! all was misdirected. Perhaps it was because, as Frenchmen, they had mean thoughts of Protestants, they were eager to invite public discussion, where they found themselves at a great disadvantage.

It is questionable if, at any time, the cause of religion is promoted by such moral gladiatorial displays; but with a people of so limited a knowledge of the subject, the result rested more on the skill of the debater, than on the power of truth. One of those encounters, at the Bay of Islands, in 1841, is thus described by the late Archdeacon H. Williams:—

“The priests had been very diligent in giving the natives every piece of information upon the subject, according to their view, of ours being a corrupt and fallen Church; full of adultery, in consequence of its ministers being married, and with much more of like importance. When I was at Kororareka, the natives came upon me with these charges; and as I was leaving the beach, three French priests, with their frightful hats and long black robes, came and gave me a challenge to meet them

publicly, to discuss in Maori the merits of this question, to which I consented. The points brought forth were the evidence of the Church of Christ, and the second commandment. They came forward with great pomp, with about one hundred volumes. We had our Bible, which of course they would not admit. I had, therefore, a Douay Bible, which they could not reject. I told them that would suffice my purpose. They tried to lead us into the wilderness, but could not; we therefore chastened them with their own weapon. It is impossible to give you anything like a correct account. They got angry several times, and, as usual, never kept to the question. The interest among the Europeans was considerable. I could not have thought they had any interest or care in the matter; but the second day put them to the trial, as it came on to rain hard. They stood their ground bravely till the whole was concluded. Our chairman had much trouble to keep the priests in order. I have had two discussions since this. They are now very quiet. The countenance given to them by nominal Protestants is very painful, but how can it be avoided? We endeavour to proceed as quietly and carefully as we can. The present disturbed state of the country gives them an advantage. Their number of natives is very small."

Bishop Williams was also drawn into a discussion with a Romish priest at Table Cape before a large body of natives. This priest began by drawing on the ground a diagram of the Roman Empire, whence he proceeded to show that Rome was the head of all the Churches, and that, as Peter was the first bishop, all who differ from them must be wrong. He had much to say about councils, etc., but as this was a subject in which the native mind could feel no interest, it was useless to follow it up. When the Scriptures were appealed to, the priest tried to throw discredit upon our translation, saying that the Scriptures had been committed to the Church of Rome, and that we had stolen the book from them.

This accusation was met by an illustration which the natives would well understand. When water is wanted,

each one takes, from the stream, what he requires. The priest's Bible was a translation—water which the Church of Rome had taken into its own vessel. We did not interfere with that: we went to the original source, and had taken up the water for ourselves. This discussion lasted more than four hours, and the result was that a goodly number of the priest's followers came over to the Protestant side.

It was a great thing that the Bible was in the hands of the Maories, and had been so well read by numbers of them, that they could apprehend the force of an appeal "to the law and to the testimony." But on another occasion, a priest proposed to the Rev. R. Taylor to test their differences by jumping into a fire, and whoever came out uninjured should be credited with the true faith. He was asked if he would jump in first, but to that he would not agree. Bishop Williams was challenged, at another time, to the same ordeal, and there it ended. Without a wish to detract from any credit due to those men for their self-sacrifice, and their devotion to what they believed to be their duty, yet from what I know of the fruits of their teaching, among the Maories at least, I cannot better specify them than in the words: "An enemy hath done this."

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN H. BUMBY.

THE Rev. J. H. Bumby was the successor of Mr. Turner. He was comparatively young, and had no experience of mission work. An eloquent preacher, and of a most genial disposition, as well as burning zeal, he was very popular in England. But he was not suited to the rough work of New Zealand. The appointment was a mistake. Not to say that he was placed over men who had "borne the burden and the heat of the day," his special talents were lost.

He was accompanied by his sister, and by Messrs. Warren, Creed, and Ironside, with their wives. They sailed in the *James* to Hobarton, with the Rev. John Waterhouse and his family. They had been colleagues on the Birmingham circuit. Mr. Waterhouse came as the General Superintendent of the mission in Australasia and Polynesia. His head-quarters were at Hobarton. He made several voyages to New Zealand, and to the South Sea Islands, in his official capacity, and died in the year 1842.

Mr. Bumby was born at Thirsk, in Yorkshire, 1808, and entered the ministry in 1829. His health was delicate, but his spirit was ardent. It was hoped that he would become more robust in the fine climate of New

Zealand, and be spared for many years of happy, useful toil. But the Master ordered otherwise.

He arrived at Mangungu early in 1839. Not long after, he started, in company with the Rev. John Hobbs, on a voyage to Port Nicholson, and the adjacent harbours, in a small schooner, with the view of extending missionary operations to that distant part of the country. With this object before them, they took with them several native teachers, who would stay behind.

Having made those visits, and satisfied themselves that the fields were "white already to harvest," they returned, in the schooner, to Kawhia. Here they were heartily welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Whiteley, and were by no means sorry to exchange the tossings of the little bark, for the stability of *terra firma*. At that time, there was danger of a war at Mokau. In order, if possible, to prevent it, the three missionaries went as mediators.

It was a toilsome week's journey, over the most rugged paths, and some fearful precipices. Mr. Bumby had now his first experience of New Zealand travelling. Their mission was successful, and Mr. Bumby thus describes the scene:—

"I shall never forget the occasion: hundreds of savages, fighting men, appeared on either side of the valley, most of them naked, except their belt and cartridge-box, and all ready for action at a moment's notice. It was understood that the circumstance of either party crossing the boundary should be regarded by the other as the signal for immediate war. In the general rush, however, in which there was much savage violence, we succeeded in keeping them apart. Then followed the firing of muskets among the surrounding hills, and a war-dance, which literally shook the ground on which we stood. From all we heard and saw of the spirit and temper of the respective tribes, the conviction was not to be resisted, that, had we not interposed, much blood would have been shed, and many lives would have been lost."

In returning to Kawhia, they spent a Sabbath at Teitu, an extensive village in the midst of a thick forest. The natives of this place had embraced Christianity, through the agency of their own countrymen. They had built a commodious church. Twenty-one couples were united in holy matrimony, and sixty-two adults and thirty children were baptized. Leaving Kawhia, the brethren spent a few pleasant days at Mr. Wallis's station, Waingarua. Thence they travelled homeward overland, and I had the pleasure of entertaining them at Tangiteroria, on the way.

After a short time, Mr. Bumby took a journey to Oruru, in the north, in company with Messrs. Ironside and Creed. They extended their visit to Wangaroa, where our first station was formed in 1822. Many natives were baptized by them in this tour. I don't wonder that, after the experience Mr. Bumby had now gained, that he should say, "It is an indispensable qualification for a New Zealand missionary that he should be a good walker."

Mr. Bumby had, in a high degree, those social qualities, sanctified by a high-toned piety, which could not fail to make his company always pleasant. He was greatly beloved by his brethren, and nothing pleased him so much as to have some of them near him. He was subject to fits of mental depression. The isolation of mission life in New Zealand was not suited to his temperament. His biographer truly says: "The New Zealand mission required more mental hardihood, and more social sympathy with the people, than he could yet bring to bear." The natives admired him for his generous deeds, but he never acquired the power of talking freely in their language, and therefore his

sense of loneliness was the greater. The district meeting was a season of great enjoyment to him, in free and happy communion with his brethren. He felt the more need of their counsel because of the changes which were passing over the country; it was now a British colony.

As one of the results of the centenary year, a vessel called the *Triton* had been bought for the mission service; and a good accession to the New Zealand missionary staff embarked in her, viz., the Rev. Messrs. Buddle and Turton, with their wives, and Messrs. Buttle, Smales, and Aldred. She proved a bad sailer, and was long looked for. At last the *Triton* safely arrived at the Hokianga, on the 10th of May, 1840, more than seven months after sailing from Milford Haven.

She called at Hobarton, and there Mr. Waterhouse joined the mission party, and accompanied them to their destination. In addition to those for New Zealand, he had Messrs. Wilson, Williams, and Keverne, and their wives, for Fiji and Tonga. They all had nearly a fortnight's sojourn at Mangungu.

It was my happiness to meet them there. I was familiar with that road from my station—a four days' journey. I had walked it seven times in the space of one year. Mr. Bumby's house was crowded, he himself occupying a bare room adjoining the store; but he was jubilant. The Sunday was a high day. Ninety catechumens were baptized. It was on this occasion that our beloved friend made his first and his last attempt to speak in Maori, from the pulpit, by giving out a hymn.

From the Hokianga, Mr. Waterhouse took the *Triton* to Kawhia, that he might leave there, Messrs.

Buddle, Turton, Ironside, Buttle, and Aldred, for their respective stations, and then proceed to the South Sea Islands. Mr. Bumby determined to go with them to Kawhia, and to come back by the overland route. They stopped there for a week. Thence the several missionaries repaired to their solitary stations, and Mr. Bumby, with his native lads, turned his steps homeward, towards Mangungu. But that place he was never again to see!

He arrived at the station of Mr. Fairburn, on the Thames. From this place there were two ways of going to the Hokianga,—one coastwise to Wangarei, and thence across-land to Tangiteroria; the other by way of the river Waitemata, and over the isthmus to the Kaipara. Mr. Fairburn recommended the latter course; but Mr. Bumby, having a great dread of the Kaipara Heads, decided on the other route. He had several young men (natives) with him, who were good oarsmen, and strongly attached to their master.

They started in a canoe, on Thursday, June 25th. It was cold but clear weather,—not a ripple on the water. They landed at Motu-tapu, and slept there at night. The next day they renewed their voyage with fine weather: there were about twenty persons aboard the canoe. When they were nearing Tiritiri-matangi, a gentle breeze sprung up. One of the men rose up to hoist a sail—it was a heavy, raupo, triangular sail. To help him, some others hastily stood up, and the canoe was capsized! The natives could swim, and bent their efforts for saving Mr. Bumby, who could not swim. He was seated in the stern, with a book in his hand, when the accident happened.

They righted the canoe, and got him into it again. To lighten him, they had taken off his outer garments. The canoe was full of water; and, shivering in the cold, he was baling out the water with his hands, when the natives, pressing into the canoe, overturned it once more. The natives were fatigued with their exertions, and one of them sank. Hemi Karana called to his companions to keep close to their missionary pastor. A Tongan lad and himself managed to get Mr. Bumby upon the upturned canoe. Almost naked, and in the cold wave, the Tongan became exhausted, and went to the bottom. For half an hour, Hemi Karana held his master in that position, when a rolling wave passing over them, loosened his hold, and Mr. Bumby was gone!

Karana was borne by the wave some way off, but being a good swimmer, gained the canoe again, with five of his companions. Looking down the pellucid deep, they saw the body of their dear master descending; but that was the last sight! Fourteen out of the twenty were drowned. The survivors righted the canoe, baled out the water, and secured what they could of the packages that were floating about. Then, with a melancholy feeling, they made their way home by Kaipara.

The first information that reached Mangungu, was by letter from the Rev. R. Taylor, dated July 11th, just seventeen days after the painful event. That was a dark day at the mission station. When poor Karana arrived, his heart was ready to burst with grief. As soon as the mournful tidings came to me, I went over to mingle my tears with the bereaved ones; and heard all the tragical details from Karana's lips. Long did his

brethren gaze mournfully over the broad waters of the Thames, which closed on their friend, just as his work was beginning. But those who knew his moral worth, his radiant piety, his heart of love, will never forget John H. Bumby.

CHAPTER VII.

G. A. SELWYN.

ANOTHER phase of mission life in New Zealand turned up by the advent of Bishop Selwyn in 1842. In 1838, Bishop Broughton, of Sydney, visited the Bay of Islands, and fulfilled certain episcopal duties. The new Bishop was a young man for that office, yet not too young for the special work that was before him. He was about thirty-three years old. Of an athletic frame, a cultured mind, and apostolic zeal, he was well gifted for his position.

He brought with him several clergymen and students, and took up his first abode at the Waimate. He had with him a large and valuable library: for this he fitted up a room in a spacious stone building at the Kerikeri that was ten miles from his residence, over a rough, hilly pathway, but it was only a "constitutional" before breakfast, for the young Bishop.

He was a first-class pedestrian. Few could equal him in threading forests, scaling mountains, or swimming rivers. In his palmy days, he did not care to ride, even where there was a road for a horse. It is said that, on one occasion, when the Bishop of Newcastle was visiting him, they took a short journey together. It was over a plain. Selwyn was on foot, the other on horseback. The latter, cantering forward, was brought up at the

bank of a broad stream. Not knowing the ford, he waited for his companion. "Follow me," cried Selwyn, as he dashed through the river, somewhat to the surprise of his right reverend brother.

There was, I think, a slight touch of asceticism about Bishop Selwyn, which longer experience rubbed off. Certainly he taxed his iron constitution to a severe degree: for a quarter of a century he laboured like an apostle. His published journals, never exceeding the truth, read almost like romance. He was willing to "endure hardness." The man must be without judgment, or feeling, or both, that can withhold esteem, "for his work's sake," however he might differ from his views.

He had been scarcely two months in the country before he set out on a visitation tour. After six months of the roughest travel, by land and sea, he returned to Auckland, *en route* for the Waimate. His clothes were torn to tatters. "My last pair of thick shoes were worn out, and my feet much blistered with walking on the stumps, which I was obliged to tie to my insteps with pieces of native flax." Such was the record in his journal. He thus describes his arrival at Onehunga: "I landed there with my faithful Maori, Rota (Lot), who had steadily accompanied me from Kapiti, carrying my bag, of gown and cossack, the only remaining article in my possession of the least value. The suit which I wore was kept sufficiently decent, by much care, to enable me to enter Auckland by daylight; and my last remaining pair of shoes (thin ones) were strong enough for the light and sandy walk of six miles which remained from Manukau to Auckland. At two P.M. I reached the Judge's house by a path, avoiding the town, and passing

over land which I have bought for the site of the cathedral,—a spot which I hope may hereafter be traversed by the feet of many bishops, better shod and far less ragged than myself.”

Throughout his whole career, he embodied in his own example the sentiments contained in his first charge to his clergy in 1847: “You have heard already the definition of the Venerable Bede, that the episcopate is a title, not of honour, but of work; and in that spirit I trust to be enabled to exercise my office.” And again: “I pray, in the name of our crucified Master, that we may never here discuss the question, ‘Which shall be the greatest?’ It is to be hoped that the title of a ‘dignitary’ of the Church will never be heard in New Zealand. . . . If I designed the office of Archdeacon to be a mere peacock’s feather, to distinguish one clergyman above his brethren, I would not offer it to the acceptance of any one who had borne his Master’s cross, in retirement and self-denial, in the mission field. No earthly dignity, either in Church or State, can equal the moral grandeur of the leathern girdle and the raiment of camel’s hair, or the going forth without purse or scrip, and yet lacking nothing.”

The Bishop’s diocese reached to latitude 33 South; but by a mistake in his letters patent, it was extended to latitude 33 North, instead of South;—this took in a portion of Japan. When the mistake was discovered, he would not allow it to be rectified, regarding it as being God’s providence that had given him this great extent of diocese. In a little vessel, the *Undine*, less than twenty-two tons, which I believe he navigated himself, he visited many of the South Sea Islands, and so began the Melanesian mission, for the charge

of which he afterwards consecrated a man as singularly gifted, as he was intensely devoted, to his great work,—the martyred and lamented Patterson, who is now succeeded by Selwyn's eldest son.

Bishop Selwyn has a versatile genius. He neglected no part of his wide diocese. Both races were alike the objects of his care. If he had any preference, it was for those who wanted it most—the natives. The Europeans sometimes complained of this.

By many he was said to be imperious, ambitious, designing. I can only say that if he was imperious, he was also kind; if he was ambitious, it was to do good; and he was ready to divest himself of power as soon as others could be found to share authority with him; if he was designing, it was not for himself, but for the interests of the Church, on whose altar he laid down his gifts, his fortune, and his life.

By a judicious foresight, he secured, by gift or purchase, convenient sites and valuable endowments, all over the land, before they had acquired a high market price. By dint of great labour, involving more than one voyage to England, he framed, and set in motion, a constitution for his church in New Zealand, by which his own power was reduced to a fraction. Moreover, there was hardly a settlement, however remote, a Maori village, however small, or a mission station, however distant, that he did not personally visit. He spared not himself.

But with all that was excellent, he did not escape censure. He made mistakes—for he was fallible. Plans that were somewhat visionary, melted into thin air; and in some well-meant efforts to do good, he was misunderstood, and at times grossly misrepresented. This

was especially the case during the unhappy war. He had the misfortune to incur blame from both sides. But there was no room to call in question his stern integrity, his moral courage, or his good intentions.

His influence was, unfortunately, qualified by one fact: he was a High Churchman. In many points Bishop Selwyn resembled John Wesley, as an ecclesiastic, in that stage of his experience when he went to Georgia. For the effeminacy of Ritualism, he cared not. "I know nothing," he said, "of what is called Ritualism, otherwise than by report. Our poverty, which constrains us to worship God in the rudest buildings of wood and rushes, effectually prevents us from gorgeous ceremonial and costly vestments." But he went out with extreme views as to the duty of establishing a hierarchy, in all its integrity. Hence his words, soon after his arrival, "I find myself placed in a position such as was never granted to any English Bishop before, with a power to mould the institutions of the Church from the beginning according to true principles."

The first outcome of his zeal was to throw the people back upon unprofitable questions. Up to that time, the converts of the two missionary societies looked on each other as belonging to one body, and held intercommunion. But, unhappily, this was now forbidden. The Jews were to have "no dealing with the Samaritans." This gave rise to severe strictures, and even more was said than was meet.

I think no one regretted the result more than the Bishop himself. In his journal he notes, with deep concern, that the minds of the natives were distracted with inquiries respecting the *Hahi* and *Wetere* (the Church and Wesley); and he must have felt that he was

responsible for this. I fancy that some feeling of self-reproach was on his mind when he said to his clergy, in 1847, "The divisions of Christian men are a hindrance to the faith at all times. When I asked a New Zealand chief why he refused to become a Christian, he stretched out three fingers, and said, 'I have come to the cross-road, and I see three ways—the English, the Wesleyan, and the Roman. Each teacher says his own way is the best. I am sitting down, and doubting which guide I shall follow.'

No one can deny that his exclusive pretensions did harm. But he was often condemned on mere hearsay, and never attempted a reply to his critics. I believe that many of his early mistakes were due to unavoidable inexperience. Personally, he was courteous to all, and evidently wished to avoid giving offence to any.

When he was leaving for England, in 1867, I heard him publicly say that it was to him a matter of great satisfaction that, from the time of his first coming to New Zealand, he had had no personal difference with a minister of any denomination. I know that, in one case, he deferred the ceremony of consecrating a church, where there was no resident clergyman, in order that any one might preach in it, and more than once I had the opportunity of officiating therein.

When, at last, the good Bishop bade farewell to New Zealand to enter on the see of Lichfield, in England, all parties united to do him honour. It was to the Pan-Anglican Synod, at Lambeth, that he came home in 1867. He had no expectation, or desire, to take office in England. It was only when the Queen pressed it upon his acceptance, that he felt it his duty to yield.

On his leaving Auckland for the said Synod, a great

demonstration was held in the Brunswick Hall. His Honour the late John Williamson, Esq., the then Superintendent of the Auckland Province, and a Wesleyan, was in the chair. The committee invited the Rev. D. Bruce, of the Presbyterian Church, and myself, as representing the Wesleyan, to take part in the proceedings. I did so with great pleasure, and was glad of such an opportunity of giving my testimony to the untiring and self-denying labours of Bishop Selwyn.* When the future historian of New Zealand shall recount the names of her early benefactors, that of Selwyn will not be the least among them. If Samuel Marsden was the father of the New Zealand Mission, George Augustus Selwyn was the father of the Church of England in New Zealand.†

* See Appendix B.

† Bishop Selwyn has died since the above was written.

CHAPTER VIII.

WALTER LAWRY.

THE Rev. John Waterhouse soon followed his younger friend, Bumby. His fatal illness was brought on by exposure to the heavy rains. The last words upon his lips were "Missionaries! Missionaries!" To succeed him, the Rev. W. B. Boyce was appointed to the charge of the Australian colonies, and the Rev. Walter Lawry to that of New Zealand and Polynesia.

Mr. Lawry, in his younger days, had been a missionary in New South Wales, where he landed in 1818, and was the first to attempt a mission in the Friendly Isles. After that, he had charge of many important circuits in England, and was my Superintendent at Helston, in Cornwall. With a ripe experience, he arrived at Auckland on March 17th, 1844.

Twenty-two years before, he put in at the Bay of Islands, when on his way to Tongatapu. He was struck with the change that had come over the land. He wrote:—

'Many of the lions have become lambs. Their civil and social condition has greatly improved. Then they were at war, and we saw many of their slaves brought into the Bay, under the grasp of Hongi, some of whom were killed and eaten on the beach. Now they crowd to market with their provisions, such as pigs, fowls, potatoes, melons, peaches, onions, and abundance of fine fish: and, better still, they crowd the house of prayer, and eagerly read the word of God.'

The brethren, from the different stations, soon met in Auckland, to pay their respects to the newly arrived General Superintendent. To me it was a special pleasure, as I had known Mr. Lawry in England, and had kept up a regular correspondence with him.

It happened to be at the time of the great Remuera feast, already described. Referring to the Sunday, Mr. Lawry wrote:—

“Our chapel was filled three times to-day : morning and evening, by a very serious and respectable congregation ; and, in the afternoon, by native members of our church, who partook of the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper together. They were of different tribes, who had assembled at the great feast, and had not met before, on such an occasion. Their former meetings were to kill and eat each other. I never attended any missionary meeting half so telling as this was, in favour of our missions—such savages, so tamed,—such proud and haughty warriors, so humble at the Master’s feet : it made its own appeal, without the aid or magic touch of platform eloquence.”

Mr. Lawry was soon at work. On May 14th he held a public meeting—“with a view to feel the pulse of the colonists on the question of establishing an Institution or training school for the instruction of the more hopeful of our native converts.” The scheme embraced a knowledge of the English language.

Auckland was but an infant town, with a population of two thousand ; its trade was by no means prosperous, yet the response to the appeal was encouraging. The Governor, Captain Fitzroy, granted a suburban allotment of seven acres, and buildings were put up by the contributions of the public. The Rev. T. Buddle took charge of a number of students, who came from the several mission stations. Very soon their “profiting appeared unto all men.” This was, at a later period, merged into a larger establishment at the Three Kings.

Four months had passed when, in the depth of winter, Mr. Lawry entered upon a tour, holding sectional district meetings, north and south. His first visit was to the Hokianga. Journeying from the Bay, he said:—

“At two o'clock we got into a dense forest, the horrors of which will never be forgotten by me. We were threading our way through this wood, till some hours after dark, and had to cross one river ten times, besides creeks, without saying how many. I have not the least hope of giving anything approaching to an adequate idea of bush-travelling in New Zealand. Let the reader try to imagine hills so precipitous that walking gives way to all-fours: the roots of the trees are thickly webbed upon the surface, and tend greatly to obstruct the traveller. The trees, with underwood and supple-jacks, are so close together that a passage through them is a tedious and difficult matter. The clay below is seldom dry, and yields to the foot, so that one is in no small danger of being made fast, at both ends at once—the feet in the clay, and the head in vines and woodbines. It is here that honesty is no protection against being hanged.”

It was his first acquaintance with our bush-work, and thus he moralized:—

“Such travelling is wasting and cheerless beyond all power of graphic delineation. There is, however, nothing better for our missionaries who, year after year, wander up and down these hills and woods, seeking that they may save souls.”

Mr. Lawry returned to Auckland after an absence of nineteen days, within which time he had, at Mangungu, held a conference with all the brethren of the northern section; and in the many and overflowing congregations of the natives, rejoiced over the evident success of their labours.

After a week's rest, he started for a similar meeting to Kawhia, in the south, going overland. On the way, he halted at several of our stations, Kopua, Watawata, Waingarua, and Aotea; at each of which, he saw and

heard much that gave him pleasure. Of the young native lads that formed his escort, he spoke in these words :—

“ I certainly was never more delighted with any set of men than with these strong, cheerful, kind-hearted, and intelligent natives.”

Respecting Pehiakura, one of our native settlements on the coast, where he stayed for a night, he said :—

“ I found a very good chapel, to which all the people repaired ; and an excellent young man, called Samuel, sung, prayed, and preached to the congregation.”

He sums up his remarks in this manner :—

“ All the way as we passed, through the woods, or plains, or villages, I was cheered with the sight of the natives, without exception. Whether they travelled with us or not, all united with us in morning and evening devotion : the hymn was sung, the chapter was read, and prayer was offered. This is now the case in all those places where the influence of the missionary prevails, and there are few which that influence has not reached. I was forcibly struck with their truthfulness and honesty. This is the more remarkable, as the very opposite was their character formerly. I did not hear of any departure from truth or honesty in the case of a single individual of our people, with whom I travelled or was at all associated, during a journey of seven weeks. Reviewing what has passed under my observation, I am exceedingly gratified with the advanced state of Christianity in some, and its general influence upon the New Zealand population throughout. But the labours of the missionaries, and their exposures, are often distressing, arising from the scattered state of the people, and the rough character of the country, where there are no roads.

Mr. Lawry undertook several voyages to the Friendly and Fiji Islands. The *Triton* was displaced by a new brig, which was called the *John Wesley*, in 1846, and Auckland was her head-quarters. The dates of her arrival and departure were times of great interest. In 1849, Mr. Lawry came to England in her, when Bishop

Williams and Wiremu Tamihana (son of Te Rauparaha) were his fellow-passengers.

Two very useful institutions owed their origin mainly to his influence and efforts. These were the native model-school, at the Three Kings, and the Wesleyan College, at Auckland. The first of these was very successful, under the able management of the Rev. A. Reid and Mrs. Reid, with an efficient staff of assistants. It derives its name from three conical hills, of volcanic character, and is situate about three miles to the south of Auckland, including an estate of several hundreds of acres.

Here a large number of youth, of both sexes, Maori and half-caste, were well trained in the rudiments of an English education, Christian knowledge, and industrial pursuits. It was a pattern of its kind, and continued in active operation until interrupted by the disastrous war which began in 1860. I remember well the delight it gave me to attend the annual examination of the scholars. For the maintenance of this and many other schools for the native race, much praise was due to the Governor, Sir George Grey, who often visited it, and took a lively interest in its prosperity.

The Rev. J. H. Fletcher was sent to New Zealand, at the same time with Mr. Reid, to take charge of the college. This arose from the pressing need of some suitable provision for the education of missionaries' children. Mr. Lawry effected the purchase of twelve acres of land. A proprietary consisting wholly of missionaries was formed; plain but substantial buildings were erected; and here both the sons and daughters of the missionaries, in New Zealand and the South Sea Islands, were prepared for the battle of life. Many of

them began and ended their school-life in that college, and reflect no discredit on their *alma mater*. Not a few of them are now filling influential positions, both in the Church and in the State.

For some years, this was the only educational institute in the land, in which anything beyond the merest elementary instruction could be had. Although its primary object was for the families of the missionaries, it was not limited to them; and all who looked for a superior education, availed themselves of it. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, with their assistants, live in the grateful memory of their former pupils.

When Mr. Lawry came to Auckland, we had a small, but neat, wooden church in a central situation. It became the spiritual home of many belonging to various branches of the Church of Christ, who, in the early stage of colonial life, were unprovided with their own pastors. Thus Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and others, were for a while here, as in other of our colonial towns, fellow-worshippers with their Wesleyan brethren. The church was too small, and an addition was made to it. Even then it was soon too limited, and a new brick church of a large size was built.

Mr. Lawry had for his colleague the Rev. Thomas Buddle; and, under their faithful and able ministry, that too was, ere long, crowded, and had to be enlarged. Like the Zion of the Old Testament, so was this sanctuary very dear to many who found salvation there, for of it may be said, "This and that man was born in her." But since then, a great change has taken place: the growth of the town, and with it the prosperity of the people, gradually withdrew their residences to the

suburbs; and the old High Street Church, left in the midst of warehouses, shops, and offices, had to be closed in favour of the present building in Pitt Street.

Because of failing health, Mr. Lawry retired from the active work of the ministry in 1854, and ended his course, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, at New South Wales, March 30th, 1859.

But before that time a new complexion was assumed by our Australasian work. In 1853, the late Rev. R. Young, accompanied by the Rev. W. B. Boyce, came to Auckland, as a deputation from the English Conference. The main object of this visit was to form the Australian colonies, with New Zealand and Polynesia, into a separate and affiliated Conference. After a very full consideration of the subject, in all the district meetings, this proposal was carried into effect.

Accordingly, the first Australasian Conference met in Sydney, in January, 1855, under the presidency of the Rev. W. B. Boyce. Since that time the connexion has so much grown, that four annual Conferences have been formed—New Zealand being one of them—under the legislative control of a triennial representative Conference. At the date of the first Conference there were in New Zealand 16 circuits, or stations, 20 English ministers, 234 native teachers, 508 European church members, and 3070 Maori members, with 2514 white and 7590 Maori regular hearers. There were 19 church edifices for the former, and 74 for the latter, besides 21 other preaching-places, in English, and 121 in Maori; and there were 732 European children in the Sunday-school, and 4418 Maories.

CHAPTER IX.

GERMAN MISSION.

MY story of the agencies employed in the Chritiani-
zation of the Maories, would be incomplete, if I
failed to notice that a number of devoted men were sent
to New Zealand by a Protestant society in Berlin, in
1846, and following years. Their first establishment
was at the Chatham Islands.

These islands, four in number, are two days' sail
from the mainland. The largest is thirty-six miles long,
with an area of six hundred thousand acres. They
form a dependency of New Zealand. The original
natives are called the Maoriori. They belong to the
Polynesian race, and their language is similar to that
of the New Zealanders, to whom, however, they are in
many respects inferior.

Their existence became known to the Maories only
in 1838, when a large party of the latter, who sought
a refuge from the attacks of the Te Rauparaha, went
thither, from Cook's Straits, in the brig *Rodney*, paying
for their passage in pigs and potatoes. On their arrival,
they conquered, and enslaved, the aborigines, having
reduced their number from more than five hundred,
to less than three hundred. The latter are of a dark
colour, and by way of reproach were called, by their
invaders, *Parakiwara* (black fellow), by which name they

are now best known. The dominant race rules them with an iron hand, so that they have to obey the orders of every little child among them.

It was with this mixed people that the German missionaries took up their abode. The Gospel had been already introduced by native teachers, and most of the inhabitants belonged either to the Episcopalian or the Wesleyan mission. The latter had a Maori minister, the Rev. Te Kote, living among them for several years. The German brethren failed to acquire much influence, and ultimately took the position of mere settlers. In 1848, Bishop Selwyn visited these islands, in his little *Undine*. He made a friendly call on the Germans which shall be recorded in his own words:—

“A short walk across a swampy valley and up a woody ascent, brought me to Te Wakura, the village near which the German mission have fixed their station. Here is another native chapel, furnished with real glass windows, from the cabin of a shipwrecked vessel. After a short interview with the people of the village, I passed on to the mission station, where I was most cordially welcomed by the five gentleman and three ladies who form the missionary body. I found them living in that simple and primitive way which is the true type of a missionary establishment. They seemed to be as one family, and to have all things in common. I had much conversation with the head of the body, M. Scheirmeister, and invited him to come to my house at Auckland, and there to converse with Mr. Kisling—a German clergyman in English orders—with a view to his receiving Episcopal ordination, to remove all doubts which might affect his authority and position if he acted only under the commission given to him by the Presbytery at Berlin. He assured me that he had studied and approved of the Articles and formularies of the Church of England, and that he believed his Society would cordially approve of his being fully and formally received into the ministry of our Church. I have detailed in a letter to Chevalier Bunsen the causes which interrupted this negotiation, and which have obliged me to abstain from requesting the natives of the island, who recognize my authority, to attach themselves to the German mission.

It was a great disappointment to me to be obliged to leave the island without effecting the principal object for which I came, which was to remove all doubt and disagreement between the mission and the Church of England natives. The station showed many signs of the useful industry which forms part of the plan of this mission: a good windmill was nearly completed, which, under judicious management, may do much to conciliate the goodwill of a people who have large stores of wheat lying useless for want of power to grind them."

It will be seen that the good Bishop's proposal fell through; and, with his views, he could not give his official sanction to that which was without the line of the pretended "succession." But one estimable German clergyman did accept ordination at Episcopal hands. After some years of faithful labour in the service of the Episcopalian Missionary Society, he was cruelly murdered by an infatuated mob of natives. I refer to the late Rev. Mr. Volkner, of whose death I shall more fully write, in a future chapter. The Rev. M. Reminschneider was located with a tribe on the Taranaki coast, and was cheered with success. As well as others, he was forced to abandon his station when the war broke out. He afterwards laboured energetically among the scattered natives in the Otago province, in which work he finished his useful course with his devoted life.

The only German missionary now actively engaged in the work, as far as I know, is the Rev. M. Wohlers. For many years this excellent man has been exerting a happy influence in Foveaux Straits. There, on the little island of Ruapake, he has taught schools of Maories and half-castes, and preached the Gospel with effect. We should rejoice in the multiplication of such earnest labourers, whether they were German, English, or any other—for "yet there is room."

CHAPTER X.

SUCCESSSES.

RIGHTLY to estimate the results of missionary effort on such a people, we must look at them as they were when this work was begun, and as they are now since Christianity has been so generally received by them; and we should weigh the evidence of its power on the hearts and lives of individuals, manifested in the outward fruits of godly lives and happy deaths, and in raising them, as a people, in their domestic, their social, and their national life. I am happy in the choice of ample proofs of such successes. I know there are some who pronounce the mission to have been a signal failure; others, while they accord praise to the men who gave their lives to this work, and admit that they have done some good, call in question, and even deny, that Christianity has taken any firm hold of the native mind.

These are wont to speak of their religion as being only "skin-deep." Taking assertion for proof, there are many who sneeringly decry what they call "the bray of Exeter Hall." From the dictum of such censors, I appeal to those who are open to reason. A fair inquiry leads to the conclusion that missionary labour in New Zealand has been a very great success.

In proving this, I do not confine myself to the agents of any one society that has had the honour of doing the

work, but speak of them as a whole, for their object was one, and their means of seeking it the same. I do not say that a nation of saints is the outcome of their zeal. When I admit that the Christianity of the many is but nominal, I recall the fact that the same must be said of Christian lands—even of England itself. In forming our judgment of this matter, we should consider what the Gospel has destroyed as well as what it has bestowed. It had much to pull down before it could begin to build up a “holy temple in the Lord.” What, then, are the facts of the case?

We have seen what the Maories were in 1815, when the first missionaries went out to them. Through many years of self-denying toil, they prayed and waited before any apparent result appeared. They endured the “scorn and contumely” of haughty, warlike, savage men, on whose caprice their lives were, day by day, dependent. A whole decade had passed before they could rejoice in a single convert. On the 14th of September, 1825, was the first Maori baptized. His name was Rangi. For more than a year he had listened with attention to the new teaching: he did his utmost to persuade his tribe to respect the Lord’s day, and before his baptism he gave decided evidence of a change of heart. The name of Christian was given to him: he died, as he lived, in the faith and hope of the Gospel, the first-fruits of an abundant harvest.

All that weary time had the patient missionaries been “going forth bearing precious seed.” It was silently working in the hearts of many. The good men had gained the confidence of the natives; they were able to speak to them *in their own tongue*, and at last the

faithful sowers were "to return, bringing their sheaves with them, and rejoicing."

Some writers tell us that as soon as the Christian religion was presented to them, the Maories embraced it with avidity. That is not true. It was by a slow, but a sure process, that the work was done. After it was apprehended by them, it had a rapid growth, and won its way over the whole land. It is not too much to say that we owe the fine colony of New Zealand to the influence of missionary agency. Captain Hobson, the first Governor, said in his address to the Legislative Council, in 1841:—

"Whatever difference of opinion may be entertained as to the value and extent of the labours of the missionary body, there can be no doubt that they have rendered important service to the country, or that, but for them, a British colony would not at this moment be established in New Zealand."

In 1840, when it was planted, a new creation had taken place. The old system of heathenism, with its dark superstitions, its horrid cruelties, its barbarous customs, was on the wane.

It was necessary to the triumphs of the Gospel, that the evil spirit be first exorcised. So far as Christianity prevailed, the spell of the *tapu* was broken. The chief ceased to be sacred: he could go where others went, sit where others sat, and eat and drink like other men, mingling in common life without fear of imaginary gods. The power of a tyrannous priesthood was overthrown.

That order of men were stern opposers of the new doctrine: they said, "You tell us that your God created man; but your Bible does not say how He did it. Where did He begin?—at the head or the foot? And your Bible says that He created the heavens before the

earth ;—then He began at the top first, and this contradicts all our experience. We see the trees grow upwards, and we see men, when they build a house, begin at the foundation : nobody begins at the roof, and builds downwards.”

But the people no longer trusted in them. Many of themselves, ere long, openly renounced their old faith and practices, and presented themselves, along with others, for Christian baptism. With the decline of the priesthood, belief in sorcery was weakened. The fear of witchcraft lingered among them : the black art holds a fatal sway over the minds of an untaught people. It is not so long ago since witches were burned in Britain : need we be surprised that the dread of them did not at once expire in New Zealand ?

Cannibalism, infanticide, polygamy, and kindred customs, were henceforth known only as exceptional cases. The sanctity of the family was secured. The Maori mother pressed her new-born infant to her bosom with a new affection, in due course brought her babe to be baptized, and at a fitting age sent it to the mission school. War was no longer waged for its own sake, or for vengeance sake. Some intertribal conflicts, it is true, did spring up after the Gospel had gone like a wave over the land ; but they were divested of the nameless atrocities of former days, and were brought to an end by the mediation of the missionaries.

In their unhappy wars with our own forces, which afterwards took place, they fought, as they believed, for national existence and territorial rights ; and on their side the whole campaign was conducted with a moderation, a forbearance, and a chivalry which would do no discredit to the martial history of any European and

Christian states, and are a practical rebuke of the heartless cruelties perpetrated in the course of the late Russo-Turcan war.

The expense of maintaining the missionaries would have been cheap if we regarded them only as a *moral police*. In 1860, J. B. Fenton, Esq., chief judge of the Land Court, said:—

“The time will come when these missionaries—*the only efficient State police now existing in the country*, will be taken away by death, or rendered unable, by advanced years and much labour, to render that assistance to the Government which has often and again been their reliance in the time of trouble; and we quietly wait that time, without any effort to supply the vacancy. When we see the great things these men achieved, and the influence they have gained, without gifts of money to covetousness, or offerings of power to ambition, we must admit that some secret existed in their system which would be a valuable knowledge for the Government when they are no more.”

That secret was the “mystery of godliness,” and Judge Fenton was right. What do we now see? Since the war, and the spirit of mistrust which it has evoked, in order to keep the tribes in check, and a road open along the east coast and the interior of the northern island, a line of armed encampments is kept up, at the cost of about £100,000 per annum, to do that, with a more than doubtful moral influence, which the missionaries, by the force of their peaceful character, did with the very best results.

In this capacity alone, the missionaries were worth far more than they cost; and yet this was but a small fraction of their value. They gave the Maories the institutions of Christianity. Not only did they reduce their rude language to writing, but they also provided them with a literature, and taught them how to use it.

The Bible was translated into the Maori tongue, and

was a work of much patience. First, the New Testament was translated by Bishop Williams, and the Old Testament by Dr. Maunsell. These translations were revised by a committee comprising members of both Protestant societies. The work lasted over several years, the committee sitting five days a week during about three months in each year. Interleaved copies were sent to all the Maori-speaking missionaries, for their criticisms and emendations. In this way an excellent version was produced, and, by the liberality of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, large editions were printed. As soon as the sacred books were published, they were eagerly sought and diligently read. Even old men and women learnt to read the word of God, who never would have known letters at all but for the desire to read the word of life. It was often surprising to find with what ease and evident pleasure large portions were quoted, and it was sometimes puzzling to answer the questions asked on Biblical subjects. Other books were likewise published at the mission presses, and the whole nation became a reading people.

The Sabbath, with its worship, its rest, and its joys, was received by them. All days had been alike; now they "remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." They prepared for it on the Saturday: they took no journey, but spent the day in public and private worship, and in reading the word of God. Their villages compared favourably with colonial towns, regarding Sabbath observance. When they saw white men shooting, pig-hunting, travelling, etc., on the Sunday, they inquired what was the religion and who was the god of those white men?

A trader one day engaged a party of Christian natives to carry some goods over from Auckland to the Kaipara. The Sabbath came: the trader insisted on their going on. They objected: "It is the Sabbath," they said; "we worship to-day." He insisted; they were firm. He proceeded alone; they followed on Monday morning, and delivered in safety their packages, containing his property. He refused to pay them, because they had delayed a day. They reasoned thus: "How could we travel on the Sabbath? We are Christians, and worship God." "What have I to do with your Christianity?" was his reply. "You have much to do with it," they said, "for it saves you from being plundered of all you have. But for our Christianity, we should not parley with you, but pay ourselves by taking your goods from you."

Public worship was the rule, and few Maori villages were to be found without a church—a rude and simple building generally, but in keeping with their condition. Not only on the Sabbath-day, but on every day, the rising sun was followed by the bell for morning prayer; and in the evening, the hymn, the Scriptures, and the prayer closed the exercises of the day.

Captain Rough, then Collector of Customs, published in 1849 an account of an extensive journey among the Maories, in which he says:—

"Before wrapping themselves in their blankets for sleep, the New Testament was invariably drawn from a bag which some old man or young teacher carried, a hymn was sung, the glad tidings read with reverence, and prayer offered to the Father of all with as much apparent earnestness and devotion as may be observed in any little assembly of Christian worshippers. We could not but feel touched with the simple religious observances of the seonce savage people; and though unarmed,

and distant from any of the usual protections of life and property, we felt ourselves as secure, and slept as soundly, as if we were in the midst of a fortified city. I cannot tell how deep their religious impressions may be, but I can declare that in a journey of several weeks over a populous part of the country, I never saw morning and evening devotion omitted—I never saw the Sabbath-day desecrated by Christian natives. I saw no quarrels, no ill-treatment of each other; nor had I the smallest article stolen from me, though many things which they desire were exposed at every halting-place.”

In his journal, Bishop Selwyn declares,—

“I never felt the blessing of the Lord’s day as a day of rest more than in New Zealand, when, after encamping late on Saturday night with a weary party, you will find them early on the Sunday morning, seated quietly around their fires with the New Testament in their hands—old tattooed warriors side by side with young men and boys, submitting to lose their place for every mistake with the most perfect good humour.”

Colonel Mundy gives the following description of a scene witnessed by him at Auckland on the Sunday of December 27, 1847:—

“I was returning with the Governor from a walk to Mount Eden, when, upon turning the angle of the Volcanoes, we came upon some hamlets belonging to people employed by Government in quarrying the stone at the foot of the hill. I do not remember ever to have seen a more interesting or impressive scene than met our view as we looked down into the little valley below us. Eighty or a hundred Maories of various ages and both sexes were standing, sitting, or reclining among the low fern in front of the village, in such groups and attitudes as accident had thrown them into. In the midst, on a slightly elevated mound, stood a native teacher, deeply tattooed in face, but dressed in decent black European clothes, who, with his Bible in his hand, was expounding to them the Gospel in their own tongue. Taking off our hats, we approached so as to become part of the congregation. No head turned towards us, no curious eyes were attracted by the arrival of the strangers (as is so often the case in more civilized congregations), though the Governor was one of them. Their calm and grave looks were fixed with attention on the preacher, who, on his part, enforced his doctrine with

a powerful and persuasive voice and manner, and with gestures replete with energy and animation. The sermon was apparently extempore, but there was no poverty of words, or dearth of matter. It was delivered with the utmost fluency, and occasional rapid reference to and quotation from Scripture. The wild locale of this outdoor worship, (in the lap, as it were, of a mountain torn to pieces by its own convulsions, in the midst of heaved-up lava and scoria, with fern and flax waving in the wind,) invested the scene with a peculiar solemnity, and carried one back some centuries in the history of the world."

Such testimonies might be multiplied to any extent. Sir James Fergusson, in a recent lecture, says of them that, as far as his observation went, they turned out better Christians than a good many of our own people; and Sir George Grey publicly stated that he had visited nearly every mission station, and could speak with confidence of the great and good work which had been done. In the words of the late Dr. Thompson, "The civilizing influence and blessings which Christianity has conferred on New Zealand cannot be weighed in the scales of the market. Like musk in a room, it has communicated a portion of its fragrance to everything in the country." And he justly says of "the spiritual conquest of the New Zealanders," that "a narrative, of this sublime event it is difficult to condense."

The Hon. W. Fox, who has been nearly forty years in the country, tells us that, "having described the character of the native race as it was at the period of Cook's arrival, and painted it in the dark colours which truth demanded, it is only fair to say that before systematic colonization commenced, it had undergone a great change. The teachings of the missionaries—if the results were somewhat superficial—had penetrated to almost every part of the country. This, and the example of civilized life exhibited in the mission homes,

scattered over a large area, had done much to qualify the worst features of savage life, and to soften the ferocity of the Maori character. Wars were less frequent, cannibalism nearly extinct. Intercourse with the European trader and whaler, if less elevating, had yet broken down the prejudice against the *pakeha*, and given the Maori a taste for European conveniences and desires, which could be best gratified by the permanent residence among them of large numbers of foreigners." It is likely that many who undervalue the results of missionary toil are misled by the choice of a fictitious standard of judgment. They compare the state of those who have just emerged from the grossest barbarism, with that of ourselves, who enjoy the cumulative advantages of centuries of Christian civilization. We should rather compare their present state with their past. "We are apt to forget," writes a competent observer, "the labouring processes by which we acquired, in early life, the routine duties of cleanliness, order, method, and punctuality; and we often expect to find ready-made, in the native people, the qualities which we ourselves have learned with difficulty, and which our own countrymen rapidly lose in the unsettled and irresponsible slovenliness of colonial life."

To assimilate them to ourselves must be the work of time; and it may be done, for "there are methods by which every Christian and social habit may be so rooted in the moral nature of the New Zealanders as to place them on an equality with ourselves, man for man, in respect of fitness for all the usages and privileges of civilized life." Christianity brought to the Maories the blessings of peace, of industry, of commerce: it opened the way for colonization, for British law, and for the

extension of trade. I have seen at one time, in the Auckland harbour, even a fleet of small vessels, all of them owned, manned, and freighted by the Maories. I have known them to export fifty thousand bushels of wheat, from one river, in a season,—all of it the produce of their own labour; and I could name those who have built up fortunes by legitimate trading with the native tribes. When Sir George Grey was in England, in 1854, he gave a speech on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at the Mansion House, in which he said: “I feel confident that, regarded as a mere money investment, the very best investment this country can make is to send out in advance—and far in advance of either colonists or merchants—missionaries who may prepare the way for those who are to follow them.” It is very true that commerce follows in the wake of missionary agency; and on this, the lowest of all grounds, it is worthy of support.

It may be asked—admitting the moral influence of the Gospel on the outward life and social habits of the people, have you any evidence to show that it laid hold of the heart?—in other words, do you know of any cases of personal conversion? I reply to this question with equal confidence and thankfulness, that there are so many, that a whole volume might be filled with a detailed account of them. Multitudes, it is true, had the form without the power of godliness, as in all other Christian countries; but there was an inner circle who could testify that “the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.” The Master said, “By their fruits ye shall know them.” If a public profession of faith in Christ, sustained by a consistent life, tenderness of conscience, and zeal to do good to others,—if the casting

off of old habits of sin, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and steadfast reliance on the atonement in the hour of death, —if these be the fruits of conversion, as summed up in the trinity of graces, “faith, hope, love,” then I rejoice to say that the Maori Church has been enriched with many such “living epistles.”

I have in my drawer a number of letters written by converted natives, and I have heard from their own lips, in meetings for Christian fellowship and prayer, as well as in private converse, of the saving work of God’s grace in their hearts.

The principle of true religion is vital and active: those that have it will publish it abroad; and the Maori disciples did so. In the words of an outside observer, “The zeal of the early converts materially assisted in spreading the Gospel, as many of them were slaves, who were allowed to return home to their heathen kindred.” In doing this, some did not “count life dear unto themselves.” I have already spoken of the two young men who were killed, in 1837, on the Hokianga. Ten years afterwards, Manihera and Kereopa were martyrs at Taupo. The former was a Ngati-ruanui chief, and head teacher of his tribe, at Whareroa, not far from Wanganui. He was always conspicuous for piety, and attention to his duties; and instead of his first love growing cold, it appeared to increase with time. His love to Christ beamed from his face.

At a largely attended and deeply affecting prayer-meeting at Wanganui, the duty of aiding those still sitting in darkness was considered. Manihera declared his willingness to take the Gospel to his old enemies at Taupo. Kereopa said the apostles went in pairs, and he desired to go with his friend. On this, they were

both solemnly commended to the care of God. Those present made a contribution, in order to provide the two missionaries with all they wanted for their journey. The Taupo natives had an old grudge against Manihera's tribe. Some years before, a fighting party of theirs had been defeated by the latter, and the prisoners who were taken were killed in cold blood. They therefore had resolved to murder the first they could meet from that tribe, as a payment for the treachery.

The mission was one of great danger to their lives, and they were repeatedly warned. With more zeal than prudence, they persevered. Arriving at Tokanui, the place of their destination, after many days, a small party concealed in a thicket fired upon them; Manihera was only wounded, but his companion was shot dead. A very old chief rushed out of the hiding-place, and, with his hatchet, chopped at poor Manihera, but the blows were too feeble to kill him. At last he fell, and lingered from that morning until sunset. He was, all this time, praying for his murderers, that their eyes might be opened, and telling those around him that all was light within. He gave his Testament to a young man near him, with the wish that it might impart the same comfort to him that he had received from it, and expired.

From a long list of cases I select the following. On March 5, 1846, a missionary visited an old man nearly blind, but a warm-hearted Christian. He asked him what he thought was the greatest word in the Bible. After a short pause, he answered, "The love of God as manifested in the death of Christ." Going to another hut, he found a Christian Maori, called Reihana, very ill. He made a great effort to speak, and said, "My heart is steadfast, fixed upon Jesus." These were his last words.

Here is the story of a little boy, of thirteen years, who had a deep abscess in his side and back. He was brought to the mission station in a canoe. The child was mild and patient, and knew the plan of salvation. He had persuaded his aged and feeble mother to profess Christ. He repeated a prayer of his own composition, very simple and spiritual, with much earnestness and devotion: it had been his wont to use this with his mother; and when he was too weak, the poor woman repeated it for him. After having been six weeks in the station, he was baptized, taking the name of Josiah. Soon after this he was sinking; and his friends, that he might die on their own land, wished to take him home. When they had pulled about four miles, one of them asked, "When do you think you will go?"—*i.e.*, die. His simple answer was, "Let me go to my Saviour;" and at once died.

In 1848, a missionary visited a sick man who had been an upright Christian for many years: he was in the last stage of consumption. Grasping firmly the missionary's hand, he held it fast for ten minutes or more, telling his experience, and giving an extra squeeze whenever he spoke of the love of Christ to his soul. His voice was feeble, but looking at his wasted limbs he said, "Though my outward man perish, my inward man is renewed day by day. The riches of the love of Christ are great, great, great!" When asked whether he could atone for his sins, or do anything to recommend himself to the favour of God, he replied, "No; Christ has atoned for my sins; He has done all for me; He will not leave me; He will finish His work, and take me to Himself."

Another missionary writes thus, in 1851:—

"Several Christian natives have died happily in the Lord. I have great pleasure in reporting the case of Arihia, the mother of a young man named Paul, who died a happy believer in the Lord. Some few years since this woman was one of the congregation at Okahu, at the foot of the beautiful range at the back of our settlement. She possessed a simple, lively, and strong faith in the Redeemer. She often said that she had been a wicked woman in her day, before the Gospel came; and she considered it to be God's work of mercy to spare her to hear the words of life. I had known her for many years, and whether in health or sickness I held it a privilege to talk with her. Her memory was well stored with Gospel truths. The last time I saw her, she repeated the first two verses of the 23rd Psalm. Soon after she died, while talking with her children about the mercy of God."

An old man, called Nathaniel, lived two miles from the station: although lame, nothing but very bad weather, or illness, could keep him from church. For ten years he served God. During five weeks before he died, he suffered much: it was his delight to have the word of God read to him, and to be prayed with. A few days previous to his death, he said, "Satan is buzzing about me." When asked what Satan wanted, he answered, "To trouble and darken me." He was again asked what he must do; to which he replied, "I must resist the devil, and he will flee from me." He did so, and died. This man, before he became a Christian, was a murderer of the worst sort.

It would be easy to add largely to the number of such testimonies; but space forbids; and enough, I hope, has been stated, to show that the missionaries in New Zealand have not "laboured in vain," but that, through their instrumentality, the ancient heathenism has been deposed; a progressive civilization introduced; and among the swarthy sons and daughters of that distant land, many "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

CHAPTER XI.

HINDRANCES.

THE conversion, whether of a person or a people, is always in the face of opposing and powerful forces. At first, the missionaries had to contend with the old beliefs, the potent superstitions, and the ferocious disposition of the Maories,—all flowing from the depravity of their nature. When the power of heathenism was shaken, they had still to count upon hindrances: they rejoiced, but it was “with fear and trembling.” Not to speak of the deep-seated ignorance of the people, the grossness of all belonging to their realm of morals, and their impulsive and fickle character, there was the bad example of Europeans who lived among them: many of these “neither feared God nor regarded man.” Happily, their influence was limited; but as the sequence of colonization, the tide of moral corruption poured in upon the country.

Before that, the European character was seen in the individual—and every one was not evil; but now it was seen in the multitude. I do not wish to speak of colonization as wrong in itself; on the contrary, I believe it to be one of the means which God uses for peopling the waste places of the earth. The Maories never could have utilized their large territorial possessions; nor, without the advantage of capital, could they have

promoted commerce. Colonization was the logical sequel to their Christianization. Those who say the missionaries were opposed to it, thereby misrepresent them; they objected to an irregular and irresponsible colonization; but when Captain Hobson arrived, with Her Majesty's commission in his pocket, then they threw their mighty influence into the scale, and were, as he reported, the cause of his success. In doing so, they honestly believed they were fulfilling the law of God.

They knew full well that adverse influences would set in upon their work, but it was the inevitable. "Both good and bad"—the latter two generally outweighing the former—would flow in with the tide. The keen, observant eye of the Maori would quickly see that the religion preached by the missionary was not that of the bulk of his countrymen. Accordingly, the consequences of evil example followed.

In one of the reports of Government officers in 1868, I find this record:—

"I am sorry to say that, during this tour, I have heard from all *pakehas* resident among the Maories, young and old, lay or clerical, Protestant or Roman Catholic, but one account of the behaviour of the natives of the present day; and that is, that it has sadly deteriorated within the last few years,—some say, since the Taranaki war. They say that once they were civil and honest, pleasant and obliging; and all agree that of late there has been remarkably increasing frequency of insolence, bullying, theft, tricks of trade, and assumption of superiority over the white man."

Lieut.-Colonel Russell, Native Commissioner, writing at Napier on June 9th, 1862, says:—

"At Waikari (but one day's journey from Napier), the natives told me they had not seen a clergyman for four years. The conduct of some of the Europeans who have located themselves in the Mohaka and Wairoa districts would almost lead me to suppose that they were the barbarians,

and the Maories the more civilized people. Scenes of drunkenness and outrage are described in which men have taken part whose education and position should have led to a very different line of conduct ; and which bring the moderation and forbearance of the natives into very strong contrast. Those evils have now been greatly lessened by the natives, who have interdicted the introduction of spirits into their own side of the Mohaka, where there is no European land ; whilst on the Wairoa, which is altogether native land, they have excluded spirits altogether, and have had recourse to the strong measure of suppressing a public-house licensed by the Provincial Government, upon the plea that it stood upon their land, and they were therefore justified in so doing. They told me they are aware that spirits are still smuggled into the river by Europeans ; but as long as it is confined to them, and not made an annoyance to the natives, they shut their eyes to this breach of the Maori law."

I rejoice in knowing that there were, in places, European families of a different type ; but, too commonly, our misguided countrymen set before the natives such examples as are above described. As one proof of the effect of bad example, it must be noted that the natives curse and swear in English. Their oaths are ours.

In the advance of colonization, there was not only the effect of bad example, but the disturbing influence of new objects, and the distractions arising from complications before unknown to them. The temptations to cupidity and improvidence—both easily besetting sins with the Maories—were strong. They are a mercantile people: the market was open for their services, their wares, and their crops. This, while in itself an advantage, had the tendency of diverting their minds from their religious duties ; for "the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful."

The lust of gain took hold of many, and they "fell away." The Sabbath, which had been so scrupulously

honoured, became less sacred in their eyes, because of the total disregard of it by so many of our own countrymen. This was notably the case with the military. The Waikato war began on a Sabbath, and so likewise that at Wanganui; and it was on a Sabbath, when the defenders were engaged in worship without the pah, that our forces entered and took the Ruapekapeka fort.

The divisions between the religious bodies were also a sore stumbling-block in the way of the natives. In a letter which Heke wrote to the Queen, he said they were "perplexed with the number of religious creeds." Bishop Selwyn is chargeable with much of this perplexity, and the Roman Catholic claims intensified it.

But of all the hindrances that impeded the labours of the missionaries, none were so great as those arising out of the hostile relations between some of the native tribes and our own Government. All these sprung out of the land question. If trading pursuits had an unfavourable effect on the religious character of the natives, political passion all but destroyed it. Serious quarrels concerning boundaries began among themselves, and then plunged them into deadly warfare with our authorities.

A simple people are governed by one idea. When they accepted Christianity, it became the absorbing subject of their inquiry; but when political disquietude prevailed, the reading of the Scriptures gave way to noisy debates on the subjects in dispute: the newspaper took the place of the Bible. As the war-feeling grew, the white man became more and more obnoxious. The distance gradually widened, till at length the natives yielded to the wretched infatuation which shall be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

APOSTACY.

ON more than one occasion, an attempt was made to revive old superstitions. But those cases of fanaticism were limited in their extent, and short in their duration. It was during the last war that a widespread and furious spirit of infatuation laid hold of the tribes that were in rebellion against the colonial Government. It was first known as the Pai-Marire (good and peaceful) movement, but it soon took the name of Hau-hau (to deal blows to), from an exhaustive process of bellowing as they danced round a pole which they called Niu. This new faith, if it can be so called, was a compound of Judaism, Mormonism, and Spiritualism; and its rites were bloody, sensual, and devilish. It had a political rather than a religious meaning, so that the terms "Hauhau" and "Kingite" became all but synonymous, although they were not all equally violent.

It began in Taranaki in 1864. A man called Te Ua, who had been looked upon as little less than a maniac, believed that he had a revelation from the angel Gabriel, and he was raised to the dignity of a prophet. He said they had been wanting in homage to the Virgin Mary, that the priests had superhuman power, and that Gabriel would send legions to fight for them, if they

obeyed his behests. About that time, a detachment of the 57th Regiment, under Captain Lloyd, was surprised and defeated with heavy loss : Captain Lloyd was among the slain. The fanatics drank the blood of those who fell, cut off their heads, and buried them separately from the bodies. A few days afterwards, the angel Gabriel appeared to those who had quaffed the blood of their victims, and, by the medium of Captain Lloyd's spirit, ordered his head to be exhumed, cured in their own way, and carried throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand.

From that time, the head of Captain Lloyd was to be the medium of man's communication with Jehovah. This was done. Te Ua was made the high-priest, and Hepaniah and Rangitauira his assistants. Then the head, in the most solemn manner, made known the tenets of the new religion, which were as follows :—

1. All its followers to be called "Pai-Marire."
2. Gabriel with his legions will protect them.
3. The Virgin Mary will be always with them.
4. The religion of England, as taught in the Bible, is false.
5. The Scriptures must all be burnt.
6. No notice must be taken of the Christian Sabbath.
7. Men and women to live promiscuously.
8. Complete victory to follow the vigorous "Hau."
9. The European population to be driven out of New Zealand.
10. This will be done when the head has made its circuit of the land.
11. Men will then come from heaven to teach them knowledge.
12. The priests have the power to teach the Maories English.

The minds of the people were prepared for any extravagance that would promise success against the Europeans, by their previous disaffection. This new-fangled belief spread rapidly among the belligerent tribes. They had already renounced the sovereignty

of the Queen; and required all Europeans, including missionaries, who would not promise allegiance to their "King," to quit their territory. Now they renounced Christianity, and threatened the extirpation of all the white people. And they fully believed in those monstrous utterances.

At Sentry Hill, about six miles north of New Plymouth, there was a redoubt occupied by seventy-five soldiers. About eight o'clock, on one moonlight night, the men saw a Maori coming across the flat, throwing his arms about in a wild manner, and singing what sounded like a native hymn. He walked boldly up to the parapet, and sat down on the edge of the ditch. The officers would not let the men shoot him. A sergeant, with ten men, went out to him; and as they came near, the Maori jumped up, threw a stone, which hit the sergeant on the throat, and ran away. They fired a volley, on which he sat down on a large stone, and went on with his song. After another volley, he took to his heels.

A few days after that, at early morn, the soldiers heard the Maories in their pah chanting their war-song. In a while, the sound changed to the barking of dogs and fierce yells. Very soon, they saw a force of three hundred armed Maories, at a distance of eight hundred yards: they were coming slowly on towards the redoubt, in "fours." At a hundred and fifty yards, they halted. Order was then given to fire. The Maories stood as if they did not expect to be hit; but they broke and fled, leaving thirty-four, dead and wounded, behind them.

As the Maories were advancing, the same man that previously came alone was a few yards in front of them, again singing, and throwing his arms about. This

was Hepaniah, one of the prophets of the new superstition. But this time he was killed. The surviving prophets said that the cause of their disaster was that the angel Gabriel had been offended by some neglect on the part of Hepaniah.

They still believed in their invulnerability. Captain Lloyd's head was now in the hands of a prophet called Matene. He went with a large party to Upper Wanganui, and, having obtained many adherents to the new faith, decided on an attempt on the town of Wanganui, at the mouth of the river, about a hundred miles lower down. The river is broad and rapid, and rushes between lofty crags, through a country that can be traversed only by Maories or trained bushrangers. The settlement could be reached in a few hours by canoes. The town was defended by three hundred soldiers and a few militia. All they could have done was to protect their own position, while the hamlets and homesteads, scattered over fifty miles, were exposed to the ravages of the enemy.

It was a perilous crisis. A party of three hundred friendly natives undertook to oppose the progress of the invaders. At break of day on the 13th of May, 1865, a battle took place on a small island called Moutua, about twelve feet above the level of the river. The loyal natives were victorious: the prophet Matene was killed, and the remnant of his forces dispersed. In this fight, Hoani Wiremu Hipango, a brave Christian chief, met his death-wound. He died the next morning in the town, and was followed to his grave by all the civic and military authorities. A public monument was built in Wanganui in memory of this heroic man, and those who fell with him in defence of their English friends.

The rebels were not dismayed at their reverses: a potent spell bound them; all that befell them only added fuel to the fire of a fierce spirit. They sent out their messengers to every part of the islands: their creed—framed on the principle of taking something from all creeds—spread like wildfire, new articles being added to it from time to time, to keep pace with the growing furor of their disciples.

They wielded a kind of mesmerism which proved infectious. The least objectionable of their practices was that of running round a pole, stuck into the ground, howling and yelling until sometimes they would fall senseless to the ground. Their bitterest hatred was reserved for the missionaries.

Before this, they had forced many of them to abandon their stations, but now they thirsted for their blood. An attack was made on good Bishop Williams, at Waiapu. His life was saved by a timely flight, but his house was plundered, and the labour of years destroyed. But two useful lives were sacrificed on the shrine of this superstition—the Rev. C. S. Volkner, of the Episcopalian, and the Rev. J. Whiteley, of the Wesleyan, mission.

The former was a Lutheran, but took orders in New Zealand, and for six years lived among some of the rudest tribes in the Bay of Plenty. He was a devoted man, and gradually won his way till he had around him a large body of converts, who built for him a handsome church and parsonage. There was no sign of disaffection among them until one day Father Garavel brought them letters from the hostile tribes at Waikato: then a change came over them. Mr. Volkner told the priest that he felt it his duty to inform the Government of the character of the said letters, which he did.

The result was that Garavel was sent away to Sydney by his Bishop, Pompalier. Going to Auckland, the missionary thought it prudent to take his wife with him, and leave her there for a while, owing to the altered disposition of the natives. He returned to his station in company with the Rev. T. Grace; but, meanwhile, a body of Hauhaus, headed by Kereopa, had arrived. Mr. Volkner's property had been seized by them; and on the arrival of the two brethren, in a small schooner called the *Eclipse*, they were dragged ashore, and shut up together in a large house. The captain and his brother, being Jews, were allowed to go about as they pleased.

Next morning, March 2nd, 1865, a party of armed men came for Mr. Volkner. He was taken to a large willow-tree, near his own church: a block and tackle, brought from the vessel, was fastened to one of the branches: he was told to prepare for death. Kneeling down, he prayed for his murderers; and then rising up, and shaking hands with them, he said he was ready. They bade him take off his coat and waistcoat: the rope was placed round his neck, and he was hauled up. Life was scarcely extinct when they let him down, and cut off his head. His companion, Mr. Grace, was allowed to bury the mutilated corpse, which he did in the chancel of the church. His head was stuck on the pulpit in the Roman Catholic church, as though it was meant as a payment for his having caused the removal of Father Garavel.

Mr. Grace was kept a prisoner for a fortnight, expecting every day to share the fate of his friend. At the end of that time, Her Majesty's ship *Eclipse* arrived off the river, when Captain Levy,—who owned the little

schooner,—at the risk of his own life, got him into his boat and pulled him off to the man-of-war. An attempt was made by the commander of the man-of-war to capture the murderers, but without success.

Four months after, a small vessel arrived at Wakatane, not far from Opotiki, and a party of Hauhau natives boarded her, and killed the captain and crew, together with Mr. Fulloon, a half-caste interpreter. These foul murders, and others that were committed by the fanatics, excited strong public indignation. A colonial force and native allies, altogether nearly nine hundred, were sent to Opotiki. The Hauhau rebels, having the heads of the murdered with them, were entrenched in strong pahs, and in great numbers. Several sharp engagements followed. The rebels fled, through a most difficult country. They were pursued and overtaken: about five hundred of them surrendered, including women and children.

At the same time, Major W. Mair was gallantly commanding a native contingent, the Arawa, and compelled the remainder of the Hauhau combatants to an unconditional surrender. Te Ua, the prophet, and twenty-eight of the men implicated in the atrocious murders of Mr. Volkner, Mr. Fulloon, and others, were among the number. They were tried by a court-martial, and sixteen of them were pronounced guilty. These were sent to Auckland, where the trial was reheard, and five of them were hung. A great blow was inflicted on the Hauhau, but the snake was not destroyed.

The more moderate of the native insurgents were greatly shocked at the excesses which had been committed, and Tamihana Tarapipi, one of the highest,

ablest, and best of the chiefs on that side, volunteered his submission to Colonel Greer, saying, "We consent that the laws of the Queen be laws for the King, to be a protection for us all, for ever and ever. This is the sign of making peace, my coming into the presence of my fighting friend, Colonel Greer."

Bloodshed left its trail, from year to year,—sometimes in one part of the country, then in another, and often in several places at the same time. No settlement had suffered so much as Taranaki, where the war began. A lull had come over it, and some of the settlers had ventured to return to their farms.

The Rev. John Whiteley had lived there for many years, in charge of the "Grey Institution," for the education of Maori youth. He came to the country in 1832, and had been a laborious missionary. He took up his abode at Taranaki in 1856. He was a good Maori linguist, and had great influence. All through the war he rendered valuable service to the Government by his counsels. He laid himself out for the good of all, whether Maori or European.

On Saturday, February 13th, 1869, he set out on horseback, according to his wont, along the coast. His destination was at Puke-aruhe (Fern-root Hill), better known as the White Cliffs, about thirty miles north of the town. This was the remotest dwelling in that direction. An officer and his family, with a small body of men, were in charge of a redoubt. It was Mr. Whiteley's plan to sleep there, hold a short service on Sunday morning, then visit each hamlet in turn for service, and to preach at New Plymouth in the evening. The weather proved stormy on the Sunday, so that his non-return did not create alarm.

On Monday morning, while a settler was looking for his cows, he came upon the dead body of Mr. Whiteley, and that of his horse beside him. As far as could be learnt, when he reached the place, on Saturday afternoon, he found it in possession of an armed party of natives from Mokau, an all-but-inaccessible part of the country further north. They had already murdered every one in the redoubt. As the missionary came in sight, they beckoned to him to return. He knew those natives well, and thought that he had their confidence. It would be patent to him that they were bent on mischief, although he could not know what they had done. No doubt he hoped, by his presence, to prevent them; he therefore pushed on. Then several shots were fired at him: his horse dropped first, and then himself, pierced with five bullets. He was found a little way from the horse, with one leg doubled under the other, as though he had been upon his knees when he fell dead.

Consternation filled the town when the sad tidings reached it. All classes attended the solemn funeral, "for he was a good man;" and I had the mournful satisfaction of visiting his tomb not long afterwards. Letters of condolence reached his widow, written by chiefs in the extreme north; and, in acknowledgment of the services her husband had given to the country, the colonial Parliament voted her an annuity of £100, which she still enjoys.

Mr. Whiteley was so generally respected by the natives, that he was the last man any one would think they would injure: nor would they, except under the influence of frenzy. Perhaps his death saved the town, or at least the outlying places, from a calamity. It would seem that their intention was to destroy and kill

in all those places *seriatim*; and they could have done so. They had not expected to see their old missionary come upon the scene of blood. When he did so, and would not go back at their bidding, some fiery spirits shot at him. Others would denounce the act: that they were ashamed of it, was clear by their fabricating and circulating a report that the deed was that of some white men who were among them. At all events, instead of proceeding with their work of death, they returned to their own fastnesses, and the Government were unable to follow and arrest the criminals. Hauhauism is not yet dead, but exists in a greatly modified form. The Maori church has had to suffer a severe trial; but all was not lost, for "at this present time there is a remnant" who "hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering."

CHAPTER XIII.

PRESENT CONDITION.

WHILE there is ample cause for a jeremiad over the demoralizing effects of war, and the consequent apostacy, let us not imagine an undue extent of the evil. It is true that numbers who "once did run well" were thereby "hindered," and became the dupes of a cruel fanaticism; that many a flourishing mission station, and hopeful school, had to be abandoned; that the moral influence of missionaries, as a whole, was weakened, and even their lives were not safe; and "because iniquity abounded, the love of many did wax cold."

All these things were the natural outcome of the evoking of evil passions by the demon of war. But it should not be forgotten that this description applies to only a section of the Maori race, not exceeding, I should say, ten thousand. Their violence, as they supposed, was in defence of their own tribal rights; and their recoil from their best friends, the missionaries, was solely because they belonged to the race which they believed was oppressing them; and so they made an exception in favour of the French priests.

A large number of Maories fought, faithfully and bravely, on behalf of British authority, law, and order and a far larger number took no part in the strife, but retired, in many cases, to out-of-the-way places, where

no one would expect to find any person to be living. It is not unlikely that, when an accurate census can be taken of the whole population, the result will surprise those who speak so surely of their *euthanasia*.

With all our painful regret for what has taken place,—and which might have been avoided,—we have reason to hope that the worst is over, and that a brighter day is already dawning. Unless some great blunder be made, there will be no more war. Salutory lessons have been learnt on both sides. The Colonial Government wisely adopts a conciliatory policy; and the Maori insurgents, although smarting under the loss of territory, are gradually coming to accept the inevitable.

The “King” party hold on to their isolation, but are peaceable. If the latest reports be correct, that they have asked for a conference with the Premier, Sir George Grey, the formal reconciliation is not far off. The conduct of the natives during the war, with the exception of occasional acts of fanatic zeal, was in itself a striking testimony to the improvement of their character. Numbers who were carried away by the mesmeric power of a heated imagination, are returning to their “right mind;” and the steady sale of copies of the Holy Scriptures, a growing desire for the location of missionary teachers among them, and a general disposition to contribute towards their support, are all favourable indications.

Six Maori chiefs hold seats in the two Houses of the Legislature—two in the upper and four in the lower House; many others sit on the bench, as magistrates or assessors; and about sixteen hundred young children are learning the English language. All this gives hope for the future. Their outward condition is vastly improved,—their persons are cleaner, their dietary better, and their

clothing superior to what was common in days gone by. The old type, with his skin daubed over with red-ochre and shark's oil, is gone. If an old chief of fifty years ago could reappear, and be placed by the side of the most turbulent of the present day, the contrast would be striking.

In very many of their villages may be found a neat church, well furnished, and filled with an orderly and respectably clothed congregation, listening to a sermon from a minister of their own race, in most cases. The number of European missionaries is not likely to increase: they will depend mainly on trained men of their own colour. The Episcopalian mission has now twenty-four ordained Maori ministers, and the Wesleyan mission five,—all tried men and true. The latter have also eight students preparing for the ministry, at the Three King's Institution, near Auckland, under the able and careful supervision of the Rev. Thomas Buddle.

Most of the missionaries have grown old in the work, and the young men are absorbed by the claims of the colonial population; so that perforce of circumstances, as well as a matter of right principle, the Maori-speaking people will have to be supplied by a Maori ministry, under the direction of one or more European ministers of experience, while that shall be necessary.

All the missionaries, old as they are, have not left off working. They cannot now have travelling companions, as formerly, for the native is no longer a carrier of burdens. They could then travel with more ease: if the hills were steep, the tracks narrow, and the creeks flooded, the missionary had strong, willing, merry native lads to carry creature comforts, and render him their aid on land; or man his boat if traversing a river, or navigating

the coast. But now a native will scarcely condescend to shoulder a knapsack; and if he does, he will demand more "utu" than a poor missionary can afford.

If, then, he travel at all, he must travel alone. By reason of age, some are now unable to do this; but if not active soldiers, they are spiritual watchmen. Their influence for good, in their respective localities, is of great value; and there are, even of these, some who are yet "abundant in labours." I could name one whose hoary head is "a crown of glory," who may be seen, on his inland and lonely journeys of seventy or eighty miles, carrying a large umbrella to serve as a tent, and a spade, fastened to his saddle, to clear the way or to improvise a bridge, as occasion may require. Another I know, who has also grown grey in the work, and more than sixty-five years old, who, with his pack-horse, makes long trips, at stated times, from his station, over the sea beach to the scattered *hapus*, living in the many dells along the coast. I could speak of one who is prematurely old in this service, by navigating broad rivers in all weathers—often alone in his whale-boat "in perils of waters," weathering the gale (which even an "old salt" would not despise), to carry the word of life to the Maori hamlets, "few and far between." And I could tell of others who are, in like manner, giving all their energies to the work. They figure not in gazettes or newspapers; they are unknown to fame; they write no despatches; but they are Christian heroes, God bless them! The shades of night are falling round them. Soon will their sun set—only to rise in a better world. There they shall be "crowned with glory and honour."

After a sad falling away, there are signs of a hopeful reaction. The Episcopalian Mission is by far the

strongest. Great praise is due to the Bishops and missionary clergy of that Church for their watchful and untiring care of the Maori people. In a few cases, they are in possession of places once occupied by the Wesleyan Mission, but which the latter could not continue by reason of the unavoidable reduction of their missionary staff. There is a great difference in the financial position of the two missions: the former is sustained by large grants from their committee in London, amounting to more than £6000 for the year 1866-7; while, for many years past, all help from the parent society of the latter has been withdrawn, and the maintenance of their Maori mission depends on funds raised in the colony.

Native church Boards are working well, particularly so in the northern district, where a terrible relapse was the fruit of Heke's war. Archdeacon Clarke, referring to two faithful teachers who lately died, says: "When I took charge of this district, eight years ago, there were two out of the six or seven who regularly attended the services; and when, in after-years, that congregation increased to from seventy to a hundred persons, they were very seldom absent from their places. I frequently visited them in their last illnesses. Christ was all in all to them. We are greatly encouraged by the increased number of young people who attend at the table of the Lord: they are carefully watched over by their pastors, and thus assisted on their heavenward way. The baptisms greatly exceed those of former years: this is to be attributed to the fact that the two native clergy who work with me—the Revs. H. P. Taua and M. Kapa—have followed the people into their out-of-the-way *kaingas*, which it was impossible for a single-handed missionary to reach. Others, again, are the children of

some who, at one time, were in connexion with another mission, but whom, for some reason, the missionaries of that society have not been able to visit for several years."

The reports from other districts, while regretting the mournful fact that "among the Maori population there is much scepticism, and much openly expressed disregard to religion," speak also of "an increasing attendance in many places on Sunday and daily worship;" and the Bishop of Wellington, writing of the Maories in his diocese, says: "There is now manifested a considerable desire to live in accordance with the rule of the Gospel." Scenes of drunkenness, of debauchery, of devilry,—the vices springing from a corrupt civilization,—pollute the land, and form a dark background from which the reviving Church stands out in bold relief. There is enough to try the faith and patience of the zealous missionary, but there is hope for the future. The two Protestant missions number about 13,000 regular hearers, of which 10,000 belong to the larger society; among these, the Episcopalians return nearly 2000 communicants, and the Wesleyans 400. These numbers are small, compared to those in the more palmy days of the mission history; they are, however, encouraging, when coupled with the fact that several stations, which were given up during the war, are now being resumed. Many are disposed glibly to talk about "smoothing the dying pillow of the Maori race." I rather look forward, and see a native Church, with its native ministry, leading tribe after tribe to the foot of the cross, and crowning Christ as

"LORD OF ALL."

PART IV.
Colonization.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY.

CAPTAIN COOK did not overlook the importance of New Zealand as a future colony of Great Britain, when he took formal possession of the country in the name of the King of England. He even pointed to the place he judged best fitted for the capital, which was on the bank of the Thames, not far from the present city of Auckland.

Colonizing schemes were formed by several persons, including amongst them the well-known Benjamin Franklin, but they came to nothing. In 1788, those islands were spoken of in the British Parliament as suitable for a penal settlement; but this was given up because of the savage character of the natives.

No systematic attempt was made till the year 1825. Then a company was formed in London, composed of influential men, and a capital of £20,000 was subscribed. An expedition was fitted out, and sixty emigrants were despatched under the command of Captain Herd. He effected the purchase of two islands on the Hauraki Gulf, and a tongue of land on the Hokianga: to the latter the name of the Captain was given, and it is still known as "Herd's Point." But owing to the ferocity of the Maories, the scheme was abandoned, and the formation of a colony deemed as hopeless.

Free from the restraints of any government, New Zealand offered a refuge to "the lawless and the disobedient." In a few years, as many as two thousand white persons were living in the country, including a populous settlement at Kororareka, in the Bay of Islands. Many of them were employed as sawyers in the forests, or as whalers or sealers on the coast; about a hundred and fifty were scattered among the tribes in the interior. Time had been when they would be treated as slaves, as were Rutherford and his companions; and the day was at hand when they would be despised for their low birth; but for a while they were held to be of value to the tribe which had the good fortune to own a *pakeha*. Dr. Thompson gives the following description of one of these men:—

"In 1852, when travelling to Taupo with Major Hume and Captain Cooper, of the 58th, we encountered a good specimen of this almost extinct class. His residence resembled a whaler's hut, and stood on the bank of a beautiful river, in the midst of a peach orchard. He welcomed us to his house, and told his native wife to prepare food for us. After we had finished our repast, he called five half-caste children forward, and to each gave a portion of the food remaining. When night closed in, we all sat round the fire, and the Pakeha Maori grew talkative under the influence of a glass of grog we gave him. We found he had been a sailor, once a man-of-war's man, and was wrecked, in 1828, at the mouth of the Waikato river; all hands but himself, on board the vessel, which was a Sydney trader, perished. With dread he approached a village, and lingered on its outskirts, until hunger conquered his terror of being eaten. Here food and kindness were bestowed upon him, and the villagers requested him to stay among them. Having no alternative, he consented. A wife was given to him from the house of a chief, food was regularly prepared for his sustenance, and he was required only to conduct the tribe's foreign trade. Firearms were then in very great demand, and conflicts frequently occurred, from which he kept aloof. The want of salt was his great misery; and he heard of the missionaries in the north, years before any of them visited the neighbourhood.

"Soon after the foundation of Auckland, his power and influence ceased, and he was obliged to cultivate food with his own hands, for the support of his family. In 1838 his first wife died, leaving him three boys and a girl; but he soon got another, the wife at his side, and the mother of the five younger children. He now lived by purchasing flax, rearing pigs, and curing bacon, which his son took to the Auckland market. He had no wish to change his life, as the savage world had treated him better than the civilized. Like many Pakeha Maories, he had no curiosity in passing events, and was indifferent about the future; and the sensual employments of eating and sleeping had obtained that ascendancy they invariably do over those who have no mental occupation. Next day we left the old man's house, and gladdened his wife's heart by giving each child a present. As our canoe was paddled up the river, the Pakeha Maori stood staring at us; and Major Hume said, when a bend of the river shut him out from our view, it was a painful thing to see a civilized man turned into a savage."

In 1838, there were some hundreds located at Kororareka: it was the resort of whale-ships. In that year it was visited by fifty-six American, twenty-three English, twenty-one French, one Bremen, twenty-four of New South Wales ships, and six coasters. Money was plentiful, and vice ran riot; lawlessness and crime led to the formation of a league for the administration of "Lynch law." Any law is better than none at all. One condition of the league was that every member should provide himself with a musket, a bayonet, a brace of pistols, a cutlass, and twenty rounds of ball cartridge.

As far back as 1833, James Busby, Esq., was appointed as British Resident to live at the Bay of Islands. But he was invested with no power but that of writing despatches. He was humorously styled "a man-of-war without guns." Soon after that, a national flag was given to the New Zealanders, which flag is now assumed by the "King" party. In 1838 a wild scheme was propounded: it was to establish an independent native

government; and the names of thirty-five chiefs were affixed to the document. It was sent to the King of England, with a request that he would be their patron and protector. There was at that time a fear that the French had a design on New Zealand, and the proclamation of that monomaniac, the Baron de Thierry, gave some colour to it. From the time of Marion's visit, the natives had a dislike to the French.

An irregular kind of colonization was going on, and the British Government saw the necessity of taking some steps to stay the growth of an irresponsible republic; yet nothing was done until after the New Zealand Company had sent out an expedition under the direction of their agent, Colonel Wakefield, for the purpose of forming settlements in Cook's Straits. A Select Committee, appointed by the House of Commons, met several times, and took ample evidence on the subject. The Government of the day did not wish to add to our colonial possessions, but the action of the Company compelled them to move. Captain Hobson, R.N., was ordered to New Zealand as Consul, and carried in his pocket his commission as Lieutenant-Governor, in case he could successfully treat with the native chiefs.

The character of the natives had become softened by the influence of Christianity; and therefore the attractions of the country would draw enterprising people to its shores, whether the Government assumed the sovereignty or not. A great change had come over the Maori tribes. Alive to the advantages of trade, they wished for the arrival of white men, notwithstanding the injustice and cruelty they had sometimes suffered at their hands. As one case in point, take this authentic but painful tale. In 1834, the barque *Harriet*, J. Guard,

master, and bound for Cloudy Bay, was wrecked at Taranaki. For six days, the shipwrecked crew were hospitably entertained by the natives. A quarrel then sprang up, from some unknown cause, and a conflict was the result. Twelve sailors and twenty-five natives were killed. Mr. and Mrs. Guard, their two children, and ten seamen, were made prisoners. Guard was allowed to depart, with some of the sailors, on the understanding that he was to return with powder, as a ransom for the rest. Guard reached Sydney, and told his story. The Government sent Her Majesty's ship *Alligator*, and a company of the 50th regiment, to rescue the prisoners. The captured sailors were given up when the ship arrived, and the natives were promised payment as soon as the woman and her children were released. The soldiers were landed, and formed in battle array on the beach. Two unarmed natives came down to meet them: one of them was the chief who had charge of Mrs. Guard and the children, and he rubbed noses with Guard in token of friendship. He told him that they were all well, and would be surrendered when the promised payment was forthcoming. On this, the officer in charge dragged the chief into the boat, and stabbed him with a bayonet. Afterwards, Mrs. Guard and one child were released, and the wounded chief restored to his friends. The other child was brought down to the strand on the shoulder of the chief who had fed it, and he wished to be allowed to take the child on board ship, in order to receive the promised ransom. He was told that none would be given, and he turned away. He had not gone many yards before he was shot, and the infant was taken from the agonizing grasp of the dying man, to whom it clung as to a friend. The dead man's head

was then cut off, and kicked about the sand. Mrs. Guard identified it as the head of their best friend! The ship's guns, and the soldiers, opened fire: two villages were destroyed, several canoes were smashed, and many natives were killed. It was well said that this affair was more like an attack of furious buccaneers than an expedition of His Majesty's forces.

The missionaries have been charged as violent opponents of colonization; but this is a false accusation. They were opposed to a lawless occupancy of the country, but they gave all their influence in favour of Captain Hobson's mission; and, according to his own testimony, were the means of his success. Certainly he could not have succeeded if the missionaries had set themselves against him.

The New Zealand Company was very powerful in England: they sent out as fine a body of colonists as ever left the shores of Britain. Colonel Wakefield arrived, in the *Tory*, on the 20th of September, 1839; and was soon followed by several large ships filled with passengers, many of whom were doomed to sorrow. A month had not elapsed before a prospectus was published, offering for sale 50,000 acres of land in New Zealand. At that time the Company had not a valid title to a single acre. To redeem their pledge, Colonel Wakefield was anxious to acquire territory. "From the ship's deck he inquired, through Barrett, an old whaler, the names of such and such points; and then asked the natives if they would sell all their headlands, rivers, coasts, etc.; to which question they said, Yes." In this random way, the Agent bought, as he supposed, a tract of country as large as Ireland, for which he gave in goods the value of £9000; and, ten days after his

arrival, he hoisted the New Zealand flag, and took possession of Port Nicholson, under a royal salute, the natives joining in a war-dance.

Unfortunately for the settlers, who soon arrived, the twenty millions of acres had been bought from only fifty-eight natives, while thousands had a vested right in the same, and were no parties to the bargain. This led to delay, to disappointment, to danger. The settlements of Nelson, Wanganui, and New Plymouth followed; and all under the same grievous disadvantage. Disputes arose between the colonists and the natives, for the settlement of which there was no tribunal but that of might, and this was on the side of the latter. Those disputes produced bloodshed, and it took years to adjust the conflicting claims.

CHAPTER II.

TREATY OF WAITANGI.

IT was on January 29th, 1840, that Captain Hobson arrived in the Bay of Islands. His staff consisted of a treasurer, collector of customs, police magistrate, two clerks, a sergeant, and four troopers.

It was a delicate task before him. He had first to acquire, and then to exercise, the Queen's sovereignty. In the face of a host of armed warriors, every one of whom was tenacious of his landed rights to the last degree, it is no wonder that he felt how weak he was. If their suspicions should be aroused, failure was sure. How to proceed was not an easy question.

By the motley group at Kororareka, the Consul was loyally received. Two commissions were publicly read on the beach: one of them, under the Great Seal, extending the limits of New South Wales so as to include New Zealand; and the other under the Royal Signet, appointing Captain Hobson Lieutenant-Governor over such parts as might be added to Her Majesty's dominions. Five days afterwards, a conference of native chiefs was held at the Waitangi (weeping water). A large marquee, bright with bunting, was erected. The meeting was attended by the British Resident, the Government officers, and those of the *Herald*, by several of the missionaries, and the principal European inhabit-

ants. A document was laid before the Assembly which is known as the famous Treaty of Waitangi. It contained three articles: the *first*, ceding to the Queen all the rights and powers of sovereignty over the whole territory of New Zealand; the *second*, guaranteeing to the chiefs and their tribes all territorial rights, subject to the exclusive right of pre-emption, on behalf of the Crown, to such lands as they might dispose of and alienate; the *third*, binding Her Majesty to extend to the natives of New Zealand her royal protection, and to give them all the rights and privileges of British subjects.

By six of the chiefs a stout opposition was offered, while twenty spoke in favour of the Treaty. By their eloquence the objectors seemed likely to prevail; but the scale was turned by a powerful speech from Walker Nene: as there was much excitement, an adjournment for twenty-four hours was agreed to. The next day, forty-six chiefs signed the Treaty. Captain Hobson visited Hokianga, where upwards of two thousand natives received him cordially. Agents were sent to other parts of the country, and within six months, five hundred and twelve names were appended to that State document. The legal difficulty being now out of the way, the Queen could assert her rule, with the approval of the State lawyers. The Proclamation was issued on May 21st, 1840; and on the South Island on June 17th. In the latter place this was not done a day too soon.

The *Compte de Paris*, a French immigrant ship, arrived at Akaroa under the escort of the frigate *L'Aube*, with fifty-seven settlers, who were to be followed by others. Captain Stanley, of H.M.S. *Britomart*, who had been sent by Captain Hobson to watch the Frenchman, arrived there, only just in time to protest against the

landing of six 24-pounders, mounted on field carriages. An English magistrate was located; and Captain Lavard, of *L'Aube*, admitted that the immigrants were French settlers in an English colony. Thus narrowly was the occupation of the South Island by the French, prevented. The French Bishop and his clergy used all the influence they could command, against Captain Hobson's mission.

We may doubt whether any of the assignors had a clear idea of the "rights and privileges" of British subjects; but they all understood that their title to the lands was confirmed by the Treaty. One of them said, "The shadow of the land goes to Queen Victoria, but the substance remains with us." It has by many been called a farce,—condemned, laughed at; but recognizing, as it does, the territorial rights of the natives, it may be regarded as their *Magna Charta*.

When Captain Hobson read his commission on the Kororareka beach, two proclamations were published: the first asserted Her Majesty's authority over all British subjects in New Zealand; the second declared that all purchases of land from the natives, excepting by the Crown, would from that date be illegal. That proclamation contained the germ of all the future troubles.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST GOVERNOR.

AT first, New Zealand was a dependency of the colony of New South Wales; but in May, 1841, its independence was proclaimed, and Captain Hobson was the first Governor of the new colony. His career was short and stormy: he died of paralysis, in the forty-ninth year of his age, September 10th, 1842. He was a man of a highly sensitive nature; and his health was feeble when he came. Keenly alive to hostile criticism, he fretted himself under the anxieties of his position. His general policy was approved by the home Government; but he was not made of the stuff whereby a man is proof against the spite of enemies.

The seat of Government was fixed at a place called Russell, in the Bay of Islands. This is at the mouth of the Kawakawa river. It was bought from Captain Clendon for £15,000; but as it was soon found to be unsuitable, a site was secured on the Waitemata, which may be compared to Corinth for commerce, and to Naples for beauty. The British flag was hoisted at Auckland on September 19th, 1840; and in the January following, the Lieutenant-Governor took up his abode there. The first sale of Crown lands was held in April, and forty-one town lots were sold, at the average price of £595 each.

The removal of the seat of Government from the Bay of Islands vexed the inhabitants, both European and Maori. At Wellington, a provisional government was formed in the interests of "peace and order." This the Governor construed into an act of rebellion, and he sent Lieutenant W. Shortland, with thirty soldiers, to put it down. Previous mutterings of a coming storm had led to an urgent appeal to Sydney for troops, and two companies of the 80th Regiment had arrived at the Bay.

The choice of Auckland for the capital gave umbrage to the New Zealand Company: they claimed for Wellington the preference. Contention ran high between Colonel Wakefield and Captain Hobson. It was said that their "despatches to their respective authorities were not unlike the advertisements of rival shopkeepers, each praising his own settlement." Everything done by the Governor was wrong in the eyes of the Company's Agent.

Auckland was reduced to a state of bankruptcy: it lacked a sufficiency of land for the purpose of settlement. Misled by the opinion that the natives were dying so fast, that their lands would soon become Crown property for nothing, Captain Hobson did not care to purchase from them. The Aucklanders petitioned for his recall, because he did not secure territory; and the Wellingtonians begged he might be relieved, because they said he misrepresented them.

The local newspapers kept him in a perpetual fever. At Auckland, a public meeting was called to consider the state of the colony. An address of congratulation to the Queen on the birth of a princess, was made the occasion of personal annoyance to the poor Governor:

he sank under a load of mingled grief, vexation, and disappointment. Irritable in temper, Captain Hobson was an upright man. He did not use his public position for his personal profit; and this, to their praise, may be also said of all his successors. He was respected by the natives. Asking for a new Governor, they said, "Let him be a good man,—like this one who has just died."

Two events happened, during Captain Hobson's administration, which deserve notice. The first was the execution of a young chief of high rank, for murder. This was Maketu. He was only seventeen years of age. He was employed by a widow lady, Mrs. Robertson, who lived on an island near Kororareka, with three children and a European servant. Stung by an insult from the servant, Maketu split his skull while he was asleep, and then killed Mrs. Robertson and the children, and fired the house. He then paddled, in a canoe, to his father's village, and related what he done. Immense excitement followed this tragic act. The murderer was delivered for trial, and taken to Auckland. There was no legal evidence against him, apart from his own confession.

The court was crowded with natives. They were at a loss to understand why a legal gentleman should defend the prisoner. "What is this for?" asked one of them; "you know he is guilty, as well as we do, and yet you appoint a man, who knows nothing of the matter, to persuade the judge that he is not guilty." He was sentenced to be hung, and it was carried into effect. The natives allowed the justice of the sentence, but demurred at the mode of its execution: they regarded hanging as a cold-blooded act. The night

before his death, he heard the sound of hammers : asking, "What is that noise?" he was told it was by the carpenters, who were preparing his "house of death." He burst into tears; but suddenly dashing them aside, he asked for a pipe, and was as composed as before.

To find a hangman was very difficult; nor was the man known who fulfilled that office. The poor fellow even assisted to hang himself, by adjusting the rope, which had been put round his neck by some one behind a temporary screen; and then, stepping boldly on the drop, he was launched into eternity. Numbers of his countrymen were present to witness the novel and awful scene. The murderer was calm—the spectators agitated. When the rope was put round his neck, a low sound of horror ran through the crowd; and as the drop fell, a loud, deep expiration, like that which ends a war-song, burst from them.

Some months afterwards, the father of the unhappy youth was permitted, in the dead of night, to exhume his son's body. The bones were scraped, and then tied together with the ligaments: the skeleton was taken to the Bay, and laid in the ancestral burial-place. On that sad occasion, the father composed the subjoined lament:—

"O my son!

I may ne'er forget thee. Thou art gone
Far hence, for the deep springs of fatherly
Affection are bubbling now, and the mind
Seems all bewildered—o'ertaken by a storm.
I fed thee with the fish which line the rocks
Along the ocean shore, and taught thee how to meet
the enemy.

O my son, I used to press thee to my breast.
Yes, Maketu, that child whom priests
Baptized in the fast-flowing stream.

Stay, my son. It was a day of life
When the people came in companies,
When the birds and other dainties were set
Before them. How now?
Ah, do not look upon my bird* with scorn,
So it is newly fledged, and comes from
That noble one, Whara-Whara the Great.
And when its death is known, the grandsons
Of famed Taingahue will come from
Distant places. Here are thy lines ;
O'er those I weep, and then I place
Thy hooks within a basket as a memorial
Of my lost one.
My son, thy name was scarcely known ;
Thou wert but a stripling, and yet
Thy hands have touched another's treasures.
Thy sires, Pehi and Te Ngatata, were great
And wise : then how hast thou become
Acquainted with Whiro, the god of plunder ? ”

The other case was that of the last known act of cannibalism in the land. The old chief Taraia lived on the river Thames. He received an insulting message from the Tauranga tribe. With a number of braves, he started up the river, and crossed the mountains which lie between the Thames and Tauranga, bent on vengeance. They surprised a pah, and killed three chiefs, one woman, and a child. The bodies of two of the dead chiefs, Te Whanake and Peko, they roasted and ate ; but took their heads away with them. Coming down the river, they stopped, one night, at a Christian settlement. They rang the bell, and caricatured the Christian service. One of them, putting out his tongue at the Christian natives, and throwing wide his arms, cried out, “ When will Christ your God come to save those of you

* Pet name for a beloved child.

who have been cooked in the oven?" At Taraia's own village there was a church and a few believers: when they were at their evening prayers, Taraia rolled the two chiefs' heads into the midst of them, and in other ways insulted them.

The Executive Council wished to use the moral power of the Government to suppress such outrageous conduct. Orders were given for the soldiers at Auckland to embark in the Government brig and seize Taraia. He, hearing of their intention, wrote to the Governor, saying that he had no right to interfere in a purely native quarrel, and that in doing so matters would be made worse. It was deemed prudent to delay action, and to send missionaries instead of soldiers. As far as known, no cannibalism was perpetrated after that year, 1842.

CHAPTER IV.

GOVERNOR FITZROY.

ON the death of Captain Hobson, the Government was assumed by Mr. W. Shortland, the Colonial Secretary. He ruled by proclamations. It was in his day that a thrill of horror went through the whole colony by the tale of the "Wairau massacre." The case was this. In the province of Nelson there is a large valley called the Wairau. Colonel Wakefield claimed it for the Company, but the natives denied having sold it. Men were sent to survey the valley: Te Rauparaha and Rangihaeata regarded that as taking possession. They burned the surveyors' huts, but carefully preserved all their property from harm. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the chiefs; and Mr. Thompson, the police magistrate, eight gentlemen, and forty armed men, volunteered to execute it. They went in the colonial brig. As they landed, Rawiri Puaha, a Christian chief, entreated them not to go armed; but they gave no heed to his warning. After a march of six miles, they came upon Rauparaha, who had a hundred men with him, in a camp chosen with skill for defence or retreat. There was a deep stream in front, and a dense scrub in rear. For some time there was a war of words: the magistrate said he had come to seize Rauparaha; the latter refused to become a prisoner unless by force. He

said the burnt huts were his own property: he did not want to fight, but wished the dispute to be referred to the Land Commissioner.

While this was going on, Puahu read aloud passages from the New Testament, and begged both parties to keep the peace. A rush was made to seize Rauparaha. A musket was fired by one of the white men; the natives returned it, and a running fight ensued. Several of the settlers had fallen, when the others fled. Five gentlemen and four of the men, who refused to run, surrendered themselves to Rauparaha. But Rangihaeata had lost his wife in the conflict: his blood was hot; and, red-handed, he tomahawked all the prisoners.

In this painful affair twenty-two settlers were killed; thirteen fell in fighting, and nine were murdered. Only five natives lost their lives. Among the slain were H. A. Thompson, Esq., police magistrate; Captain Wakefield, brother to Colonel Wakefield; G. Richardson, Esq., Crown Prosecutor, Nelson; and Captain England, late of the 12th Regiment.

After all was over, the natives crossed the Straits in their canoes, and took up a position at Otaki, awaiting the revenge on which they calculated. Te Rauparaha held up a pair of felon's handcuffs, taken from the police magistrate, which he said were intended for his wrists; and at the sight of them the natives were greatly enraged.

The Rev. Samuel Ironside visited the scene of carnage from Cloudy Bay, where he was stationed; and he interred seventeen dead bodies. The land became *tapu*, and has been set apart as a site for a church and burial-ground.

This event produced a profound sensation,—a panic

among the settlers, and a triumph among the Maories. They were masters of the field. Major Richmond was sent to Wellington with a detachment of fifty-three soldiers; and a company of the 80th arrived from Tasmania in the *North Star*. The Cook's Straits settlers called upon the Governor to hang Rauparaha and Rangihaeata; but this was not to be done so readily. The police magistrates refused to issue warrants for their arrest, and Chief Justice Martin objected to give a bench warrant because difficult legal questions were involved. Some unpaid Nelson magistrates signed warrants for the seizure of the culprits, but no one would serve them. Meanwhile, they declared they would massacre every one in the colony, should one of their kindred suffer for their deeds.

This tragedy was a heavy blow to the young colony: it completely stopped immigration; and to aggravate the case, a severe financial depression set in at the same time: the revenue decreased, the expenditure was large, the treasury empty. An attempt to borrow £15,000 in Sydney, at fifteen per cent., was a failure; and bills on the Lords of the Treasury were dishonoured.

It was at this crisis that Captain Fitzroy, R.N., landed at Auckland, in December, 1843. Stepping ashore, he said aloud, to a crowd of about fifty persons, "I am come among you to do you all the good I can." And in so saying he was sincere. - But he failed, by a temporizing policy, which can never succeed with a barbarous people: respect for authority must precede obedience. A levée was held at Government House, when two addresses were presented by the natives: in one, they complained that they were not allowed to sell their land; in the other, of the high price of tobacco.

It was the first duty of the new Governor to go to Cook's Straits, in a ship of war, and inquire into the late fatal affray ; but, wishing to do right, he showed great want of tact. At Wellington his levée was well attended, The two races complained bitterly of each other. He was annoyed by an address, which reflected on the Government, for the delay in bringing the turbulent natives to trial ; and was betrayed into a hasty expression of his feelings. At Nelson he publicly rebuked the magistrates who signed the warrants for the arrest of the two chiefs. Thus he exasperated the colonists, whose minds had been already inflamed by what had been done.

He went across the Straits, and met Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, in the presence of five hundred Maories and twelve Europeans. They evinced no fear, but justified their conduct : the Europeans were the aggressors, and they had violated no native law by killing their prisoners. Rauparaha was the spokesman ; and when he finished, there was silence for half an hour. They were told that they had done a horrible crime in murdering men who had surrendered ; but as the English were the first to attack, he (the Governor) would not avenge their death. What could he do ? Had he resolved otherwise, he had no power to enforce his threats. But he would have upheld the dignity of his office had he demanded the cession of the disputed valley, as the price of blood ; and this would have been in harmony with Maori law and usage. As it was, the Governor's clemency was ascribed to cowardice. " He is afraid of me," said Rauparaha, laughing.

The moral influence of this outrage, and its unqualified condonation, was bad : the prestige of the white man was gone. The Maories were disposed to domineer ;

and, for the sake of peace, the Governor made further concessions. A money payment was substituted for imprisonment, in cases of theft by Maories. Custom imposts were remitted at the Bay of Islands; the restriction on land-selling had been an irritant, and now Crown grants were to be given to purchasers, on the payment of a penny per acre. At Taranaki the settlers had come into collision with the freed slaves: they had driven off the latter from their farms; but after the Wairau disaster, they returned in greater force, and, jeering at the authorities, took possession of the lands in dispute.

Mr. Spain had been sent from England, as Commissioner, to examine the claims of the New Zealand Company on the spot. After a patient inquiry, he decided that sixty thousand acres had been fairly purchased at Taranaki. While he was engaged in this investigation, a battle was fought at Oruru, in the north, by contending tribes, arising out of a similar case. The chief Nopera sold to the Government some land from which he had been ejected fifty years before: the conquerors were in possession of the soil, and denied his right to dispose of it. An appeal was made to arms: forty lives were lost, and the Government had to repurchase from the occupants, before they could have it. The cases were parallel, except on one point—in Taranaki, the victors had not occupied the conquered territory. Captain Fitzroy would have been right in awarding a further payment to the claimants; but he acted unfairly, as well as unwisely, in reversing Mr. Spain's verdict, by reducing the award to three thousand five hundred acres. Not only were the settlers riled, but the spirit of exaction was fed in the Maori mind, and the ground was widened for future strife and trouble.

At Wellington and the Hutt, Mr. Spain's decision was resisted by Rauparaha and others, and violence and bloodshed were the result. In the north, dissatisfaction culminated in Heke's war; then came the destruction of Kororareka, the defeat of our troops, and the panic at Auckland. Anxiety was awakened lest the natives should make common cause against the whites; Captain Fitzroy was placed in special difficulties. There was the general discontent in the native mind—the want of money and troops—and the persistent enmity of the New Zealand Company. His policy was a weak one—that of vacillation. It was, however, unfortunate for him that he was recalled just when “the sinews of war” were at hand. “The darkest hour is before the dawn.” Affairs had come to extremities, but those extremities brought the needed relief, in the forms of grants of money, and large bodies of troops. Captain Fitzroy has been described as “the man that lost Kororareka, but who saved New Zealand.”

CHAPTER V.

GOVERNOR GREY.

CAPTAIN GREY was appointed to supersede Captain Fitzroy. He arrived in November, 1845. He repaired to the Bay of Islands, and carried on the war with vigour. Calling together the Legislative Council, he passed an ordinance to prevent the natives from buying arms and ammunition: that was a wise measure. He found the colony £70,000 in debt, with £37,000 debentures in circulation, and the current expenditure exceeding the income by £23,000. The native belligerents were suffering from want of supplies; they saw that, while their forces decreased, the soldiers increased: still they would not sue for peace.

They garrisoned Ruapekapeka, a strong fort 16 miles inland: it measured 170 yards by 70, and had two rows of palisades, three feet apart, composed of timbers 12 to 20 inches in diameter, and 15 feet out of the ground. A ditch was dug between the palisades, and the earth thrown up behind to form a parapet. It was defended by 500 men. We brought against it a force of 1173 European and 450 native allies. To get them to the camp took nine days, and another nine days before the guns could be brought into position, because of the difficult character of the forest intervening. Our men had three 32-pounders, one 18-pounder, and seven brass

guns and rocket tubes. I could hear the booming of the cannon at my station.

The attack was opened on December 31st: after ten days' cannonading, two small breaches were made. Sunday came: to avoid exposure to the shot, the garrison retired to the forest, in the rear, for worship. Taking advantage of their absence, the besiegers entered the fort, and captured it, with the loss of thirteen killed and thirty wounded. Soon after the fall of Ruapekapeka, Heke and Kawiti wrote submissive letters to the Governor, and asked for peace. An unconditional pardon was granted to all, and the war, which began in July, 1844, ended in January, 1846.

The moral effect of this victory was most favourable throughout all the northern tribes; but in the south clouds were gathering. The refusal of Rauparaha and Rangihaeata to abide by Mr. Spain's award, was bringing forth fruit. In the Hutt, seventeen settlers were plundered, and three hundred soldiers were marched thither, under Colonel Hulme. For nine months there was a guerilla warfare: several settlers were murdered. One morning very early, a party of soldiers was surprised by seventy natives. A boy-bugler, called Allen, while sounding the alarm, was struck on his right arm with a tomahawk: he seized the horn at once with his left hand, and blew a blast which aroused his sleeping comrades, before another blow laid him dead.

The settlers were insecure and alarmed; Rauparaha became a pretended ally, but he was a secret enemy. The Governor resolved to capture him. Landing at his pah before daylight, July 23, 1846, with a hundred and thirty armed men, he secured the old warrior, and carried him a prisoner on board the ship. Rangihaeata

fled to the Horokiwi valley : he was pursued, but escaped with his followers, by flight. Some prisoners were tried by court-martial, and one of them, called Martin Luther, was hung. The justice and expediency of this execution were both open to grave question.

A great number of natives were taken into employment in road-making—in every way more profitable than fighting. They worked side by side with the soldiers, and they fraternized together. But the war spirit was not extinct; Rangihaeata, with his restless followers, wandered among the Wanganui and Taupo tribes, and made their minds evil affected. Their passions were stirred, and on March 19th, 1847, they murdered a soldier, and attacked the town of Wanganui. A desultory fight was kept up, with occasional casualties, till February, 1845, when the natives sued for peace. Mr. Gilfillan, a solitary settler, six miles from the town, with his wife and four children, were barbarously murdered, as payment for a native, who had been accidentally shot through the cheek by a young midshipman. Five of the murderers were caught by friendly natives: they were tried by court-martial; four of them were hung, and the fifth was pardoned because of his extreme youth. This was the pretext for the fighting which was now ended.

Captain Grey was knighted in 1848, and two native chiefs, Walker Nene and Te Puni, were his chosen squires. Dr. Thompson says: "Sir G. Grey deserved both the civil and military decorations, for he accompanied the soldiers in all their expeditions against the natives; he virtually commanded the troops, and was justly charged with carrying the spirit of peace into the councils of war—an honourable accusation, and a wise policy between trained soldiers and savages."

In 1846, an Act passed both Houses of Parliament, to make further provision for the better government of New Zealand. By this charter the colony was to have a Governor-in-Chief, and to be divided into two or more provinces, each having a Lieutenant-Governor, an Executive Council, and a House of Representatives. It was to begin in January, 1848. The limits of the provinces of New Ulster and New Munster were defined. Sir G. Grey was appointed Governor-in-Chief; George Eyre, Lieutenant-Governor of New Munster; and Major-General Pitt, K.H., Lieutenant-Governor of New Ulster. With this charter, Her Majesty granted a seal to the colony: it is that of a New Zealander with his war-dress and spear, and a European clothed in an official robe: a cross and scales, as symbols of religion and justice. This charter disfranchised the Maories who could not "read or write English." But it was also accompanied with a despatch from Lord Grey, declaring that savage peoples have no right in property in land they do not occupy, thereby annulling the Waitangi Treaty. The publication of this despatch created a strong impression. The natives were excited; the colonists were concerned. Many chiefs wrote to the Queen; the missionaries remonstrated; the Chief Justice showed the illegality of the doctrine propounded; and a numerous signed address was sent to Her Majesty, against the intended usurpation of Maori territory. The effect of this powerful and general appeal was to draw from Lord Grey a declaration, that the Treaty of Waitangi was to be observed.

The Governor delayed to bring the charter into operation, because of its unfairness to the natives. Ministers admitted the force of his objection, and obtained an Act

giving to the Governor the power of granting, or withholding, representative institutions upon any basis suitable to the colony. The suspension of the charter caused great dissatisfaction in the colony, and made the Governor very unpopular. A successful agitation was put in motion. In 1852 an Act was passed, to give representative government to the colony. The country was divided into six provinces, with an elective Council for each, and two Houses of Representatives for the whole colony—one nominated, the other elected. It was a liberal Act, both races being now equal in the eyes of the constitution. It was proclaimed in 1853. In the same year the several Provincial Councils were assembled, by their respective Superintendents; but the General Assembly was not called together until after Sir G. Grey had left the colony.

For eight years, Sir George had administered the Government with marked ability, if not always with popularity. He had acquired great personal influence with the natives. He did a good work in establishing schools, hostelries, etc., for their benefit. For the Resident Magistrates Act, and the collection of their songs and legends, great praise is due to him. He planted several military settlements of old pensioners, as a cordon around Auckland, which was a wise measure. His departure was generally regretted by the Maories, and testimonials and addresses were poured in upon him in large numbers. But he was not trusted by all. He failed to leave behind him any political institutions suited to the peculiar condition of the natives; and therefore his influence ceased with his presence among them.

CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL BROWNE.

THE Government was administered by Colonel Wynyard, who was at that time the Superintendent of the Auckland province, until Sir G. Grey's successor arrived. He called together the House of Representatives on May 24th, 1854. After three days' debate, an address was agreed to, with only one dissentient, asking the acting Governor to establish a responsible Government. Difficulties arose,—an angry correspondence followed,—a scene of violent disorder was enacted in the House,—a message from His Excellency prorogued the Assembly for a fortnight. It met again on the 31st of August, and was again prorogued on the 16th of September. A mixed responsible Government was the result of the two sessions.

Serious news came from Taranaki: Governor Fitzroy's mistaken policy was bearing fruit. The liberated slaves, finding the lands they had lost by conquest, restored to them by the British Government, came in larger numbers to occupy some of the richest country in New Zealand. In 1848, William King, the Ngatiawa chief, with six hundred followers, migrated from Otaki, and took possession of the south bank of the Waitara river, ten miles from the town of New Plymouth. They grew rich: in 1854, they owned 150 horses, 300 head of cattle, 40

carts, 35 ploughs, 20 pairs of harrows, 3 winnowing machines, and 10 wooden houses. They began to place a high value on their land. The produce of the soil met all their wants, so they needed not to sell territory. The Crown could not buy an acre. "The money," the natives said, "is soon gone, but the land remains." An anti-land-selling league was formed. But there was one tribe, that of Rawiri Waiaua, who did not join it. This chief was a salaried assessor, and he made up his mind to sell to the Government, some of his patrimony. He took with him twenty-six men to cut the boundary line. Katatore, one of the chiefs of the league, told him to desist, but he would not. Thereupon, in open day, and within sound of the church bells, a volley was fired, killing seven and wounding ten of Rawiri's party. Among the slain was Rawiri himself. This onslaught led to a native war, which lasted more than two years: about sixty lives were lost. The settlers were not molested, but, fearing lest they should be, a body of troops was sent for their protection,—not to take any part in the contest between the natives. Colonel Wynyard adopted a neutral policy. It would, perhaps, have been wiser had he used the troops to arrest Katatore for his murderous act. An equally foul murder was afterwards inflicted on Katatore himself; but having declined to interfere in the case of Rawiri, who was an officer of the Government, the Governor could do nothing in that of Katatore, who was a murderer. Still the Land League was kept up in full force.

Colonel Gore Browne, C.B., arrived at Auckland on the 6th September, 1855. He had been Governor of St. Helena. The colony was, upon the whole, in a prosperous state: it sent home £9000 to the Crimean

Fund. After a personal visit to the several provinces, the new Governor convened the General Assembly at Auckland, and announced the principle of responsible government, excepting only so far as the management of the aborigines was concerned.

With an anxious desire to do right, Colonel Browne trusted too much to the judgment of his advisers, too little to his own,—that is, in native matters. He made two mistakes: one was, that of relaxing the “Arms and Ammunition” ordinance. By this measure, he put it in the power of the Maories to get large supplies of warlike stores. According to official returns, they spent more than £50,000 in this way, during the next three years. They were in a state of unrest: a widespread fear of the ulterior object of the Government prevailed. The time for gaining their hearty allegiance had passed away, in culpable neglect: not only had a Land League been formed, and an intertribal war kept up for two years, through the murder of Rawiri, but a king was being elected by some powerful tribes. There was danger of a conflict, and this was hastened by the premature purchase of six hundred acres of land at the Waitara.

The Governor visited New Plymouth in 1859. In an interview with a number of natives, he publicly declared that, while those who refused to sell their land should be supported in holding it, yet if any wished to sell, no one should be allowed to hinder such sale; and that he was ready to buy on their showing a good title. A man named Teira (Taylor) offered six hundred acres. William King denied his right to do so. After some months’ investigation of Teira’s title, it was said to be good, and the bargain was made, £200 being paid “on account.” The Governor had laid down a

sound principle, but, as it afterwards appeared, it did not apply in this case, and the results were most unfortunate.

Surveyors were sent to mark the boundaries, but William King resisted them. He and his followers were prepared for any action, but resolved not to strike the first blow. In order to avoid collision, he sent women to pull up the pegs as fast as they were put down, and then the men broke the chain. The survey party had to leave. A letter was sent to William King, giving him twenty-four hours to offer an apology, and to promise that he would not again oppose the survey. His reply was that he did not wish to fight, but he would not permit the survey to take place.

Martial law was proclaimed on the 22nd of February, 1860. Many of the country settlers, moved with fear, forsook their farms, and came into the little town, which was soon crowded to excess: even churches and chapels were turned into lodging-houses. Not a few died of disease, engendered by overcrowding: it was but the foretaste of the miseries of war. Most of the sufferers had laboured very hard for many years, and now had to abandon the fruit of their labour. It was a sad day for them when, from the top of their loads of baggage, they gave a last look at their rural homes, where the peach-trees were laden with fruit, and the flower-beds scented the air. The cattle, horses, and sheep were quietly grazing in the fields; and the cows, milked for the last time, were contentedly chewing the cud. These scenes of plenty and beauty were now to be exchanged for the tumult and danger of the camp.

The order to move the troops to Waitara was given on Sunday, 4th March, and before daylight the next

morning, was put into execution. The survey was renewed under the protection of the troops. Returning on the morrow, they found that the stakes had been pulled up and burnt; and a pah was built across the road, on the border of the contested block. Matters were now forced to extremities; the artillery opened fire, to which the natives replied with small-arms: the war was begun. Several battles were fought, with indecisive results, and serious loss of life on both sides. The natives scoured and devastated the country, and the settlers were cooped up within the narrow limits of the town. An assault was feared. The following is the testimony of an eye-witness:—

“We have stood on Barrack Hill, within the entrenchments, and with painful feelings looked at the destruction of costly and beautiful homesteads by fire, in the middle of the day, within one mile of the town, while their owners and their neighbours could easily have driven off the incendiaries, had they been permitted to move. Murders were repeatedly committed within the same distance of the garrison. Through a mistaken policy, or a dishonourable fear, the suburbs of New Plymouth were open to marauding parties; and we have heard the alarm sounded in the middle of the day, while the shops were closed, by request of military officers, the trenches manned, and the streets lined with troops, cannon pointed, and the gunners standing by, ready to fire them at a moment's signal,—while a company of a hundred men could, with ease, have driven off all the rebels whose presence and practices caused so much disturbance. It will scarcely be credited, yet it is true, that the Maories deliberately yoked the bullocks, at the suburban farmsteads, loaded the carts with articles most valuable to them, and drove them to their *kaingas*; and we must further state, that one night they burnt an extensive range of raupo buildings, erected by the troops as temporary barracks, *within the precincts of the town*, though at a little distance from the most populous part—*nemine contradicente*. If these things be fairly considered, it will not be thought surprising that the inhabitants of New Plymouth felt a relief when, on August 3, Colonel Gold was superseded by the arrival of General Pratt, to take command of the war.”

But the state of things did not much improve under General Pratt. At the Peach Grove, seventeen hundred men were seized with panic and put to flight, by a volley from forty-one Maories. Although the General did little, he was a brave old veteran : he never spared himself but took his fair share of exposure. When he was succeeded by General Cameron, he left for Melbourne with the esteem of all the people, and many presents from the native allies.

A contingent from the Waikato tribes entered the strife, but without authority from the "King." William King had now joined the "King" party, and placed himself and Waitara in the hands of Tamihana Tarapipi ; whereupon that chief wrote to the Governor, proposing that hostilities should cease, and that the case be transmitted to the Queen's Council in England,—both parties to agree that they would submit to their decision. On the 21st May, 1861, he obtained a truce. The Waikato contingent having sustained heavy loss, returned home. Governor Browne now called upon the natives to make submission, and take the oath of allegiance. Very few did so.

The Governor made known his intention to invade Waikato, although he had no doubt that the first shot fired would be the signal for a general rising. There were then three thousand troops in the colony. The unfortunate results of the Waitara campaign had the effect of spreading sympathy with the insurgents among other tribes. To a deputation of settlers that waited on him, His Excellency said they must defend themselves, for "war is not made of rose-water."

Before this time, Mr. Fenton had been stationed in Waikato for the purpose of promoting law, order, and

industry. His prospects of success were cut off by his being hastily withdrawn. The Governor had attended a large meeting at Rangariri, in 1857, to consider the question of "Kingism." After the lull in the war at Taranaki, he called together a large conference of native chiefs at Kohimarama, near Auckland; but all these things came to nothing.

The Waikato natives having persisted in the appointment of a king, having interfered in the conflict at Taranaki, and having given some reason to suspect a design upon Auckland, he resolved now to take the war into the heart of their territory. Had he done so (although supported by a large majority in the Assembly), he would, perhaps, have opened the way to fearful disasters. But from this he was happily prevented. A change in the Ministry took place, and the new Cabinet did not approve of the invasion: they had, however, no power to prevent it, as the Governor only was responsible for native affairs. But the home Government, finding the position of the colony so serious, gave the reins into other hands. They requested Sir G. Grey, then Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, to return to New Zealand. A despatch was received by Colonel Browne, expressive of confidence in him, with many complimentary words, and informing him that he would be relieved from his difficult post. Governor Browne had gained the personal esteem of a large body of the colonists; nor did he want the respect of the natives. They found fault with his acts, but honoured him as a straightforward man, who did not deceive them.

CHAPTER VII.

SIR GEORGE GREY.

SO far, the war had settled nothing. About two hundred of our soldiers had been killed; New Plymouth was all but destroyed; Kingism was rife, and ready to appeal to arms. There was peace, but it was a hollow peace: the fire only smouldered; it was not put out. In the event of war in Waikato, the settlers, warned by the experience of Taranaki, trembled for their unprotected homes. When Sir G. Grey arrived, in September, 1861, there was a breathing time; hope was revived; the hatchet might be buried. The new Governor came with no common prestige: his mission was not war, but peace: his advent was hailed as the morning light; and if any man could have restored the confidence of the disaffected tribes, it was he. But it was too late. Had the measures he now initiated been taken in time, there would have been no war. Years of woeful neglect were working out their results. It was easy to evoke the evil spirit; not so to allay it.

The attitude of the Taranaki natives was hostile, while the powerful Waikatos had thrown off their allegiance, and chosen a "king" of their own. To conciliate them was important,—not merely on account of their number, their intelligence, their influence, but because of their proximity to Auckland. With all their personal respect

for the Governor, they were sharp enough to detect his diplomatic genius, and listened to his overtures, not without mistrust. Comparing him with his predecessor, they were wont to say that the latter was like the hawk which hovered overhead, and, though a bird of prey, could be always seen; while the plans of his successor were not so evident; and he was like a rat which worked underground, so that it could not be told where it went in, or where it would come out. This feeling was strengthened by an unfortunate expression about Kingism, when he told them that he would not fight against it, but would dig around its roots until it fell.

Sir George soon found that he had taken upon himself a huge task. Governor Browne had threatened Waikato with war, if they did not give up their king. They firmly but peacefully refused. The new Governor said he would not make war: still they held fast to their king. He was in a dilemma.

A new policy was framed. Civil institutions were to extinguish the war spirit. The whole Maori territory was divided into twenty districts: an English Commissioner was to preside over each one. There was a subdivision into hundreds, and two native magistrates, a warder, and five constables, were to be appointed for each hundred. The magistrates were to receive from the Government salaries ranging from £30 to £50, the warder £30, and the constables £10, together with a suit of uniform every year. The magistrates were to form the district *Runanga*, or council, over which the Commissioner would preside. The Assembly had invested the Governor and his executive with power to make by-laws for these native districts.

Sir George Grey showed his wonted energy in seeking to make the new *regime* successful. By the natives who were friendly, it was accepted with acclamation; but it failed after all. The first tribe to which it was offered was the Ngapuhi, at the Bay of Islands. They received the Governor with joy, and were charmed with his policy. On one occasion, the welcome, characteristic of true Maori style, might have tried the nerves of a less experienced man. "A crazy old chief made a violent and hostile oration, dancing with excitement, and declaring that he would separate from the Governor, and fight him that very day. He ended his speech by jumping upon the verandah where the Governor was seated, and offering to stab him with a long steel-pointed rod, which he had brandished while speaking. He then abruptly burst out laughing, shook hands, and said that he was only joking, and was really very glad to see his old friend Grey."

The Waikatos were cautious: they were willing to consider the proposal, but their king they would not forsake. It was agreed to hold a great meeting at Taupiri. This took place on the 12th December, 1861, and lasted several days. But before the meeting, the natives discussed the matter among themselves. Tamihana Tarapipi was the prime mover in those meetings: he was a remarkable man; and if his great influence had been secured on the Government side, he would have been to it a tower of strength. This might have been. He has been variously described as a patriot and a traitor, as a peacemaker and a disturber, as a man of honour and one not to be trusted. But those who knew him best, admired him most.

Could he have spoken for himself, in our public journals, justice would have been done to his superior character; but it was the misfortune of such men to be reviled, without any medium of defending their reputation. I have before me now a long letter from Aterea Puna, written to Mr. Fitzgerald, in November, 1864, in which he takes such a sound review of those acts of the Government that ended in strife and bloodshed, as must fill every right-minded man with a sense of shame.

As an instance of the suspicion with which the Governor's plans were regarded, Te Oriori said: "The usual way of catching owls was for one man to shake some object before the bird, to attract attention, while his mate slipt a noose over its head from behind. So Sir G. Grey had sent his mate to dazzle them with laws and institutions, while he was watching his chance of entangling them in the meshes of the Queen's sovereignty." They were, however, generally agreed that, if some such plan had been carried out five or six years before, they should not have thought of a Maori king. They had sought in vain help from the Government; and had, therefore, tried to set up a government of their own. "If a *weka* (landrail) escape from the snare, you never catch that same bird again." So they reasoned. Their conclusion was that if their king and their flag were permitted to stand, they would try to work with His Excellency for the common good.

At the Taupiri meeting, Sir G. Grey made a long speech. Tipene was chosen as the spokesman on the Maori side. After long discussion, they could obtain no pledge that their king would be recognized. They

believed that the Governor would try to depose him; and this was confirmed by his proceeding to employ the troops to make a road through the Hunua forest.

At this time native legislation was remitted to a responsible Minister. The Hon. W. Fox, an old colonist, and an able as well as upright man, accepted this office, and had several interviews with the alien chiefs. At the Maori court, he was received with marked honour and respect, but was not permitted to see the king. A guard of honour turned out to receive him. Forty young Maories, dressed in white breeches and blue coats, with stiff military stocks of cardboard, lined the road on either side, and presented arms as Mr. Fox rode between. His horse was taken from him by a Maori lad; he was ushered into the best house in the village, and asked by a handsome young woman, in good English, whether he chose roast fowl or sucking-pig for supper.

For eighteen months the Governor and his responsible advisers were most untiring in their endeavours, but failed to persuade any, but the "friendlies," to adopt the "new institutions." General Cameron had a large force at his command. To utilize them, as well as to be prepared for any ulterior measures, they were employed in forming a road through the wood, leading to the Waikato. The natives took this as a sign of warlike intention; and they said that if the troops crossed the Maungatawiri, a creek which marked the boundary dividing the Crown land from their own, they should regard it as a declaration of war, and act accordingly. It was a necessary work, but it made a peaceful solution all but impossible. Nothing could persuade the natives but that, while the words of the

Governor were "smoother than butter, war was in his heart."

The "Waitara" question was still unsettled. A fine block of land on the south side of New Plymouth, called Tatara-maika, was in the hands of the Maories. This block was purchased many years before by the Government, and the title was undisputed. The natives, after driving off the settlers, held possession of it. The Governor made known his intention of retaking it, and with this view he repaired to Taranaki in April, 1863, accompanied by General Cameron. He had found, on inquiry, that Te Teira's title to the Waitara was not sound, and he resolved to give it up. By a fatal blunder, he sent troops to occupy Tataramaika, without a word of his purpose as to Waitara. Had he announced that he would deliver up Waitara, and resume Tataramaiki, the natives would have raised no objection: as it was, they prepared to retaliate. On May 4th, an ambuscade cut off two officers and eight troopers, who were in charge of stores. Then the Governor was betrayed into another, and even greater, blunder—he at once made known his decision to restore Waitara. This, coming on the heels of the assault, was taken as a proof of conscious weakness, and the result of fear. It was a serious error, giving boldness to the disaffected, and apprehension to the loyal natives. The war was renewed.

To strengthen the frontier between the King party and Auckland, and for the purpose of asserting the Queen's authority, a court-house and police barracks were to be built on land belonging to a loyal chief in Lower Waikato. The Kingites declared it should not

be done. When all the materials were on the ground, they came in force, and, overpowering the friendly natives, threw all into the river. At the same time, they forcibly expelled from their territory, the English magistrate, Mr. Gorst. All this happened while the Governor was at Taranaki; and it hastened his return.

Satisfied that the Waikato tribes had instigated the Taranaki people to resistance; that their overt acts were evidence of a determination to fight; and that a plan of attack upon Auckland was already formed; he recalled General Cameron, with all the soldiers he could spare from Taranaki. And now began the Waikato-campaign. The country was much better adapted for military operations than Taranaki. The Maungatawiri creek, the *Rubicon* of the Maories, was crossed: a series of engagements followed. The natives fought bravely, suffered heavy losses, and were at last defeated; but they kept their king and their flag, and keep them still. About a hundred and sixty thousand acres of land were confiscated, and, to a large extent, allocated to military settlers. No formal peace was made or asked for. While active fighting lapsed in the Waikato, it was going on at Taranaki, Wanganui, and on the south-east coast. Raids, panics, murders, were of common occurrence. Disputes arose between the Governor and his Ministers, and also between him and the General. This was a hindrance to vigorous action: but the heart of the rebellion was broken; and before Sir G. Grey left the colony, every soldier had been recalled, and their place supplied by a body of armed constabulary.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOVERNOR GREY'S SUCCESSORS.

SIR GEORGE BOWEN succeeded Governor Grey in May, 1868. He had administered the government of the Ionian Islands and that of Queensland, and is now the Governor of Victoria. The colony was emerging from its troubles on his arrival; and in 1872, he was able to make a viceregal tour through districts, in the interior, which had been previously closed to European visitors. On the 2nd of April he went from Wellington to Napier—thence by the great inland lake of Taupo. From that point he visited many parts of the Lake District, and on to Tauranga. From Ohinemuri he went down the Waiho (Thames) in the *Luna*, and reached Grahamstown on April 23rd. In all places he was warmly greeted, and numerous speeches of welcome were addressed to His Excellency. He held meetings with the natives. At Napier he found that “the large sums paid to the natives as rents had enabled the chiefs to build good houses in the English style, and to live in English comfort. They have good carriages, horses, cattle, and well-cultivated farms.” At Tapuaeharuru (resounding footsteps), on the Taupo lake, a great assembly was gathered together, and numerous speeches followed—all of them on the side of loyalty. Again at Orakei-Korako, and at Ohinemuri.

On the picturesque lake of Rotokakahi was a small



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

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pah held by a detachment of the native militia, under the command of Captain Mair. The Arawas composing this force were fine young men, well drilled according to English discipline, and had done good service in the war against their rebel countrymen. From Ohinemuri to Tauranga, the road, for eighteen miles, lies through a forest. In the very heart of it, the Governor found triumphal arches in his honour, erected by the Maories who were at work on the road: they were most demonstrative in their welcome, and the volleys of musketry they fired, echoed like cannon-shots through the grand primeval forest.

Five miles from Tauranga, the Governor was met by the Volunteer Cavalry of that town and district. They escorted him past the famous Gate Pah to the wharf, where the *Luna* lay at anchor, and where he was received by Mr. M'Lean and a guard of honour of the Rifle Volunteers. The volunteers of Tauranga at that time comprised one-fifth of the entire population of the district—men, women, and children.

Sir G. Bowen was a popular Governor: he well understood his position. It was to "do the ornamental," and he could do it. He very wisely confined himself to his own province, which was to represent royalty, and to write glowing despatches. Avoiding all party bias, he blended the *bonhomme* of the Irish gentleman with the dignity of his office, and so found favour with all classes of the community, including both races. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., followed him in June, 1873: he resigned in 1874. Short as his stay was, he saw enough of the country to have an exalted idea of its importance. He was succeeded by the present Governor, the Marquis of Normanby.

CHAPTER IX.

LAND LEAGUE.

THE Waitangi Treaty gave the Maories a legal right to their lands. There was not an acre without its claimant, while the area of the whole was far in excess of their want, or their ability to use it. Already they had sold some millions of acres to less than three hundred purchasers. After these claims had passed inquiry in the Commissioners' Court, Crown grants were given to above a hundred thousand acres. It was very rare that any claim was disputed by the natives, when the sale had been made by the lawful owners. In both policy and principle, it was a questionable thing for the Government to take the surplus of those purchases. There was even a mania for land-selling; large tracts were under negotiation, when the Governor's Proclamation arrested the process. If he had been prepared to buy, the traffic would have gone on. But it would have been more to the dignity of the Government, and far more likely to secure the goodwill of the natives, if, instead of condescending, through its agents, to become land-jobbers, it had assumed the office of guarding the interests of the natives. A revenue could have been raised by charging a fixed sum per acre, or issuing Crown grants, and the mo-

nopoly on the part of speculators, who were known as "land-sharks," baulked, by imposing an annual tax on unimproved lands, above a prescribed quantity.

In theory, it may be argued that the best way was to have taken the whole country, as the property of the Crown, making sufficient and suitable reserves for the use of the aborigines. This would have been a very simple way of settling the question. I don't know whether it would not have been the best way for the natives themselves; only it could not have been done but at the cost of a war of extermination. In 1846, a despatch was received from Lord Grey, which virtually amounted to this: it claimed all lands *not occupied* by the natives, and required them to register all that they did occupy. To those acquainted with the subject, this meant, not only a violation of the treaty, but the exasperation of the natives, which would be charged with the greatest peril. A very earnest remonstrance was sent home, and the obnoxious instruction was withdrawn.

For the purpose of European settlement, it was desirable, by fair purchase, to extinguish the native title to those waste lands. During the first decade of the colony, this could have been done to a very large extent. It would have been to the advantage alike of both races. It is absurd for any one to say that it was not to the interest of the native for him to dispose of his land. They had, and still have, far more than they can use. As far as I can see, without the co-operation of the sons of Japhet, those descendants of Shem could not fulfil the Divine command to "replenish the earth and subdue it." Wise legislation was wanting. For any one to object that their lands were ceded at a

nominal price, is idle: the land is valueless of itself. Without roads, bridges, or surveys, most of it was a "waste, howling wilderness." No wrong was done to the natives, if they were satisfied with sixpence an acre, or less, although it was resold at ten shillings an acre, or more. It was the revenue derived from the difference which was to give value to the land, by providing the needful appliances. Well-meaning men of this order are deluded by mere sentiment. Read in the light of facts, the colonization of New Zealand was essential to the development of its latent resources. If colonized, it was necessary to obtain territory: on what consideration was of no consequence, provided the original claimants were pleased, and enough soil was retained for their occupation, use, and profit. It is to be regretted that, instead of giving every facility, the Government threw obstacles in the way. The South Island was bought, out and out, in a few purchases; and to-day the native reserves are worth immeasurably more than the whole island was forty years ago. The natives enjoy comforts that then were unknown to them, and no tumult has disturbed that part of the colony.

In course of time, the increase of European population produced a demand for more country. But now the tables were turned, and the difficulty arose from the natives themselves. In many places they declined to sell at all. Several things had combined to bring about this change in their disposition. They were not, as in former days, dependent on the sale of land for the supply of their newly-created wants: their produce and their services had acquired a greater market value. They had found out that as Europeans came into their midst, they brought with them their vices,—notably that of

drunkenness,—against which they had no protection; and beside all this, they had a deepening suspicion that it was the ultimate design of the Government to deprive them of their lands. These things were freely canvassed in their village councils. The minds of a people not well disciplined are prone to extremes. The pendulum swings round. From a mania for land-selling, they fly to a mania for land-holding. They formed leagues to prevent the alienation of more soil: this was done in a very solemn manner at Manawapou, in the Taranaki province, in 1853. A very large house—the largest they had ever built—was the place of meeting. They called it “Taiporohenui,” and this became the watchword of the league. A line was sharply drawn between the sold and the unsold lands. They did not directly mean disloyalty to the Crown, though events very soon landed them there.

They had the same right to make such a league as the British workmen have to frame “trades unions;” but, in the one case as in the other, the tendency was mischievous, because of the coercive spirit. The “Taiporohenui” league ere long bore fruit in the murder of Rawiri and his companions. Soon they were exercising, not only rights of ownership, but of sovereignty, by levying taxes, in the form of fees on travellers or cattle-drivers, over their territory. The boundary line had a board fixed on it, containing a statement of tolls to be paid before any one was allowed to pass, with a very heavy fine for any attempt at evasion.

This land league was fruitful of trouble. Perhaps the best remedy would have been, as far as land-buying was concerned, to let them alone, and, as a penalty for their extortion, to have excluded them from the advantages

of commerce,—thus fighting them with their own weapons, *League v. League*. Such a measure, firmly enforced, would have convinced them of the folly of aiming at independence, and have brought them to submission. An appeal to arms, as events have proved, was the worst possible policy.

CHAPTER X.

KINGISM.

THE Land League and the King movement sprang into being apart from each other, but in the course of time they became one, and both culminated in Hauhauism. The former was due to jealousy respecting territory; the latter was owing to a desire for law and order. The mighty power of the *tapu* was broken, and thereby the authority of chieftainship was weakened. New elements of disorder appeared with the growth of colonization, particularly the vice of drunkenness. Thoughtful chiefs were alive to the magnitude of this evil, but the law was powerless to suppress it. An ordinance, it is true, was passed, making the sale of intoxicating drink to natives a misdemeanour, but it was a dead letter. By a general conspiracy it was evaded, and when openly violated it was rarely enforced. By the lower order of Europeans the native chiefs were treated with disdain, and this stung their proud and sensitive natures.

It was not because the natives were impatient of our rule that they set up a king of their own. It was rather because we reigned, but did not govern. Appeals from native councils were unheeded. Memorials from the Waikato tribes, on the subject of the sale of spirits, were allowed to lie in the pigeon-holes of the native office for

years, unanswered. Neglected by the ruling powers, there was no authority for the settlement of disputes among themselves; no means of compelling submission to English law; nor any protection against the flood of foreign vices. Freedom had become license.

While New Zealand was a Crown colony, the natives were virtually ignored: when a representative constitution was given, they were virtually disfranchised. In 1857, Wiremu Tamihana paid his last visit to Auckland. He went to see the Governor, to know if anything might be done to cure existing evils. He was treated with marked rudeness by some underlings, and refused access to His Excellency. He turned away with a resolve to work out a plan of his own, with no further attempt to seek help from the British. A circular was at once sent to all the tribes of Waikato, urging that Potatau be made king without delay. From the beginning, the Waikato people had been averse to selling their land; but it was not land, but law, for which they desired a king.

As far back as 1852, Matene Te Whiwhi, of Otaki, and others, conceived the same thing. They visited Rotorua, Maketu, and Waikato, in pursuance of it. They were unsuccessful. Some thought that it was the object of Matene's ambition to be himself the king. The chiefs whom they consulted gave for answer, "We salute you all. This is our word to you. New Zealand is the house; the Europeans are the rafters on one side, the Maories are the rafters on the other side; God is the ridge-pole against which all lean; and the house is one."

It was reserved for Tamihana Tarapipi, chief of the Ngatihaua, to be the "king-maker." He was a man of high rank in Maori society—a son of the renowned

Waharoa. From his boyhood he was noted for his good sense, his diligence, and love of peace. His father was a great warrior, but the son chose the exercises of the mission-school, to the excitements of the battle-field. His mind was well stored with Scripture truth, and he was observant of men and things. He thought deeply. He could read the Bible in English, and was very intelligent. Dignified in his carriage, although not handsome, he was a noble man.

Such was he who was to be the William Tell of his country. He was soon joined by Te Heuheu Iwikau, a powerful chief of Taupo. It was there where the first public meeting was held to consider the question. A second meeting was convened at the Waikato, and a third at Ihumatao. The result of these meetings was that a king be elected; and the old chief, Te Whero Whero, or Potatau, was chosen by general consent. There was great wisdom in that choice. His rank, by birth, gave him a blood connexion with several important tribes; his conquests had made him famous; his wisdom in council, his eloquence in debate, and his known sagacity,—all pointed to him as the man best suited to draw the tribes to his standard. He was widely known and highly respected, but he was very old. He did not want the office. "What can I do," he asked, "who am but a bundle of bones?" The poor old man did not live long to enjoy regal honour, such as it was, and was succeeded by his son Matutaera.

Several large public meetings were held, at which exciting speeches were delivered. At Ngaruawahia, in 1858, Potatau was formally greeted as king, in the presence of about two thousand people. On that occasion Tamihana said to the assembly: "Listen to our

words. As the south, east, and west winds are too weak to carry out the law of God and man amongst us; as evils are still existing amongst us; as God says, 'Come ye to me that are heavy laden, and I will lighten your burden;' we have united this day to give the power into the hands of one man, so as to give force to the laws of God and man amongst us. —The birds of heaven are uniting and warbling their thoughts, the fishes in the sea are doing the like, the rivers and rivulets are running into one body,—and so we are uniting to give hands and feet to this man, that he may assist the oppressed, and wrench the sword out of the hands of those that are dark."

After this installation, the regal party removed to Rangiaohia with as much state as they could command. The monarch rode on horseback, attended by his son, preceded by his flag, and followed by a retinue of chiefs. At the entrance of the settlement they were met by a procession of the inhabitants. An address of welcome was read before the king, and one hundred and fifty young men saluted him with a volley of musketry. Then they fell into lines, and formed a guard of honour, through which the procession passed to the place of rendezvous. At a given signal to "honour the king," all uncovered and made obeisance. A hymn was sung and prayer offered, another salute was fired, and the ceremony ended.

The "Maori king" had now become a fact. He was kept in veiled seclusion. A number of shrewd, astute men were his councillors: they indeed framed the laws, and used his name to give effect to them. Many tribes gave in their adhesion, and all contributed money for the support of royalty, but it is doubtful whether the

authority of the "king" was at any time acknowledged by more than ten thousand, numbers of whom have since withdrawn, and left him shorn of much of his strength.

The primary object of Kingism was not that of disloyalty to the Queen, but inevitably led to it. "Religion, Love, and Law,"—such was their motto. Their determination was to prevent the sale of any more of their lands, and to establish a code of laws for themselves. Therefore the king appointed native magistrates, who issued warrants, tried accused parties, levied fines, settled disputes, and enforced the payment of debts. There were three laws enacted which could not fail to produce a collision. "1. That no European magistrate shall be permitted to officiate in any part of our territory. 2. That no native shall be imprisoned in the gaol of the Governor. 3. That no roads shall be opened in our territory." A Proclamation was issued to this effect: "Hold fast Christianity; hold fast love; hold fast law: what is the worth or advantages of all other work? Christianity is not a wealth we have purchased: it is wealth that has been freely given to us, and wealth for which we have made no adequate return. Maories, your former god was Uenuku, the man-eater; you have a different God now, the great God of heaven; therefore let war cease in New Zealand, among both Maories and Pakehas. Let all the evils that may arise, great and small, be judged by the law. Here we rest till the evil spirit comes to spoil our work." And ere long he did come.

In May, 1860, a public meeting was held at Ngarua-wahia, the Maori capital. The object of this meeting was the more fully to establish the Maori kingdom.

Great preparations were made for it. About three thousand natives attended, and many of the Government officials, leading missionaries, and other Europeans were present. It lasted several days. Well-known songs were sung, and many speeches were delivered. The subjects discussed were the Taranaki war, the land-question, that of roads, and the flag-staff. Before the meeting ended, the flag-staff was erected and a new flag hoisted. This was regarded as the complete establishment of the Maori kingdom. Aware of the power of the press, they collected some hundreds of pounds for the support of a printing-office, and a press was forthwith obtained. An "imperium in imperio" was now a stern reality.

Timely legislation would have prevented such a movement: after it was started, wise measures might have turned it to good account. But it had been "pooh-poohed," laughed at, treated as child's play. Now the die was cast. The Kingites soon became involved in the Taranaki war. Wild spirits were not to be controlled, and ultimately many of the adherents, in the name of the king, committed such foul excesses as filled the better-minded with shame, and broke the heart of the patriot Tamihana, the great "king-maker," who before his death wept over all but the annihilation of his own tribe.

Kingism, with diminished horns, still exists. Its power is broken, and it is no longer oppressive. It aimed not only at nationality, but sovereignty, and levied black-mail. As an instance of its exaction when in the ascendant, I append a list of tolls demanded for passing a certain boundary on the Taranaki coast. The steamship *Lord Worsley* was wrecked there, and help

was required by the unfortunate passengers and crew. A board was put up, in the name of the king, demanding for a

	£	s.	d.
Minister of the Gospel	50	0	0
Newspaper Mail	300	0	0
Maori disciple of the Governor .	200	0	0
Pakeha Policeman	500	0	0
Maori Policeman	5	0	0
A preaching Maori Minister . .	55	0	0
For a tempting letter	500	0	0

Much of the land they so jealously guarded has been wrested from them as the penalty of war, and is now smiling beneath the wand of European industry and skill. The king and his party are living in sullen isolation in the far interior of Waikato. Latterly, they have shown signs of a willingness to accept the inevitable. The Premier and the native Minister have had meetings with them. The Government of the day are prepared to treat them liberally. It is not too much to hope that ere long a reconciliation will be effected, and that Matutaera will have no successor as the "Maori king."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAORI WAR.

THIS subject is wide enough for a volume. I can venture only on a mere outline. Political agitations, and the general mistrust that was gendered, combined with a large supply of warlike stores, prepared the way for a conflict. The far-seeing natives reckoned on it: the bulk of them did not wish it, but others gloated on the prospect. On the Maori side preparation was made, but the English did not "count the cost." There was a foolish idea abroad that nothing was wanting but a military demonstration and a blow. Those who knew the natives could say that war and ruin were convertible terms; but they were denounced as "philomaories." The event showed who were right. Ten years of chronic warfare, an expenditure of millions of money, the devastation of happy homes, and the loss of hundreds of precious lives, resulted in the confiscation of some tracts of country, a legacy of bitter feeling, and the sullen alienation of powerful tribes,—defeated, but not subdued.

I have been in the military burial-grounds at Rangiriri, Awamutu, and Tauranga; I have gone from grave to grave; I have read the epitaphs on the headboards—touching memorials of men killed in action in the flower of their days; and then I sadly thought of

the pang which had pierced many a British mother's heart, as she wept for her soldier-son, sleeping beneath the sod on that far-off land. It would have given some relief could I have persuaded myself that the war was unavoidable, or the *casus belli* a righteous one.

With the moral causes of that unhappy war I dealt in a lecture given at Auckland in 1866.* Governor Browne was placed in a trying position. Great excuse may be claimed for him, because of his inexperience of native character and customs. Whatever may be thought of his policy, his motives were right. Cramped by the limited extent of their province, with an extreme area of unused country outside them, the Taranaki settlers very naturally wished to extend their borders by fair purchase from the native owners. The Waitara, about ten miles from the town, was, in many respects, desirable. A chief called Teira (Taylor) offered to sell some of that block. The head chief, Wiremu Kingi (William King), protested. The purchase was made, and possession taken under armed protection. This was the beginning of the disastrous Taranaki war, as already very briefly related. Wiremu Kingi then joined the Kingites, and they became a party in the strife. Many bloody battles were fought, and there was much loss of life on both sides. The unfortunate settlers now felt the dire calamities of war. The enemy drove in the farmers, fired their homesteads, and murdered every straggler that came into their hands. Unhappily, they found a plea for their conduct in the example of our own forces. After the battle of Waireka, they burnt the houses, the mills, and the goods of the natives,—all that they could not carry away. They were not slow to seek reprisals. The town

* See Appendix C.

was beleaguered on every side. Women, children, and aged people, were ordered to go to Nelson: many of the women bravely refused to leave their husbands; and, revolver in hand, dared the law officers to compel them. Such heroic spirits commanded respect.

For eighteen months Sir G. Grey had tried in vain to restore peace by civil institutions. With the purpose of ending the dispute at Taranaki by the cession of Waitara, he went thither in April, 1863. By a fatal mistake, hostilities were renewed. Not long after, leaving force enough for the protection of the town, the troops were removed to Auckland, to enter upon the Waikato campaign. A number of Waikato natives were living peacefully on their own land, at Mangarei, near Auckland. The Governor believed that they were implicated in the design for attacking the city: he required them to take the oath of allegiance, or remove to the interior. A day was fixed, after which, failing of their submission, they were to be dealt with as enemies.

Whether there was solid ground for the suspicion is by no means clear. George Graham, Esq., formerly of the Royal Engineers, was settled among them on his own farm. He is now living at Gypsy Hill, near London. In his opinion, they were treated with both impolicy and injustice: he gives a decided testimony to their general good conduct. If, however, there was just reason for the mistrust, the mode adopted was surely wrong. It was calculated to exasperate, even friendly natives, into foes: it had that effect upon them. On a Sunday morning, a mob of Europeans repaired to their settlement with carts, and took away all they could lay hands upon, rifling their houses, and destroying their crops. From their concealment in the bush, the owners

beheld the reckless spoliation of their homes. Is it surprising that, with such a lesson, they should, when they could, do the same thing? By an oversight, due perhaps to alarm, they were allowed to take their arms with them; and, falling back into the forest, they took the lives of several settlers.

On the occasion of a public holiday the town was illuminated: seen from the distance, it looked like so many bonfires. By the natives who saw it, this was construed into a war token. On July 12th, General Cameron crossed the boundary creek. A fight took place in the open, on the Koheroa range: several engagements followed. The Maori warriors, against great odds, defended their positions with admitted valour, obstinacy, and strategy. They had thrown up strong earthworks, and dug rows of rifle-pits. On the river, the General had two bullet-proof steamboats. After severe fighting, the natives were compelled to fall back upon Rangiriri. The successes of our troops would have been more complete, but for the slow, methodical routine of our military tactics. The battle of Koheroa was fought on the 17th. Had the victory been promptly followed up, the natives would have been disheartened; as it was, time was allowed them to rally: no forward movement was made for fifteen weeks.

The Waikato plain resembles an equilateral triangle, the sides being from forty to fifty miles long. It lies between two rivers, the Horotiu and the Waipa. It is open and level,—good ground for military operations. From the boundary creek to the plain, the Waikato river flows for about thirty miles. The forts of Mere-mere and Rangiriri were on the left bank of this river. The former of these, after a stout resistance, was evacuated

as soon as our troops were ready to assault. The attacking force numbered thirteen hundred, including two hundred of the naval brigade. The Maories opposed to them were from four to five hundred. Several attempts were made to storm the Rangiriri, from which the besiegers were mowed down by a heavy fire. At last, getting to the rear of the fort, it was seen that the occupants were escaping by a lake and a swamp. This was at dusk. Further exit was prevented. At daylight there remained a hundred and eighty-three men and two women, all of whom surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, and were marched to Auckland.

Ngaruawahia was taken without opposition. Peace could then have been made,—the natives expected it. Disappointed, they resolved to fight to the bitter end. Fierce battles were fought at Te Awamutu, Rangiaohia, and Orakau. The last of these was a strong stockade. Surrounded by two thousand troops, a sap was begun, the guns were brought into play, and hand-grenades were thrown in. The three hundred natives were now at the mercy of the assailants. There were women and children among them. For three days they had been without water, and had only a few potatoes among them. An interpreter was sent to tell them their lives would be spared, if they would surrender. They answered, "We will fight for ever, and ever, and ever." It was urged upon them to send out the women and children. Again they replied, "The women will fight as well as we." Does history record anything more heroic? The firing was renewed.

It was now all but a hand-to-hand contest—there was only a parapet between them. A private threw his cap over a breached place, and rushed after it; about twenty

more—colonial troops, led by Captain Hertford—followed. The Maories dealt a withering volley, and ran for the inner works. Ten of the twenty men were down. On the opposite side of the pah, some men of the 65th and the militia, made a similar attempt. It was four o'clock P.M.: the whole Maori force was escaping. A double line of the 40th, under Colonel Leslie, invested that side. The first line was stationed under a slight bank, which had sheltered it from the fire of the pah. Before they knew that the Maories were out, they had jumped over their heads, and, passing on, walked through the second line. They formed in a solid column,—the women, the children, and the great chiefs in the centre; and they marched out as cool and steady as if they had been going to church: so says a spectator. When our troops had recovered from their surprise, they were got together, and, with loud yells, started in pursuit, firing at the fugitives as they, with quickened pace, made for a swamp and scrub. They would all have escaped but for a corps of colonial cavalry, which got ahead of them, and shot them down as they were getting out of the swamp. About two hundred of them were killed, while the casualties on our side were sixteen killed and fifty-two wounded. Thus ended the Waikato campaign.

The war was now carried to Tauranga, divided from Waikato by a range of hills. The Maories had strongly fortified themselves in the Gate Pah. It was on a narrow neck of land, with a swamp on either side. On a gentle rise a redoubt was constructed. It was oblong, about seventy yards wide by thirty deep. It was well palisaded and defended by lines of rifle-pits. These were in zigzag tiers, thatched with fern, and the eaves of the roofs so raised, that the garrison could fire out on their

besiegers. Some of the roofs were covered with earth. There were not more than three hundred natives in these works. Our forces were five times that number, with nine or ten Armstrong guns. The Maories had no artillery, and were without water in the pah. It was completely surrounded after dark, on the 27th. Early in the morning the besieged opened fire, and the four batteries responded. One who was present said that the fire of shot and shell that was poured into the redoubt, was enough to have smothered Sebastopol. The natives endured this cannonading with stolid indifference. "Imagine," says the Hon. W. Fox, "the position of Maories lying still in their grass-roofed and wattled burrows, excavated in the banks of their rifle-pits, listening, hour after hour, to the roar of the big guns, and the hurtling sounds of the projectiles, feeling the terrible concussions of the shells as they struck close by, or just over them, or scattered in fragments, and carrying death among them, with the certain conviction that, before night, they would be assailed by the bayonets of an overwhelming force of trained soldiers. It must have required something more than a dogged disregard of death in untutored men, to enable them patiently to await their apparently inevitable end amidst such a terrible scene."

By four P.M., a breach was made, and an assault ordered; and seamen, marines, and soldiers entered the pah. The natives could not escape. The pah was all but taken, when a sudden panic seized the troops, who rushed pell-mell out of the breach, in headlong flight, crying out, "There's thousands of them!—there's thousands of them!" The officers did their best to rally the terrified men, but it was too late. The natives took advantage of the causeless alarm, concentrated their fire on the

flying column, and committed fearful execution. We lost several valuable officers in this untoward affair. The General did not renew the assault, but directed a line of entrenchments to be thrown up within a hundred yards of the work, intending to resume operations next day. But the pah was abandoned by the Maories during the night. Their loss was between thirty and forty men, and on our side, the loss was twenty-seven killed and sixty-six wounded.

Three miles distant, another Maori entrenchment was in course of construction. That was Te Ranga. An attack was made by Lieutenant-Colonel Greer, with complete success. The engagement was over in a few moments—the enemy leaving a hundred and nine dead bodies on the spot, while on the British side only eight were killed. While these events were taking place at Tauranga, our native allies, the Arawa, under Captain Mair, were doing good service against the Taupo tribes, thereby preventing them from joining the Waikato insurgents. Skirmishes, between our troops and the Maories, were also frequent at Taranaki, but nothing on an extended scale was attempted there.

But no sooner was the Tauranga campaign ended, than news arrived that Wanganui was in danger. A reinforcement of three hundred men was sent down. Ere they arrived, our Maori allies had done the work. In 1868, fighting was resumed in that district, and Titokowaru, with his warriors, swept the country to within a few miles of the town, which was threatened with an assault. There he was repulsed, and driven back by a body of volunteer cavalry. During this period heavy losses were inflicted on the Maories by our forces, European and native.

Disputes arose between the Governor and the General which stood in the way of more signal success. Colonel M'Donnell, at the head of native allies whom he commanded, as well as some volunteers, distinguished himself both here and on the south-eastern coast. He was trained to bush-work on the Hokianga, and was a dashing officer. Through the impatience of Ministers to have something done quickly, he led his men, against his own judgment, to the fatal attack on the Ngutu-o-te-manu (bird's beak) forest. Here the gallant Von Tempskey lost his life. The natives fired from the tops of the trees. With much difficulty, and not without serious loss, the Colonel effected a retreat from that perilous position. Gradually the war died out. It had dragged along its slow length for ten weary years, evoking heroic exploits. It was marked by woeful blunders, and was the cause of a frightful cost of blood and treasure.

CHAPTER XII.

ESCAPES OF PRISONERS.

IN the course of the war, many prisoners were taken. General Cameron handed them over to the colonial Government for safe custody. They numbered two hundred and fourteen, and included many chiefs of high rank. They were placed on board a hulk in the Auckland harbour, and were well satisfied with the treatment they received. Very soon a difference of opinion was manifest between the Governor and his Ministers. The former wished them to be released on parole; the latter wished to bring them all to trial, and refused to release them, except after trial: they had, however, no objection to be relieved from all responsibility in the matter. Sir G. Grey proposed to send the prisoners to the Island of Kawau, his own private property. He had his country seat there; and, besides his own servants, there were no inhabitants. It is about thirty miles from Auckland. To this the Ministers agreed, and placed them under the personal charge of the Governor: he employed them in clearing land and building houses. They had been there just six weeks, when news was brought to Auckland that they had made their escape, and gone no one knew whither.

Left without a guard, they utilized an old canoe, paddled themselves across to the mainland, and planted

themselves on the top of a circular hill called Omaha, in the midst of a district occupied by small farmers. By some means they obtained a supply of arms and food: the neighbouring natives must have given them these. The Governor tried to coax them back, and sent several officials to them; but they were not to be so taken. To use force, would be to risk a war in the north, and to expose the scattered settlers to danger. At last, the Governor said he would allow them to return to Waikato: they said they would not move until after they had eaten their Christmas dinner. In the end, they broke up their party, and went each unto his own company.

In 1866, the Governor confined sixty prisoners on board a vessel in the Wellington harbour. These were captured when the Wereroa pah fell. They were guarded by an escort of the 50th Regiment. At night, the prisoners were kept below, a sentry being on deck over the hatch. One night, when it was blowing a gale of wind, a heavy sea running, and the sky pitch-dark, the Maories, with a screw-key, opened one of the bow ports, and before daylight, all but three had gone. The darkness of the night, and the roaring of the wind and sea, prevented the sentry from seeing or hearing anything. Every now and then, a Maori came up during the night, as they were allowed to do, to "go to the head." This was done in order to divert the sentry's attention. The officer in charge was ashore: it was so rough that no boatman would take him to the ship, which was about three-fourths of a mile from land. Four were drowned in trying to swim ashore; three came back pressed by hunger; two were shot by parties sent out in pursuit; but the greater number were not seen again.

The most serious escape was that of the Chatham

Islands prisoners. They were taken in the east coast campaign, and numbered a hundred and eighty-seven. They were well treated. After some time, the guard of twenty-five men was reduced to fifteen. Among the prisoners was a man called Te Kooti. He composed a poem in which he claimed to be inspired. In this capacity he acquired an ascendancy over his companions in exile. A plan was matured for escape. On the 3rd July, 1868, the schooner *Rifleman* arrived with stores. The next day, the prisoners rose upon the guard, and clave the skull of the only one who offered resistance; then they secured the Resident Magistrate, Captain Thomas, and all the male Europeans, leaving the women and children free. They boarded the schooner and bound the crew; they shipped their own wives and children, plundered the island, cut the cable of the only other vessel, to prevent pursuit, and set sail for Poverty Bay on the 5th of July. They left the captain ashore, and the mate was compelled to navigate them on pain of death.

During the voyage, armed guards paraded the deck day and night; the crew were forbidden to cook, and a sentry, with a drawn cutlass, stood by the man at the wheel, to see that the right course was kept. When in sight of New Zealand, Te Kooti ordered his uncle to be thrown overboard. He was one of three who objected to the escape, and had informed the authorities, who, however, took no notice of the warning. On the evening of the 10th, the *Rifleman* arrived at Whareongaonga, six miles from Turanganui. That night and the following day were occupied in landing the cargo, women, and children. They shipped two casks of water for the use of the crew, and the mate was told to go where he liked.

The escaped prisoners made their way, over a very rough country, towards the interior. If unmolested, they meant quietly to retire into the fastnesses, and enjoy their freedom: it would have been well had they been allowed to do so. Major Biggs, however, collected all available forces, European and native, and gave chase: his zeal cost him his life. The fugitives were brought to bay, and offered fight. At the first brush the Europeans were defeated, with the loss of seven. Thus began another guerilla warfare, which lasted two years.

At Poverty Bay there were about four hundred and fifty natives, and two hundred Europeans. Some of the latter manned a redoubt, but most of them lived in their own houses, more or less scattered. About midnight, November 9th, 1868, they were surprised by an attack from Te Kooti and his followers. Some escaped by flight, and owed their safety to a faithful old chief, called Tutari: Te Kooti and some of his party were in hot pursuit of them. In an hour after, they had left the old man's village: the pursuers were there on their track. Tutari was promised his life, if he would only say by what route the settlers had gone. Neither threats nor entreaties could prevail. He and his two children were taken a few yards away from the house, and killed by Te Kooti's orders. Tutari's wife was compelled to witness the murder of husband and children. When they were dead, she was asked to say by what road the white men had gone: she would not betray them, and pointed out a track which they had *not* taken.

Twenty-nine Europeans and thirty-two loyal natives lost their lives in that massacre. The settlement was destroyed. The tidings were everywhere received with

a thrill of horror. The unhappy survivors found homes in Auckland, and other places; and substantial tokens of sympathy poured in from every part of the colony. Why Poverty Bay was not better protected, is a question for them to answer who had the responsibility.

Many an exciting story could be evoked from that awful tragedy: the following account was given by one of the survivors. Captain Wilson's family had gone to bed, excepting himself, who sat up late writing letters for the English mail, which was to leave next day. The Hauhaus knocked at his door, saying they had brought him a letter from Hirini-te-kani, the principal chief of Poverty Bay. He seems to have suspected treachery, and told them to put the letter under the door. Looking out, he saw many natives flitting about. He called his man-servant, who was asleep in an outbuilding, and told him the Hauhaus were upon them. As the man ran across the open space between the two buildings, the natives tried to catch him, but failed: they perhaps did not wish to awaken other families by firing. As they could not induce Captain Wilson to open the door, they burst it in with a log of wood: they hesitated to enter, knowing it would cost some of them their lives. For a while they were kept at bay, but at last they set fire to both ends of the house. Captain Wilson defended it to the last, and left it only when the flames had singed his wife's hair, and scorched his children's feet: then he headed his family in their retreat from the burning building, with his revolver in his hand. His courage, at that terrible crisis, seemed to cow his murderers. The family consisted of Mrs. Wilson, four little children, himself, and the servant Moran. As they left the house, the Hauhaus declared that they had agreed

not to kill him, or his family ; and, as if to prove their sincerity, one of them took up one of the children to carry : Captain Wilson, his wife, and Moran carried the others. Some of the natives went with them towards Goldsmith's houses, about a quarter of a mile away. When they had gone about two hundred yards, a Hau-hau rushed upon Moran, and knocked him down : another stabbed Captain Wilson with a bayonet, in his back. He fell, with his little son, James, whom he carried, uttering a dying cry. His little boy extricated himself from the death-grasp of his father, and got away in the dark to some scrub. Mrs. Wilson, hearing her husband's death-cry, turned round with an exclamation of horror : the same instant she was thrust through with a bayonet, her arm being likewise pierced whilst trying to defend her baby. She fell insensible, and received four or five more bayonet wounds, and was beaten on the breast with the butt-end of a rifle ; yet she survived for several weeks, and related how, when she regained consciousness, she saw all her family lying dead around her, with the exception of her boy James. All that day (Tuesday) she was unable to rise, with the murderers in sight, busy at their dreadful work. While she lay helpless, a native came and robbed her of her shawl, leaving her attired only in her night-dress. On Wednesday she managed to crawl to what had been her home, and found some water. Still the Hauhaus were about, and many buildings were being fired. She contrived to reach a little outhouse, left standing on her grounds, and hid herself.

Meanwhile, her little James, eight years old, after escaping from the murderers, wandered about unseen by them, although one night he slept in a house to which they came. He kept himself supplied with food

he found in the houses, not yet destroyed. He told his mother that he "did not think it would be exactly stealing," as "everybody had run away." He saw, he thought, as many Hauhaus as would fill the redoubt. One day he went back to his old home, and found his "father, and brother, and sisters, with Moran, all dead," and "wondered what the Hauhaus had done with his mother." He "thought they must have eaten her." At last he found his mother, in the little out-house, to their mutual surprise and delight. Here he sustained her for several days upon eggs, and whatever else he could forage. The poor lady got a card and a pencil from her dead husband's coat pocket, and after four hours' labour and many failures, she contrived to write the following:—

"Could some kind friend come to our help, for God's sake. I am very much wounded, lying in a little house at our place. My poor son James is with me. Come quickly.

Alice Wilson.

"We have little or no clothing, and are in dreadful suffering."

This note was placed in the hands of the little boy, that he might carry it to Turanganui, six miles distant. He was not far from it, when he was picked up by a party who were scouring the country, in search of any missing settlers. The same day Major Westrupp sent a party of men, who brought Mrs. Wilson, in a litter, to the redoubt. She was tended with the greatest care, and rallied for a time; it was hoped she would recover, but she succumbed to the terrible injuries she received a few weeks later. She died at Napier, whither she was conveyed in the *Sturt* steamer. Her orphan boy was sent to England, to his grand-parents. He is now a man; but while he lives he cannot forget that scene, which must be burnt into his memory.

For some time Te Kooti kept the country in alarm.^{*} His successes brought many wild spirits to his standard. He planted his fortress at Ngatapa, a wooded mountain, whose summit is about two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea : it was supposed to be the strongest in New Zealand. He had above four hundred followers. From the altitude of his pah, he commanded a view of a wide extent of country, by the aid of field glasses. He gave no quarter to either European or native, found in arms against him. Under the able command of Captain Mair, the native troops followed him, from place to place, after they had driven him from his stronghold. Often he was nearly captured, but he managed to elude all pursuit. No rest was given him : he was hunted down. Gradually his followers forsook him. At last, tired of his wandering, perilous, and murderous life, he threw himself upon the protection of the Maori king, and there he lives to the present day, "a wiser and a sadder man," for all the brutal butcheries of his bloodthirsty career. He justly forfeited his own life to the claims of justice, yet no man dares to lay hands upon him, but at the risk of another disturbance. The Kingites shelter the blood-guilty freebooter, only on "good behaviour." Perhaps they think he has suffered enough. He is harmless now; and, unless he venture upon the settled districts—which he is hardly likely to do—it is the wisest policy to let him alone.

This Te Kooti bore a good character in his youth, and had some cause of complaint of the deception practised upon him and his companions, when they were taken prisoners and sent to the Chathams.



SUPREME COURT-HOUSE, AUCKLAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONSTITUTION.

WHILE it was a Crown colony, New Zealand was under personal government. The Governor was aided by a Legislative Council, who were his nominees. In 1846, a charter was issued which was to come in force in 1848, for the government of New Zealand. This charter was accompanied with a despatch from Lord Grey, which laid down the principle that the Government could not recognize any property by the natives in land which they did not occupy, thus reversing the terms of the Treaty of Waitangi. Sir G. Grey strongly protested against the introduction of this constitution, and he was supported by all the leading men in the colony. Influential native chiefs also protested. Consequently, the charter was withdrawn.

In 1852, a representative constitution was granted, much to the satisfaction of the colonists. The country was divided into six provinces,—Auckland, New Plymouth, Wellington, Nelson, Canterbury, and Otago. In after-days, new provinces were carved out of some of these, viz., Napier, Marlborough, Southland, and Westland. Each province was to be governed by a Superintendent and a Provincial Council. The Superintendents were to be elected by the people, and the Governor was empowered to remove a Superintendent, on the petition

of a majority of the Council. In the new provinces, afterwards created, the Superintendent was elected by the Council. The Superintendents had power to convene and prorogue the Council. Every Provincial Council was elected for four years, and was to meet at least once a year. Possessors of a freehold valued at fifty pounds, or leasehold valued at ten pounds per annum, gave a qualification to an elector. The proceedings of the Council were to be conducted after the usual style of Parliamentary usage. Hence the Superintendent had his Cabinet, who possessed the confidence of the Council. Every bill that passed the Council required the assent of the Governor, before it could become law. The Provincial Governments had large legislative powers. Custom duties, the upper courts of justice, post-office matters, bankruptcy and insolvency, light-houses, shipping dues, marriage ordinances, Crown lands, native lands, native matters, criminal laws, and laws relating to the descent and inheritance of property, or affecting wills,—these were excluded from provincial control. All other matters might be fully dealt with by its authority. The administration of the waste-lands of the Crown was afterwards transferred to the provinces.

Provision was made for a General Assembly, to consist of the Governor, a Legislative Council, and House of Representatives. The Governor is appointed by the Crown, but his salary is paid by the colony. The Legislative Council is nominated for life, by the Governor. The House of Representatives is elected by the people, the qualification being the same as in the case of the Provincial Councils.

There was a clause in the constitution allowing the

recognition of native laws and customs, provided they did not violate the common instincts of humanity.

Sir George Grey brought the Provincial Councils into being before he left the colony, but the election of the General Assembly did not take place until after his departure.

The constitution was cumbrous, including, as it did, so many governments. But, while the settlements were so distinct from each other, and the means of inter-communication so scanty, it was a good arrangement. It not only gave a field for political education, but it was a shield to the people against the evils of centralism, while no public opinion could exert an influence. Under provincial rule, the local resources were developed, and the country, as a whole, grew into importance. But in course of time, these Councils became obstructive to general legislation. Steam and electricity had brought the several centres nearer to each other. In the eyes of thoughtful men, who had no vested interest to consider, the time came for the abolition of the provinces, and the remodelling of the constitution. This was carried into effect, mainly by the influence of Sir Julius Vogel, in 1876; and the colony is now mapped out into counties, with boards clothed with local and limited powers. These differ, not materially, from the road boards, previously existing, only that twenty per cent. of the land revenue is appropriated to their use. In all the towns there are municipal bodies, with ample power for sanitary and other measures. There are also boards of health, with authority to deal promptly for the prevention or suppression of infectious diseases.

The Upper House, or Legislative Council, has fifty members, and the House of Representatives seventy-

six, elected for five years. Two Maori chiefs are in the former, and four in the latter. They acquit themselves well; but as they have a very imperfect knowledge of English, they require the aid of interpreters. The Governor is appointed for six years. His salary is £5500 per annum. The members of the Parliament receive an honorarium for attendance at each session. It was raised last year from £150 to £200. The danger lies in excessive legislation. Already the New Zealand statutes are voluminous, and a mine of wealth for the lawyers. The cost of governing a colony so young, is enormous.

The Governor represents the Crown, and his Ministers are responsible to the Parliament, and must have their confidence. Except in matters purely imperial, the Governor acts on the advice of his responsible Ministry. He can dismiss them, and appoint others; but the ultimate control is in the hands of the people, for they command the public purse. The acts of the Colonial Parliament are subject to the veto of the Queen, but that right is very rarely exercised.

No one will suppose that the Legislature of a new country can compare with that of the United Kingdom. But, by the side of other Colonial Parliaments, that of New Zealand suffers no disadvantage. Enthusiastic loyalty to the Queen is joined to a democratic constitution. In the earlier Parliaments were many men of mark. With the enlargement of the house, its *personnel* has not improved. "The three Fs," as they were called, viz., the late Dr. Featherston, the Hon. W. Fox, and Sir W. Fitzherbert, were for many years a great power: to their names another F might be added, that of Edward Fitzgerald, Esq.,—men who would take rank

with able statesmen anywhere. A bright galaxy of names figures in review. Wakefield, Clifford, Weld, Stafford, Sewell, Domet, Munro, Richmond, Ward, Hall, Russell, Waterhouse, Williamson, Bell, Gisborne, Gillies, M'Lean, Pollen, and others, stand out in honourable distinction. Death, removal, or retirement, has thinned the list of men of great ability.

In later days, no one has done more service for New Zealand than the late Premier, Sir Julius Vogel, now the Agent-General in London. From the day when he came into power, the colony has made rapid and solid progress. He struck out a bold policy : political opponents may not say so, but impartial observers will admit that it has proved successful. Young New Zealand is catching the mantle of its predecessors. Native-born talent comes now to the front. One of these, the Hon. J. Sheehan, is a member of the present Cabinet, and distinguishes himself as the native Minister. He is earning laurels for himself in the annals of our colonial history. Sir George Grey, who was twice Governor, is the Premier at the present hour. While many think his position *infra dig.*, he himself says : "I had rather be Premier than Governor." For vigour and activity, no one has exceeded him. In the north, he is very popular. If he succeed in setting permanently at rest the Native question, he will deserve the thanks of the whole community.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROGRESS.

ABOUT nine years ago, Sir Julius Vogel took office. He had the courage to launch a new policy: it was to effect a loan of ten millions within ten years, in order to promote public works and immigration. This was indeed forced upon the colony by reason of its abandonment of the mother-country. The duties that England had accepted, by the Treaty of Waitangi, were suddenly renounced. Every British soldier had left the colony, and the war was not over; and yet it was a war for which the Imperial Government alone was responsible, whether we regard the cause or the conduct of it. More than three millions had been expended by the colony: it had become a vital necessity to increase the population, and to bring the several settlements nearer to each other, by railway and telegraphic communication. Notwithstanding many drawbacks, progress had been made; but a crisis had come, and "men's hearts were failing them for fear." Events proved that the withdrawal of the troops was no disadvantage, but that did not mitigate the injustice and cruelty of the deed.

Timid men held their breath at Vogel's scheme; but he prevailed. The loan was secured, and the good effect soon appeared. The result is a debt of about



TIMARU, CANTERBURY.

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twenty millions, and perhaps more will be required. But the people, as a whole, are far richer with the debt than they were without it. By doubling the population, and extending public works, the resources of the country have been utilized, and trade has been quickened; the value of property has been enhanced, and the colonists can better afford to augment their present revenue, than they could to contribute what was demanded of them before 1869. There are yet thirty-two million acres of unsold Crown land. "The security, by the value of the public estate and public works, such as railways, etc., and by the ability of the people to contribute whatever is required of them, make New Zealand debentures as safe as Consols, and immeasurably more so than investments made in countries where British laws and institutions do not exist."

That there has been unprofitable expenditure, I have no doubt,—this is due to a huge officialism and political exigencies,—but the bulk of the borrowed money has been invested in reproductive channels. Nearly nine millions have been spent in railways, not less than three millions in immigration, and about five millions on harbours, lighthouses, public buildings, roads, and bridges. Besides these, large sums have been consumed in the purchase of native lands, and the suppression of the native outbreak.

In return for this money, we have now little, if anything, short of 1,000 miles of railway, with 300 more surveyed and in course of construction; whereas, ten years ago, they were all but *nil*. We have 3,170 miles of telegraph—which means 7,093 miles of wire—against 1,611 in 1869: since that date 2,300 miles of road have been formed. The population at that time

was 218,000, whereas in 1876 it numbered 399,075, and is now very little below half a million, inclusive of the Maories.

The following figures will further indicate the rate of progress in the last decade. In 1869 the shipping belonging to New Zealand ports was 25,990; in 1876 it was 44,401. The entire tonnage of shipping outward, at the former date, was 247,764; at the latter, 393,334. In 1869, the imports amounted in value to £4,976,126, and the exports to £4,224,860; in 1876, they were respectively £6,905,171 and £5,475,842. The exports include wheat, flax, gum, tallow, timber, etc.; but the chief commodities are gold and wool—the first declining in amount, the second increasing every year. In 1869, the gold exported was valued at £2,362,995; in 1876, it was only £1,268,559. In 1869, the wool was 27,765,636 lb., and worth £1,109,527; in 1876, there was produced 59,853,454 lb., worth £3,395,816. The total ordinary revenue in 1869 was £1,025,516; in 1876 it was £2,391,344. During the same period, the territorial revenue rose from £382,070 in 1869, to £1,149,622 in 1876. The acreage under crop in 1869 was 687,015; in 1876 it was 2,940,711. At the earlier date, the postal revenue was £58,067; at the later date £129,263; and in the savings bank, there was to the credit of depositors the sum of £905,146.*

It is not my object to draw a comparison between New Zealand and the large Australian colonies, or I could quote, from the columns of the Melbourne *Australasian*, statistical proof that the rate of progress in the former

* The latest report from New Zealand informs us that 3,241,189 acres of land were then under cultivation; and the population, exclusive of the Maories, amounted to 414,171. Four years ago it stood at 299,514.

far exceeds that of those colonies. Last year, a very able paper on "The recent Economic Progress of New Zealand," was read at a sitting of the Statistical Society, in London, by Mr. A. Hamilton. He spoke of the "various advantages which must secure for New Zealand a destiny such as cannot be surpassed by any of her sister colonies;" and he further said that "the colony is, for its numbers, the wealthiest and most thriving in the world."

Unlike the Australian colonies, New Zealand, instead of one large city, has a number of important towns, each of which is a centre of influence. Of these, the chief are Wellington, Auckland, Wanganui, Nelson, Christchurch, Dunedin, and Invercargill. All these have the advantage of good harbours. New Plymouth, Napier, Blenheim, Timaru, Oamaru, Hokitika, and Greymouth, have only open roadsteads, or small rivers. In all the towns, the primitive stage has passed away, and they wear the look of an advanced civilization. In some of them are handsome public buildings, while the streets are alive with vehicles of many kinds. The wharves and jetties are astir with shipping and their cargoes.

The institutions of the old country—political and social, literary and commercial, religious and educational—are reproduced. There is less class distinction, which is one of the charms of colonial life, to sensible people. They do not offer incense on the shrine of fashion, nor worship the goddess of conventionalism, as is the case in antiquated communities. For all that, there is as much good breeding, refinement, and courtesy, as can be found in older countries. Facilities for travelling, having regard to speed and comfort, are increasing every day. Many points are now connected

by railways, and the coasts are navigated by steamers, fitted up in an elegant style. Public libraries are open in all the towns, and in most of the villages. There are several museums; that at Christchurch has been built at a cost of £20,000, and is full of natural and artificial curiosities, under the able direction of Dr. Von Haast. Ornamental gardens are being cultivated; asylums, and gaols, and reformatories have their place. The courts of justice are presided over by a bench of five judges, appointed by the colonial Parliament. There are also six district judges, sixty stipendiary magistrates, and a host of justices of the peace.

Special settlements continue to be formed—such as Mr. Vasey Stewart's, and Mr. Broomhall's, in the north, and Mr. Fielding's, in the south. Agricultural, horticultural, and floricultural exhibitions are common, and worthy of praise. Places of amusement are not wanting. Great attention is paid to the cultivation of music. Athletic sports are in high favour.

The colonials know how to enjoy a holiday: they go about it *con amore*. I regret to add that there is a large consumption of alcoholic drinks, although the organizations of abstainers and Good Templars are in great force. There are forty newspapers published in the colony, of which eight are dailies. I remember the first newspaper issued in Auckland: it was printed in a mangle; a specimen of it can be seen in the Auckland Museum. Churches and schools everywhere rear their heads; but of these I will write in the next chapters.



METHODIST CHURCH, DURHAM STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

CHAPTER XV.

RELIGION.

THE several Christian Churches are represented in New Zealand. Some of the places of worship would not discredit even English cities. There is no State Church. I believe none rejoice in this more than the Episcopalians themselves. They are numerically the largest body: the census is, however, a defective standard. They have six sees, and as many bishops. They don't live in palaces, nor ride in carriages, but are hard-working men, of simple habits and little pay. A. Trollope says: "A colonial bishop should be hale, vigorous, young, and good-humoured; ready to preach, to laugh, or to knock a fellow down at any moment." He had in his eye Bishop Suter, of Nelson, whom he describes as "a man who can put the collar on his own horse; or ride fifty miles at a stretch; or hold his own in any conflict, by word or hand."

I wish, for their own, as well as consistency' sake, colonial bishops would drop the title of "My Lord," as they have no claim to it. It confers on them the unenviable distinction of being the only order of men in the country that is so styled. It was one of their own clergy who said, "It is to be hoped that the good sense of our colonial bishops will see that the time has gone by for such empty titles, out of England; and

that it is in the simple dignity of chief pastors they will command respect, and not by claiming to be lords over God's heritage." It is from no personal disrespect to these excellent men, but as a matter of propriety, I decline to address them as—lords.

The Episcopalian clergy merit great praise for their zeal and devotion to their work. What many of them lack in culture, they supply in energy. They stand on the same platform as do the ministers of other Churches; yet few of them are disposed to fraternize. It is not so much stateism as priestism, that isolates the Episcopal ministry. In New Zealand, as elsewhere, many of them are devout believers in the figment of "apostolical succession." But they are not Ritualists. Not long ago, a hot-headed young man, fresh from England, was appointed to a charge at Kaiapoi. He tried, with great earnestness and persistency, to introduce full-blown Ritualism. He was not deficient in ability, and very courteous in his manners; but he disgusted many of his congregation. He was reported to the Bishop; placed upon his trial; and suspended from his ministry. He has returned to England, where he will find more sympathy with his priestly pretensions.

The New Zealand branch of the Church of England is under the direction of a General Synod, which meets triennially, in the larger towns, in rotation; and a Synod for every diocese, which meets annually. In all these, bishops, clergy, and laity, vote by orders. They have a compact and well-adjusted Church constitution—its weak point being the test of membership. Canterbury is the paradise of the Episcopal clergy. There they are rich in landed endowments, and are building a cathedral, which was designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott.

In the year 1850, the Canterbury settlement was founded by a powerful association as an exclusive Episcopalian colony. The upset price of land was fixed at three pounds per acre, and one-third was devoted to church and school. Like the New Zealand Company, so the Canterbury Association, came to grief. As the former surrendered its charter to the Government in 1850, on receiving the payment of £268,370, so did the latter in 1852, by reason of its failing to meet its liabilities. The vested right of the Church was commuted by an equivalent, in grants of land, which are every day becoming more valuable. The Presbyterians established the province of Otago; and up to the time of the influx of people in search of gold, it maintained its distinctive character. It is now, and will remain, the dominant Church in that district. Like the Church of England in Canterbury, the Presbyterians have ample endowments in Otago, which, in an ecclesiastical sense, may be called the Scotland of New Zealand. Although Otago is their stronghold, yet the Presbyterians are in large numbers throughout the colony. They have some very able ministers in town and country. In Otago they are more conservative than elsewhere, and therefore the anomaly of the "Presbyterian Church of New Zealand," as distinct from the "Presbyterian Church of Otago." It is the "music" question which keeps them ecclesiastically apart.

The Wesleyans have had no special settlements, but they are in all places. This Church has grown up with the colony, having a number of active missionaries there at the time of its foundation. For some years it gave a spiritual home to members of all other Churches, who had not yet their own ministers. They have now a

Conference of their own, numbering sixty-two ministers, forty-seven circuits, and more than thirty thousand adherents. They have also an institution for the training of candidates for the work of the ministry.

The Baptists and Congregationalists are only in Invercargill, Port Chalmers, Dunedin, Timaru, Christchurch, Nelson, Wellington, Auckland, and the Thames. The Primitive Methodists, the United Methodist Free Church, and the Bible Christians, are making headway in many places. The Roman Catholic body is active: they have three bishops; and they are young, vigorous, and zealous. They are most numerous at Auckland, and on the gold-fields. The unavoidable admixture of all creeds and classes, in daily life, has the good effect of rubbing off some foolish prejudices. The Roman Catholics, as far as I have known them, are liberally minded, except the very lowest of the classes, who submit to be priest-ridden.

The subjoined list of officiating ministers under the "Marriage Act 1854," for 1878, will serve to show the relative strength of the several denominations:—

	Ministers, exclusive of Maori Ministers.
Church of the Province of New Zealand, commonly called the Church of England	200
Presbyterian Church of New Zealand 61	108
Presbyterian Church of Otago 47	
Wesleyan Methodist Church	62
Roman Catholic Church	55
Congregational Churches	15
Primitive Methodist Church	14
United Methodist Free Churches	12
Baptist Churches	10
Lutheran Church	7
Hebrew Congregations	4

CHAPTER XVI.

EDUCATION.

TIME was when the "Wesley College" at Auckland was the only institute where anything like a liberal education could be had. It is different now. The "New Zealand University" is empowered, by royal charter, to grant degrees in law, medicine, and music, which are entitled to the same rank, precedence, and consideration throughout the world, as if the said degrees had been granted by any other university in the United Kingdom. With a competent staff of officers and professors, it has affiliated the Auckland College and Grammar School, the Wellington College, Nelson College, Christchurch Grammar School, Canterbury College, and the University of Otago; also St. John's College, and Christchurch Grammar School at Auckland. In all these establishments there is provision for a classical, mathematical, and professional education.

There are superior private schools for both sexes, with a good curriculum; but private enterprise is inadequate for the requirements of the people. The endowed public schools offer, not only an elementary, but a finished education, to all classes of the community, on easy terms. At Christchurch there is an extensive normal school for the training of teachers. Before the provinces were

abolished, there were good systems of common schools in Nelson, in Canterbury, and in Otago. In these the poorest child could obtain a scholarship by his merits, and become qualified for the civil service. With the demise of provincial institutions, it was necessary to frame an education scheme for the whole colony. This may be described as free, secular, and compulsory. Under the old *régime* Biblical instruction was an integral part of the system; that it is not so now, is because of the clamour of the extreme Churchmen and Romanists, who can approve of no religious teaching but their own: all else they stigmatize as "godless," or something that is positively evil. However much we may regret the exclusion of the Bible from the schools, it would be still worse to make it a bone of contention; and whatever modification may be made, it is to be hoped the "denominational" will not be permitted, excepting at the expense of those who demand it. It has been tried, and it failed; it was "weighed in the balances, and found wanting."

The schools are sustained in part by revenues derived from landed endowments, from grants made by the Parliament, and from the proceeds of an education rate, supplemented by very light fees. A high standard of efficiency is required of teachers. Except in the remotest corners of the country, there is nothing to prevent the children of the poorest from acquiring the elements of a sound education. It is very cheering to see the neat schoolroom, the playground, and the master's glebe, as a notable object, within the boundary of every village. In 1876, the total number of schools was 928, which gave employment to 1,893 teachers, and instruction to 61,975 pupils.

Among the educational agencies, may be counted the Sunday-schools, which are universal, mechanics' institutes, and Christian young men's associations. The Philosophical Institute extends over the colony: it has branches in all the principal towns; and the published volume of its proceedings, from year to year, is a valuable contribution to the statistical, historical, and scientific literature of the colony.

CHAPTER XVII.

EMIGRATION.

THERE is room in New Zealand for millions. It would relieve the over-crowded country at home, and be an advantage to the new country at the Antipodes, if all who find it hard work to get on in Britain, would emigrate to New Zealand. It is but to go from one England to another,—only with far better chances. Men who carry with them brains, muscle, and principle, cannot fail there. Capitalists can make more of their money; farmers can own their estates; labourers can be themselves farmers, in time. Such are the classes that succeed—often to affluence. Domestic servants, nurses, and laundresses, are always in demand, with high wages. Skilled artizans, as carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, etc., do well.

I cannot recommend clerks, graduates, or gentlemen to venture: there are too many ne'er-do-wells of such orders there already. But men of good business habits find a sphere for the profitable exercise of their talents. All emigrants should have working power in them. Men who are skilled in the management of horses, cattle, or sheep, meet with employment.

The following is a table of average wages:—

Farm labourers, with board	. 18s. to 35s. per week.
Ploughmen 20s. to 40s. „
Reapers, per acre 17s. to 20s.
Mowers 7s. to 20s.
Shepherds, with board . .	. £35 to £70 per annum.

Stock-keepers	£35, to £65 per annum.
Shearers	15s. to 25s. per hundred.
Masons	8s. to 15s. per day.
Plasterers	8s. to 15s. „
Bricklayers	8s. to 16s. „
Carpenters	8s. to 14s. „
Blacksmiths	8s. to 15s. „
General labourers	5s. to 10s. „

It is not uncommon for letters, expressing disappointment, to be written to England soon after the immigrant's arrival, although few compared with those of another character. That feeling may be accounted for by the new circumstances under which the writer finds himself—a stranger in a strange land. I have known such, but have invariably found them to tell a different tale after they have, as it were, found their feet. Some people require a little time to assimilate themselves to new conditions of life. A book has been lately published with the title of “Colonial Experiences, or Incidents and Reminiscences of Thirty-four Years in New Zealand,” by an Old Colonist. I know the author; he was a working carpenter. Arriving at Nelson in 1843, he accepted work on the roads: after a while, he cultivated a piece of land; then took a situation in a warehouse; became a baker, then a linendraper. A few years ago he retired from business with a handsome competence. His experience had been chequered: he owed his success, not to special advantages, or extraordinary ability, but to his perseverance and adaptability to circumstances. I cannot do better than recite his own words:—

“With the influx of such a large number of immigrants that have arrived in this province the last two or three years, there would be almost of necessity some instances of disappointment and temporary inconvenience,—perhaps some little suffering,—from not immediately finding suitable and accustomed employment.

"I have frequently heard it remarked, by new arrivals, that they regretted not having emigrated in the earlier years of the settlement, believing that all the prizes and chances of success had been monopolized by the first settlers,—pointing, for confirmation of this opinion, to the easy competence and generally prosperous positions now enjoyed by almost all of them.

"To all entertaining this view, I would observe that, with the exception of a few, *very few*, who have made lucky, or, perhaps it would be more correct to write judicious, speculations in land, the majority have carved out their own fortunes, and obtained their present positions by patient industry, sobriety, and unwearying perseverance; and there are the same opportunities, and with the same results, awaiting the exercise of the same qualities now, without the trials and privations peculiar to new settlements, and under which doubtless many, totally unfitted for the roughing of colonial life, succumbed.

"Recent arrivals are often surprised and disappointed at finding the provinces exhibiting the advanced civilization, and so many of the characteristics, of the old-established centres of population to which they have been accustomed; and which having so recently left—with perhaps too sanguine expectations—they can hardly realize the fact of being in a new country, and often wish it exhibited a little less of the old, (which, perhaps, from a bitter experience, they had hoped had been left far behind,) and more of the new. In the towns they find the various subdivisions of labour in different branches of industry as obtains in the old country,—each trade a nucleus of more or less skilled operatives; and being necessarily on a somewhat limited scale, they are easily overdone; that is, artisans and mechanics often arrive, and find no immediate opening for their particular calling, and are apt to think they have made a serious mistake in emigrating. Industry, sobriety, and perseverance, essential as they may be to success, require a field for their exercise; and to ensure this it is needful that a man should possess, in addition, a certain amount of adaptability or versatility of resources, and a power of turning to anything that may offer in the shape of honest employment, even if lower than the current wages have to be submitted to, until some fair amount of skill is acquired in the new occupation, which can be at any time relinquished when more congenial work offers.

"I think it will be conceded that the advice here given has been practically illustrated in the foregoing pages. I may be considered to have been a veritable 'Jack of all trades;' and, I dare say, have also proved its converse, of being 'master of none,' but I have generally

managed to pull through with tolerably fair results, and this I take to be the testing-point. Few are aware of their capabilities until they are put to the test; therefore, let any one arriving in the colony, and depending upon his own exertions, consider the little word 'try' as a talisman, that, if it fail to help him out of all his difficulties, he may rest assured it will very materially lessen them.

"In giving the foregoing details and results of thirty-four years' experience in the colony, I venture to hope the example may not be altogether fruitless in encouraging new beginners to persevere, and not to be daunted even if some disappointment is at first experienced in finding some things falling short of the sanguine expectations in which new colonists are so apt to indulge. The broad fact, to be soon tested and proved, will still remain—that here, in this new and prosperous country, with its immense natural endowment of yet only partially developed resources, there is ample room, for generations to come, for honest labour to meet and find its just reward—a fair day's wage for a fair day's work."

This testimony can be endorsed by thousands. I could give many instances which have come under my notice of an equally encouraging character. Indeed, I have not known a failure but from lack of capacity, want of energy, or absence of character.

Those who desire to acquire land for pastoral or agricultural purposes, can buy it from the Government at an upset price of twenty shillings per acre, to be paid in half-yearly instalments, stretching over ten or fifteen years—the condition being that of residence. Pastoral land may be so bought in blocks of from five hundred to five thousand acres, and rural land up to three hundred and twenty acres. I would warn intending emigrants against buying land in any office in England;—that is to "buy a pig in a sack." Every one should see the land before he buys, and satisfy himself as to its quality and position. With small means, he will do better to work for others, than to set up for himself; and by husbanding his earnings, lay up in store a capital for future use.

The emigrant should not load himself with an excessive amount of baggage, implements, furniture, etc.; nothing else will be more valuable to him, certainly not more portable, than hard cash. This should be remitted through one of the banks. Before leaving England, it will be well for the emigrant to put himself in communication with Sir Julius Vogel, K.C.M.G., the Agent-General, whose office is at 7, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street: there he can get whatever information he needs.

The average length of the voyage is ninety days. No ships are better constructed, commanded, or catered for, than those of the New Zealand Shipping Company, whose London office is at 84, Bishopsgate Street Within, where the terms, conditions, etc., of passages can be had.

On arrival at port, the first feeling will be that of surprise. Everything is so much like the dear old home, that the stranger can hardly realize the fact that he is so far away from it. In some cases this yields to depression: every one does not fall into his right place all at once; but if the spirit of enterprise (without which no one should emigrate) be in him, a better frame of mind will succeed; he will find his level, and say, "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. I have a goodly heritage." As time rolls on, he will "not love England less, but New Zealand more,"—that most remote of all the dependencies of Her Majesty's wide dominion, looking for her glorious destiny as the future

"BRITAIN OF THE SOUTH."

*Rev. James Buller died at Christchurch
on November 6th, 1884.*

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

NEW ZEALAND, THE FUTURE ENGLAND OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE; or, The Natural Advantages of New Zealand compared with those of the Australian Colonies. A Lecture delivered by the Rev. J. BULLER, at Wellington, New Zealand, April 14, 1857.

(Reprinted from the Wellington Independent.)

On Tuesday evening last, according to advertisement, the Rev. J. Buller delivered a lecture on the above subject in the hall of the Athenæum, which was densely crowded on the occasion,—the subject being attractive, and the evening beautifully fine. Throughout its entire delivery, the lecture was received with marked attention and interest, the lecturer being frequently interrupted by the cheers of his audience.

In his introductory remarks, the reverend gentleman begged to explain the reasons by which he had ventured, with much diffidence, to appear in his present position. By virtue of the official relation he happens to sustain to the Wesleyan churches of Australasia, it became his duty, in the month of January last, to be present in the Annual Assembly or Conference of Wesleyan Ministers in Adelaide. In pursuance of this object, he embarked on board the schooner *Cheetah*, December 19, 1856. On the preceding Sabbath evening, he took an affectionate leave of his congregation in Manners Street Wesleyan church, and, in anticipation of his return, promised to lay before them the results

of his observations and inquiries during his absence. By the good providence of God he returned to his charge at Wellington, on March 19, after an interval of exactly three months; and, in order to redeem the promise he had made, an evening was appointed for that purpose. A considerable number of persons assembled, and appeared highly interested in a somewhat lengthy recital of various matters of detail, as well as of general information. Although the object of that evening's meeting was to communicate intelligence of a connexional or Wesleyan character, he did not confine his attention to subjects of that kind, but indulged in a more discursive range. There was a gentleman present, an honourable member of the Provincial Council, and not a member of the Wesleyan congregation, who, at the close of the service, suggested and urged that he (Mr. Buller) would elaborate his observations of the more general character with a view to a repetition of the same in the Mechanics' Institute. He hesitated, fearing he would be unable to invest it with that interest which would receive the approbation of a public audience, beyond the pale of his own congregation. But receiving another application, and being rather pliable in disposition, he was induced to yield to the persuasion of his friends, and therefore his appearance on that platform to-night.

He was, however, unprepared for so large an attendance, and must beg to disarm them of any high expectations, if such had been excited. It would be unreasonable to suppose that what had proved most interesting to his own congregation, would be equally so here;—nor was it his design to bring forward that which was purely religious or denominational on the present occasion. His object would be to refer to matters of general interest; but feeling as he did the importance of the subject, he was conscious that from the press of other duties he had been unable to bestow the preparation which he would like to have done—which he ought to have done—in order to render anything like justice to his theme. He must therefore, under these circumstances, throw himself on the indulgence of his hearers while unavoidably desultory in his remarks. He further observed that it would be preposterous in him to pretend to anything like an enlarged or minute acquaintance with the neighbouring colonies by a mere flying visit. He would not incur the merited

condemnation of those authors who have undertaken to write books on those countries only which they have seen. But as in reaching Adelaide, he had been under the necessity of visiting Sydney and Melbourne on the way, and although the field of his personal observation had been very limited, yet having had opportunities of intercourse with his brethren in the ministry, (who occupy important stations, and have had a long acquaintance with those colonies,) as well as with other gentlemen, some of whom occupy influential positions in the commercial, literary, and political, as well as in the religious world, he had been enabled to possess himself of a considerable amount of reliable information. To himself the occasion had been one of much social and intellectual, as well as of religious, enjoyment. After having lived in comparative obscurity for more than twenty years—for until the last two or three years he had lived entirely in the bush as a missionary among the natives—many scenes and associations, in the more advanced state of society in the older colonies, presented themselves with all the freshness of novelty, and in some instances powerfully revived almost forgotten features of our father-land. He was not precisely in the condition of that intelligent and Christian Fijian who arrived in Sydney, while he (Mr. Buller) was there, with the Rev. S. Waterhouse in H.M.S. *Herald*. Struck with amazement at the new and wonderful sights which revealed themselves, he took his stand in the verandah of one of the minister's houses, before which a constant stream of vehicles was passing, and after a long interval of silent astonishment, he exclaimed, "Well, well! these *papalangi*" (meaning the white people) "are a marvellous race—everybody is busy, and yet no one does anything;—the horses do all the work."

During a long residence in this country, dating itself far anterior to its colonization, his missionary duties had required him to travel over much of it. In the course of those solitary journeys, his mind had often mused on its probable future—he would frequently trace a parallel between the present condition of these islands and the early history or normal condition of Great Britain. As time rolled on, he thought the course of events was flowing in that direction. He had long, by local experience, been acquainted with New Zealand; now by visiting

the adjacent colonies he was led to institute the comparison in another aspect; he thought he could trace another step in the analogy—that what England is in relation to the continent of Europe, that New Zealand will certainly become in reference to the continent of Australia. During his brief sojourn in those colonies, he was several times engaged in public meetings in which he was requested to speak. New Zealand was naturally his subject. With this he was more conversant, and his hearers the less, than with any other subject he could have chosen. And, besides this, he found, a little to his mortification, that New Zealand was but little known. He felt perhaps his vanity, as a New Zealander, a little wounded that we who think so much of ourselves, should be so little thought of elsewhere. And as, in his official capacity in the Wesleyan Conference, he had endeavoured to represent the interests and wants of the Wesleyan churches in the southern provinces, so in these social and public meetings, with something of the feeling of a patriot, he attempted to delineate the geographical, commercial, and political importance of this country as bearing on the destiny of Australasia. In short, he strenuously maintained then, what he honestly averred now, that, in his opinion, New Zealand will become the future England of the southern hemisphere.

In support of this view, he did not think it necessary, nor did he intend, to say anything by way of depreciation of the sister colonies. It must be freely admitted that they contain the germs of mighty empires;—there is, in the colony of Victoria particularly, a marvellous development of Anglo-Saxon energy and progress. There, is a “nation born in a day;” and when it is said that it is adding to its population at the rate of more than 5000 per month, it will afford an idea of its wonderful enlargement. Besides its former extensive produce of wool, the recent discovery of gold, which continues to yield an unabated revenue, has given an impulse to immigration which Divine Providence will doubtless overrule for the wisest ends. Whether regarded from a commercial, or political, or ecclesiastical point of view, New Zealand must, in comparison with those colonies, be considered in the infancy of its being, the “least among the princes of Judah.” Nor does this admission in any way darken the prospect we entertain. It is the last as well as the least; but, as in

many other departments of human experience, so in this, there is reason to believe that the "last shall be first." In fact, we may notice in this very circumstance, one point in the parallel between the respective conditions of this country and England. Our glorious nation did not attain its greatness with a mushroom growth—it was the effect of centuries of gradual development, of patient and hardy discipline, before she reached her proud pre-eminence, and sat as a queen among the nations. Her growth was like that of her appropriate emblem, the monarch of her forests, the noble oak—slow, but durable; tardy, but permanent. (Here the lecturer quoted a paragraph from "Alison's History of Europe," referring to the gradual progress of the fabric of society in general, and illustrated by the history of England in particular.) It was needless to prove that, compared with the continental powers, the British Isles were for centuries far more eclipsed by the shadow of their greatness than New Zealand is now inferior to Australia. The elements of British ascendancy were in the course of training, and at last emerged in the consolidation of an empire upon whose territory the sun never sets, and before the glory of which the splendour of other nations becomes dim. The ultimate greatness of this country will be the work of time; the elements are here; the development will be gradual; and it is to the future we must look. No man is, or ought to be, more unselfish than the right-hearted emigrant. He expatriates himself from country and kindred, to assist in founding new kingdoms—not for himself, but for his posterity. What is said of man in a far higher acceptation, may be ascribed to the *bonâ fide* settler in a new country—"he liveth not unto himself." Like the Pilgrim Fathers of the far west, amid toils and privations, and sometimes dangers too, he plants the tree of freedom and of plenty; his children rise up; and while they eat of its delicious fruits, they call him blessed—they embalm the memory of the sire in their affections and institutions.

We live in an age of wonders. Not long ago the immense Pacific was under the dominion of universal silence,—not one graceful vessel "like a thing of life," nor one snorting steamer with its trail of smoke, disturbed the monsters of her spacious caverns—desolation reigned supreme. But now—such is the

progress of human enterprise—she sustains the constant traffic, the busy action, the stirring interest which attend the planting of new countries, destined to become great and powerful nations, among which New Zealand, from its natural position, will certainly be found the first and greatest—the Britain of the South.

As the first step in the analogy, he might dwell on our *insular and geographical position*, affording advantages which, viewed in the mirror of the history of England, must strike every reflective mind. (The lecturer here again quoted from Alison, on the advantages to England of her insular character, which he showed to be equally apparent in regard to New Zealand.) The effect of our geographical situation with respect to climate and soil he would again revert to, but mentioned it now in order to observe that it not only affords the key to the Southern Archipelago, but will make this the highway of future steam communication between England and Australia.

The ascendancy of England is greatly indebted to the *excellent harbours* with which her long line of coast is indented. Hence her maritime genius has been fostered until it has assumed for her the supremacy of the seas. Her naval greatness—commercial and imperial—stands unrivalled by the past or the present. And nature has bestowed upon New Zealand this advantage in at least, an equal degree. He need not here enumerate the many spacious harbours which encircle these islands—harbours in which future fleets will ride in safety, and prove the commercial emporium of the Southern Seas. If from the advancing population of Australasia, a class of native-born seamen is ever to arise—if we are not always to be dependent on England or America for that useful and invaluable class of our fellow-men, there is not a country that bids so fair to contribute to that important service as New Zealand, whose proud pendant will hereafter wave—the acknowledged mistress of the Pacific Ocean!

Apart from the influence of other causes, there are three natural advantages which mainly support the commercial pre-eminence of England: her *manufacturing superiority*, her *mineral wealth*, and her *facilities for inland communication*. We have the best reasons for supposing that this country will also attain a high character for manufactures. It abounds in the natural

product the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand Flax, and this plant only awaits the discovery of some process by which its preparation shall be more rapidly effected, to make it a valuable commodity in the way of raw material. Besides our vast forests of fine timber, it is certain that immense beds of coal exist, which is an indispensable article in manufacturing pursuits. That mineral ore exists in large quantities is an ascertained fact, but the richness of those stores is to be revealed by future explorers. Then for the purposes of inland communication, New Zealand possesses facilities beyond comparison. If there be obstacles to the immediate establishment of railways, there is the less expensive avenue afforded by means of her many and noble rivers, by which in many places the country is all but intersected,—rivers navigable for vessels of the largest burthen, and rivalling in beauty as well as in utility the venerable father Thames, of whom Denham says,—

“ Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull :
Strong without rage ; without o’erflowing, full.”

Did such rivers flow through the country of Australia, they would deem themselves rich indeed. Compare them with those streams dignified with the name of rivers—for instance, the *Yarra* of Melbourne, and the *Torrens* of Adelaide: the latter, when the lecturer was there, was a mere congeries of stagnant pools, connected with each other by little water-runs, winding like the crawlings of a snake between them. On the bosom of our rivers a tide of inland navigation will, in time to come, bear the strongest testimony to our prosperity and power.

It is allowed that *formidable difficulties* present themselves—herculean labours are demanded before the ideal can be realized. It is easy to imagine the stranger on his arrival looking wistfully around at the steep and forbidding hills by which this harbour is partially environed. We may suppose his heart to sink within him. But with a feeling of bitter disappointment, let him wait. If there be hills, there are also valleys. He has yet to look on fertile plains, luxuriant forests, fruitful dales, beautiful banks, which he (the lecturer) often in imagination had peopled with all the busy activities, the stirring interests, and the charming adornments of the coming settle-

ment. And though there be barren wastes besides, yet these are capable of being converted into use. (Here Mr. Buller read a quotation from the naturalist Dr. Dieffenback, as bearing out his assertion of the improvable character of our most barren lands.) With the fullest confidence would he address the newly arrived settlers of the right class in the language of Moses to the Israelites: "The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills: a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees,—a land of honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness: thou shalt not lack anything in it." That hard labour is a necessary condition he would readily admit. But even this circumstance affords another instance of resemblance to the England of the old world. While in Sydney, he (Mr. Buller) attended a public meeting on Colonial Missions in connection with the Congregationalists. Many things were said forcibly and eloquently on the growing importance of Australia. The speeches gave a glowing picture of approaching greatness, and compared it with the glory of our ancestral land. One of the speakers, towards the close, said that "he was not quite so sanguine as his brethren who had preceded him. He agreed with them in the great importance of those countries, and sympathized with their aspirations for future prosperity; but he confessed he should have greater hope of their rising into a parallel with English grandeur had they but greater difficulties to overcome. He thought they had too little to do. Had they, as our Saxon forefathers had, dense forests to clear and immense swamps to drain, and the like, then their energies would be, like theirs, so developed that they would rise into the same hardy, enterprising, and successful race." He (the lecturer) felt, and he whispered to the Rev. Mr. Buddle, of Auckland, who sat by his side, that were Mr. Bazeley, the speaker, as well acquainted with New Zealand as with Australia, he would have an illustration to suit his purpose. What our Saxon forefathers did for us, we must expect to do for others. By their labour, order and beauty had emerged from confusion and rudeness; by our patient exertions will the same results be produced here. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree," and the very exercise involved

implies a physical and mental training which shall be followed by the happiest consequences.

In comparing the respective advantages of different countries, we should look at the *negative* as well as the *positive* side of the question. We should remember from what disadvantages we escape, as well as what advantages we enjoy. Here, for instance, we are not subject to myriads of mosquitoes, to the suffocating hot winds, to the parching droughts, to the overwhelming torrents, or to the venomous reptiles which infest the colonies of Australia. (Here the lecturer related a very affecting instance of death by poison inoculated by a fly, in the case of a son of G. Oakes, Esq., of Paramatta, a promising youth of seventeen years of age.) On the other hand, we possess a priceless treasure in our crystal streams and gushing fountains. Our purling brooks are so common in New Zealand, that we are liable to undervalue what in other lands would be the richest luxury. How refreshing to the wearied and thirsty traveller to luxuriate, as he (Mr. Buller) had often done, at the banks of these pure and perennial streams which meander through the land. What would the traveller in New South Wales give for such a treat when essaying to assuage his thirst at some odious mud-hole! What is the testimony of the gold-digger in Victoria who formerly lived in New Zealand, but who, attracted by the magnetic force of gold, had gone to those burning regions, where he would gladly exchange his auriferous wealth for the cooling and refreshing beverage which nature here so abundantly supplies! When in Adelaide, the only supply of water for the town was that which the stagnated pools of the Torrens could supply; and while, to the great disorder of his stomach he (Mr. Buller) was perpetually drinking lemonade and soda-water, how earnestly did he long for a cup of cold water from New Zealand! He could sympathize with King David who "longed, and said, Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate."

But the crowning point of our natural advantages consists in the *salubrity of our fine climate*. He (Mr. Buller) never appreciated this advantage so greatly as since his recent visit to Australia. He used sometimes to think when our winds blew bleakly, and our sky was cloudy and our atmosphere humid, that he would

not object to a warmer and a drier clime. He had heard much of the beauty of Sydney weather, but when he had been there a day he found the sky gather a leaden blackness, the thunder roared, the lightning glared, the rain poured, the atmosphere was close and sultry; every one complained of lassitude or headache, and he felt there was nothing in New Zealand so bad as that. In fact, in passing through the three colonies he was like a boy at school describing the three degrees of comparison. Sydney was hot, Melbourne was hotter, Adelaide was hottest. There the hazy atmosphere, the lurid sky, the parched ground, the clouds of dust, the heated air, all combined to rob one of his energy. On the morning of February 11, immediately prior to embarkation in the *Havilah* on the return voyage, a breakfast was provided in the schoolroom belonging to the large Wesleyan church, in Pirie Street. Here a number of the Wesleyan friends of Adelaide met the President and other members of the Conference on the occasion of their departure. Being requested by the chairman, with others, to address the meeting, he (Mr. Buller) could not but feelingly acknowledge the very great kindness he had received, together with all his brethren, on every hand—kindness he would ever remember with pleasure, and which he could compare only to the glowing, melting, fervid sun of their Australian sky; but while he never could forget the social pleasure he had enjoyed and the new acquaintances he had had the privilege of forming, he could not but anticipate with satisfaction his speedy return to the islands of his New Zealand home, where he would no longer dissolve in heat, but would once more inhale the bracing air of its mountain breezes. Nor is this a consideration of mere personal comfort. That climate exerts a positive influence on the character and habits of men is indisputable. The testimony of Humboldt, the celebrated cosmogonist, and other writers, may be adduced in proof of this. Of this influence, one of the most striking illustrations is found in the case of the Jews. By the peculiarity of their religion and other causes, they continue a distinct people although scattered all over the world. With rare exceptions, they do not intermarry with any other people. If therefore they assimilate to the people among whom they live, it cannot be by the admixture of races. Yet the English Jew is white,

the Portuguese brown, the American olive, and the Egyptian swarthy. (The lecturer here read a quotation from a scientific writer in the *Classical Journal*, to the effect that a warm climate necessarily produces an enervating influence on both body and mind, and that temperate regions are most favourable to the cultivation of hardihood, heroism, and genius.) He observed that other causes must be taken into consideration as combining with that of climate in the formation of national character. In our native land, for instance, her political and religious institutions have operated most powerfully upon the national mind and manners, but still the difference of climate produces its special influence. Hence we have the volatile Frenchman, the mercurial Spaniard, the voluptuous Italian; while it is the Anglo-Saxon race alone which seems qualified to impart their language and laws, their institutions and religion, over the unpeopled regions of the world. The same causes will produce the same effects elsewhere. Eventually, the distinction will be palpable between the inhabitants of Australia and of New Zealand. Already the incipient difference is apparent. You cannot go into their homes, you cannot meet them in the streets, you cannot mingle with them in the public congregation, but you must notice the pale and sallow complexion and the spiry growth for which the youth of Australia are remarkable. He would not say it in disrespect to the ladies of Australia, nor intend it as flattery of those of New Zealand, but if a comparison be instituted between them as to personal appearance, he was sure the balance must preponderate decidedly in favour of the daughters of this country. And he would ask what earthly blessing can be compared with that of a vigorous constitution—with robust health? What so seriously deserves the consideration of the intending emigrant as that which will affect his own health and longevity, and of those who are dearer to him than life itself—his own children whose home he desires to establish? And what sight is so lovely, what scene so beautiful, as that of the large and well-trained family, the hale and joyous parents, with their hardy sons and graceful daughters “like olive plants around their table”? Such families, unbroken by death, and almost unvisited by disease, he (Mr. Buller) had often seen in this country, but in Australia, alas! you can hardly

visit a family with whom disease and death have not formed acquaintance:—

“The fireside shows an empty chair;
The graveyard bears an added stone.”

He would quote with much satisfaction a passage from Dieffenbach, which fully bears out all these views, and declares, “as regards climate alone, no country is better suited for a colony of the Anglo-Saxon race than New Zealand; and were this its only recommendation, it would still deserve our utmost attention as the future seat of European civilization and institutions in the southern hemisphere, since in the other southern colonies—for instance, in that of New South Wales—Europeans undergo more or less alteration from the original stock.”

There is another element which must certainly affect the future character of this country. He referred to the *aborigines*. They are acknowledged on all hands to be the finest of all aboriginal tribes. They are highly susceptible, not only of the arts, but also of the polish of civilization. Their present condition, compared with the past, clearly indicates that in two or three generations more they will be prepared in every respect to stand on a social equality with their European brethren. The question has often been asked, What will become of the New Zealanders? The general opinion is that they will become extinct. If he (Mr. Buller) might give his opinion, it is that they will become extinct, but not in the sense of dying out, but by reason of amalgamation with our race, for which it is the office of a Christian education and progressive civilization to prepare them. And here the lecturer observed, he would take the opportunity of observing that Christian missionaries are not enemies to colonization. He knew they had been so represented, and erroneously believed to be such. He would not say that no individual missionary in New Zealand deserved that character, but this he would affirm, that being acquainted with every missionary of his own denomination, and many of the Church Mission, if there be such an one, he did not know him. For his own part, while fully sensible of the demoralizing influences which are inseparable from European colonization in the present state of humanity, he never traversed our newly formed roads, he never

partook of the improved hospitalities of the natives, he never beheld them following their teams and their carts, he never saw them depositing their money in the bank, or giving a portion of it to benevolent and religious objects, but he felt that colonization was after all a boon to the New Zealanders: he was persuaded that it was in accordance with the designs of Divine Providence; and he asked credit for sincerity when he said that it afforded him the fullest satisfaction to reflect that whatever may have stained the British name in the colonizing process in other lands, the aborigines of New Zealand have received nothing at the hands of the British Government, but that paternal regard which is ever due from the stronger to the weaker; and he did not doubt but this fine race of people would ultimately contribute to a mixed and noble generation, even as the sons of Britain are the offspring of a blended stock.

As another ground of public confidence, the lecturer said he would mention *the Government under which we live*. He was aware that he ventured on delicate ground; but he could speak with the greater freedom because he was in no respect a party man. As a Christian minister he felt it his duty not to intermeddle with party or local politics, for which, however, he claimed no credit, for otherwise he had no temptation to do so. On principle, he had since his residence in Wellington declined even to exercise his elective franchise. He expressed no party views—he offered no opinion on centralism or provincialism, or any other political question of the day. He could wish that these questions were not productive of the strong party feeling which divides the public mind. He did not expect men to agree in their political views any more than in their religious opinions; but for the same reason that he hated bigotry or exclusiveness in religion, did he deprecate violence and hatred in politics. But as the possession of good governing power is an important element in the prosperity of any country, he could not but enjoy pleasure in feeling—he spoke now more particularly of this province—that we have men of acknowledged ability, of legislative and administrative talents, such as would grace the councils and adorn the courts of any of our older larger colonies.

On the whole, then,—and this is the only practical object he could serve by this lecture,—he would assure those who had

recently arrived (if such were present) that they have every ground for encouragement and hope. To the idle and intemperate he had not a word of encouragement to offer; they are the pest of society, the curse of their families, and the disgrace of their country, go wherever they will. But to the sober and industrious—to those who were prepared to apply themselves with diligence and wait with patience—he could confidently say, “Take courage, and with God’s blessing you will do well.” He would repeat that this is not to be expected without labour. Success must be earned by “the sweat of the brow.” Labour you must, and rough it too perhaps, but provided you will do this you will not labour in vain. It is enough to satisfy any reasonable mind to refer to those who are now living, not only in comfort, but in comparative affluence. They arrived here twelve or fifteen years ago, as those who come among as now, to improve their circumstances. They were exposed to toil and privation, and to danger too, such as their successors will know nothing of. But they patiently endured—they persevered with heroic fortitude, and now they rejoice in the work of their hands. He (Mr. Buller) felt himself entitled to speak with confidence on this subject because he had seen the rise, and was acquainted with the present circumstances, of many such of the earlier and now successful colonists. He would mention one as an illustration, one with whom he had the pleasure of being acquainted from his first arrival, about seventeen years ago, and one whom he highly esteemed. After passing through many vicissitudes, and enduring heavy losses and disappointments, by dint of his own exertions he triumphed over all. He became possessed of a fair competence, had a seat in the Honourable House of Representatives, and last year paid a visit with his family to England, where, being a man of some ability, he has been lecturing to thousands on the subject of New Zealand. (Here Mr. Buller read an extract from a letter published in the *New Zealander* of the 4th March, which describes his lecture.) He had only one exception to make to his friend’s lecture. That was, as appears from this and as he learnt from a private source, while literally true with respect to the Auckland province—it is *ex parte* and hardly fair in respect to the Wellington province. He (Mr. Buller) deeply regretted the rival feeling between the provinces.

His friend's error is in this: he gives a glowing (and not too glowing) description of Auckland *as it is*, while he carries with him the idea of Wellington *as it was* fourteen years ago when he was here. If Auckland has had excellent roads and other conveniences since then, he (Mr. Buller) was glad to say that Wellington also shared in the same improvement. The earthquakes of which it was often attempted to make so much to our disparagement, were now dying out; and, holding himself altogether free from provincial prejudice, he would say again to the stranger on our shores—you have every chance: look at the picture before you, “go and do likewise,” and success is yours.

He would now thank them for the patience with which they had listened to his lecture. It would be easy to enlarge on every point, but he could not expect to detain them any longer. He would therefore only add that in making these statements he claimed credit for disinterestedness. He was open to no motive to mislead, while his reputation was at stake by so doing. He had not an inch of property in the province, nor did he expect any; he was under no personal bias or obligation to the Government or any party; he spoke only the honest sentiments of his mind—the inalienable birthright of every Englishman. He felt it was only necessary that the leaven of Christianity imbue the social relations and public institutions of this country, and nothing could prevent it from becoming in the south what England is in the north, “Great, glorious, and free.” He had said he had no property in the province: he was inclined to qualify that assertion. He had the honour of being the father of a numerous family—he felt this an honour—his only fortune. Whatever might become of him, wherever he might be appointed, New Zealand, in all probability, will be their home, as it is their birthplace, and therefore he had important and sacred interests at stake; and identifying himself with the colonists of this land, he would earnestly pray, in the language of Holy Writ, “That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace; that our garners may be full, affording all manner of store; that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets; that our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no

complaining in our streets." For "happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."

APPENDIX B.

ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION OF BISHOP SELWYN'S VALEDICTORY MEETING, 1867.

A valedictory service was held at the Brunswick Hall, in Auckland, New Zealand, on July 1, 1867, being on the occasion of the departure of Bishop Selwyn for the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth. The attendance was very large. His Honour the Superintendent of the Province, the late John Williamson, Esq., occupied the chair. The Presbyterian and Wesleyan Churches were represented—the former by the Rev. David Bruce, and the latter by the Rev. James Buller. Mr. Buller spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman,—I am happy to see your Honour, to-night, in your present position, and I rejoice to have this opportunity of expressing my personal esteem for the Right Reverend gentleman, of whom we now take an affectionate farewell, but only, I hope, for a short season. During my long residence in New Zealand, I have had some few opportunities of intercourse with him, and have always been deeply impressed with the urbanity of his manners. I was living in this island several years before the advent of the Bishop, and so have watched his public course from the beginning. I have done so with deep interest, believing that the success of our common Christianity could not but be powerfully influenced by his labours.

I shall be only repeating what I have often said, in other places, that, while not agreeing with everything,—seeing not, eye to eye, with the Bishop at every point,—I am a sincere admirer of his talents, piety, and zeal. I am restrained, by the presence of our distinguished and right reverend friend, from saying all that is in my heart. Throughout more than a quarter

of a century, he has been indefatigably employed in laying the foundation of his own Church in this country—a Church of which he is so great an ornament. I doubt whether any other man would have the ability, or the means, of doing all that he has accomplished. He has laid his Church, particularly, under a debt of lasting gratitude for his eminent exertions. Bringing to her service talents of the highest order, which would grace any position, he has undergone, on her behalf, labours which could be compassed only by an iron constitution of body, a powerful, cultured, and sagacious mind, and a truly apostolic zeal. In the spirit of self-sacrifice, he has endured toils, hardships, and privations. He has been “steadfast, immovable,” through “evil report and good report.”

The Church over which he presides in this country, will, I am sure, hand down the name of Bishop Selwyn to a grateful posterity, as he who gave form and substance to her ecclesiastical system, and who, by the ardour of his zeal, not less than by the versatility of his genius, sketched out and initiated the evangelization of the Western Archipelago—the founder of the Anglican Church in New Zealand, and the father of the Melanesian Mission. It is fitting that this public expression of their obligation to his great services should be rendered by the clergy and laity of that Church. And from the commanding position the Bishop has maintained before the public, and his courteous bearing towards other denominations, it is also fitting that this opportunity be given for the expression of cordiality on the part of those who do not belong to the Church of England in New Zealand.

I have the honour, sir, this night, to represent a sister communion, which from its beginning has borne a peculiar relation to the English Church. In a country where all religious denominations are on a common platform, the word “dissenter” is a misnomer, in the case of any one of them. But even in the mother-country, where the term is legitimate, it has never been claimed by “the people called Methodists.” Their existence as a Church did not originate in any schismatic disunion, violent separation, or avowed dissent from the National Church.

Every one, acquainted with modern Church history, knows that the venerable Wesley was, to the hour of his death, a

clergyman of the Church of England. And I will venture to say that if there had been in England then, such an Episcopate as there is in New Zealand now, the earnest and fruitful labours of the Wesleys would have been thankfully recognized—their followers would not have been driven to the necessity of forming a separate Church organization—and it would, I think, have been John Wesley's own fault if he had not then become a Bishop himself, and, perhaps, not the least of that order.

I use the word "Bishop" now in its popular sense. Believing, as I do, that every minister of Christ is a scriptural *episcopos*, I am not insensible to the advantages of the threefold order, where, as in this country, the superior clergy devote themselves, not merely to official duties, but also to a personal ministry to all "sorts and conditions of men," both colonial and Maori.

In the course of my labours, I have obtained some knowledge of every Bishop of the Anglican Church in this country. More than once have I followed in the track of their laborious journeys, and I am free to say of them all, though not equally gifted with their Metropolitan, they are, all of them, men of superior learning, of simple habits, and of devoted zeal. I cannot pay them a higher compliment than to compare them with the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America.

Your Honour will allow me to say that, as a minister of the Methodist Church in New Zealand, I do not envy, but rejoice, in the progress of the English Episcopal Church. I remember when she was represented here by those excellent men, the servants of the Church Missionary Society, one of whom now worthily governs a diocese. The more truly I hold to the principles of my own denomination, the more fully must I be "the friend of all, the enemy of none."

Some good men cherish the idea of an outward and visible unity of Christendom. In theory, this may be a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" but, for my own part, I see no reason to expect it, or to hope for it. Freedom of thought, and liberty of conscience, must produce differences of religious opinion, varieties of Church polity, and diversities of Church formularies. This, I think, will be to the end of time. We must wait for a higher and better state of being, for absolute oneness.

"When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." Meanwhile, the nearer we all approach to the standard of a living Christianity, the more shall we realize and manifest the substantial "unity of the spirit," however divided in our respective lines of Church action. "By this shall all men know that we are His disciples, if we have love one to another."

In my thoughts of the great destiny in reserve for this fine country, I cannot but regard, as the most potent element in its future prosperity, the several churches, all "built upon the foundation of the prophets and the apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone." Our respective organizations may sometimes bring their angular points into contact with each other, and the friction may be somewhat grating; but I submit that the oil of holy love will remove that friction, and in the spirit of brotherly forbearance we shall pursue our onward march of toil and conquest, in parallel lines of peaceful, if not harmonious, co-operation, in the good warfare against the triple and common foe, "the world, the flesh, and the devil."

We shall all do well to bear in mind the example of the apostle Paul, who would rejoice if Christ was preached, though it might be "of some, even of contention and strife." May I be permitted to add that I have a strong sympathy with the object of the Bishop's visit to England. Whatever views may be maintained touching the relation of Church and State in the old country, I should deplore it as a great evil if an alliance between them was effected in this or in any new country. It would not only evoke the strongest opposition on the part of all other churches, but would be opposed to the interests of the body that accepted that distinction. If the Anglican Church in the colonies is to stand, like all other churches, on the foundation of a voluntary compact, it is due to her that, like other bodies of Christians, she have unfettered liberty of religious action within her own pale. And if the letters patent from our royal and beloved Queen do at all stand in the way of that liberty, the sooner they are cancelled the better.

But I must ask pardon, sir, for having spoken so long. I beg to offer my congratulations to the Episcopalian Church. Most fervently will I join her clergy and laity in the prayer that

Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn may have "a prosperous voyage by the will of God," and that, after a happy sojourn in the dear old country, they may return in the "fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace." I trust the Bishop has many years of labour before him in this land, and may "the pleasure of the Lord prosper in his hands."

APPENDIX C.

THE MAORI WAR: A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Auckland, New Zealand, June 25th, 1869, by the Rev. JAMES BULLER.

The story of the Maori war is not soon told. "The generation following" will hear the tales of suffering endured by their fathers; the deeds of rapine which the Maories perpetrated; the acts of daring which could be performed only by brave warriors. The incidents of war are as thrilling as they are sad. When the details of this war shall be known, many a heart-sickening scene will be revealed. But neither chivalry, valour, nor cruelty, can be limited to one side. From the Maori stand-point, as well as from our own, there have been deeds that must command respect, if not admiration, as well as such as will excite horror. But it is not of such things that I intend to speak. The romance of war I must leave to others; nor am I competent to treat this subject in several other aspects.

There is the military aspect. Professional men must deal with this. In their eyes, good military reasons may, for aught I know, justify every step that has been taken, although common sense cannot perceive them. Who but professionals can explain why so large a force should have been so long in the country, and have done so little? Who can say why that, when there were opportunities for striking a telling blow, not a shot should be fired? And, without staying to notice many other inexplicable movements, who can tell why our colonial forces should be transferred, at great cost, from one coast to another, leaving in each

case an audacious enemy behind them? To the uninitiated it seems a mockery to say the campaign is ended when Titokowaru can roam at will over the deserted farms of our ill-fated settlers, while our men are in pursuit of Te Kooti, who was reported to be killed, but is alive again. For these, and other things equally mysterious to ordinary minds, there may, perhaps, be excellent military reasons; but I cannot discuss this question.

I confess myself equally unable to understand what may be called the political aspect of the Maori war. I am not a statesman, and therefore know nothing of statecraft. It would be seeming arrogance for me to question the wisdom of certain lines of action, however puzzling to my uninformed judgment: as, for instance, why Maories should be permitted to kill one another without any interference on our part; and then, when a quarrel arose respecting the title to an insignificant piece of land, we should rush into a costly and bloody war, instead of submitting the dispute to a patient judicial investigation; or why, in the conduct of this unhappy war, having taken many active spirits and made them prisoners, instead of keeping them as hostages until a permanent peace should be established, they were allowed to escape to reinforce the enemy, reduce our prestige, and intensify their hostility. And also, when certain blocks of land were confiscated, they should be left comparatively undefended against the incursions of the ejected but unsubdued tribes; or when a military advantage has been gained, it has so rarely, if ever, been followed up, but accepted as an end of the war; or while the murderers of men, women, and children find a refuge in the bosom of their people, no attempt should be made to vindicate the law. I say, for these and other things a statesman may have good reasons; and I therefore will not incur the charge of presumption by calling them in question. If I allude to these things, it will not be as a politician.

I shall confine myself to what I may term the moral aspect of the war, and from this view I shall find enough to say to tax your patience. Should I be tedious, I hope the importance of the subject will be admitted as an excuse. I ask for a patient hearing, and if I advance anything which may be opposed to the convictions of any one present, I shall be happy at the close of the lecture, and by permission of the Chairman, to reply to

any questions that may be pertinent to the occasion. From the position I occupy, I feel no diffidence in speaking plainly. If a residence of more than thirty-three years in New Zealand, a knowledge of the Maori language and character, and an attentive study of every stage in our colonial history, are sufficient to enable any one to arrive at a conclusion, then I may be permitted to do so. I was well acquainted with the state of the Maori people when, in 1840, the treaty of Waitangi was accepted by them. From that time I have watched with interest the course of events, and I claim nothing more than the power of a common mind, and the consciousness of an honest purpose, when I venture to discuss the moral aspects of what is known as the Maori war.

The first question that comes up is this: Who is responsible for the war? What were its antecedant causes—remote as well as direct? How is it that, after twenty years of colonization, the war, now nine years old, came to pass? The question, in one of these forms, is asked by many. Different answers are given. Some will tell you, "It is all owing to the missionaries." The poor missionaries—the messengers of peace—are charged by many as the instigators of war! I am not ashamed to own that I belong to this class, and plead "not guilty." I have the honour to be an old missionary, and the pleasure of being acquainted with nearly every Protestant missionary in the land; and, on behalf of all, I am prepared to meet the charge with an indignant denial. I will not say that no missionary has been indiscreet—that none have erred in judgment; nor do I profess to endorse every opinion, or approve of every act, of every missionary. Let each be judged on the merits of his own case. But this I say, that so far from missionaries being accountable for the war, it can be proved that they have been the friends of the colony, as well as the benefactors of the Maories. Is it said that the Maories themselves blame the missionaries, repudiate their teaching, and even murder them? I admit all this; while it proves nothing against them, unless it be that they are the supporters of British sovereignty. No Maori will say that missionaries counselled war, or in any way encouraged it. It is true that many tribes have renounced Christianity, and abandoned their former relation to their missionary pastors; but

on what ground? Simply because it was by the advice of the missionaries that they consented to receive the representative of the British Crown. But for the influence of the missionaries, Captain Hobson could hardly have succeeded in obtaining this fine country as a dependency of the Imperial Government. The Maories know this, and it is made the fulcrum on which the lever of disaffection towards the Government uplifts them from their former position towards the missionaries. Will you permit me to look into the charges which are commonly preferred against us? We do not enter the arena with our accusers in the public journals, for we cannot use the weapons of scurrility which they so dexterously handle. From the flippant scoffer we appeal to the sober-minded. The popular prejudices which have been excited against the missionaries may, I believe, be reduced to three :—

- I. *That they were jealous of colonization, lest their own influence should be lost.*

This charge may be dismissed as not proven. I have never heard a tittle of evidence in support of it. Whatever influence missionaries had was purely moral, and nothing could deprive them of this but the demoralization of the natives. No doubt their influence for good was powerful at the time when Governor Hobson arrived: and, I repeat, it was owing thereunto, very much at least, that his political mission was successful. That influence was directed to moral ends, as it had been obtained by moral means. Had the new element—the political—always acted on the same principles which were so triumphant in missionary conduct, we should have reason to rejoice, not that their influence is weakened, but that it was strengthened by the policy of the strong arm of law whenever occasion required its exercise. What those principles of conduct were I will presently explain. It is fashionable to speak of the missionary enterprise as a failure; to deride what is called the sham Christianity of the Maories; to sneer at the Exeter Hall sentiments! I shall not enlarge upon these things, but must enter my protest against the use of such terms. Notwithstanding the present unhappy state of things, I can cite ample evidence to the effect that up to a certain point, at least, the mission was no failure, but a

success. The viciousness of many of the natives is in spite of better knowledge. If this proves the failure of the mission in New Zealand, then the vices of London life will equally prove the failure of Christianity there. I submit that the rational way of looking at this question is, first, to inquire what was the character of the Maories when missionaries came among them ; then to ascertain their condition when, after they had laboured for a quarter of a century, a new state of things arose through colonization in 1840. It is well known that at the first date they were a nation of ferocious cannibals, among whom no one could venture to live, but at the peril of his life. At the date of the second period, we have the testimony of intelligent travellers, of the first Governors of the colony, and of the natives themselves, that they had become comparatively a peaceable, an educated, and a civilized people. Life and property were sacred, hospitality was universal, Christian ordinances were common, and the love of war had given place to a desire for commerce. This change—to say nothing of the higher forms of Christian character—had been wrought exclusively by missionary agency. For many years after the birth of the colony, as all the old settlers know, a large and lucrative trade was supported, not only in Auckland, but on both coasts, which was the foundation of ample fortunes to not a few of our enterprising countrymen. The imputation of jealousy to the missionaries is absurd. Colonization of some kind, and by some foreign power, was inevitable. It was not a matter of mere choice, now that the natives had become humanized by Christianity. The missionaries, had they wished, could not prevent it. But as Englishmen, as well as Christian men, they decidedly preferred British rule and protection to an alien supremacy or a lawless occupancy ; and accordingly, as a matter of fact, they did throw all their influence in the scale of colonization, under the shadow of our Queen Victoria.

2. *Instead of using the English language, the missionary perpetuates the miserable jargon of the Maori tongue.*

The very able lecture on missions that was given here last week contains the echo of this prejudice. In theory it is convincing, in practice impossible. The missionaries would have

been fools had they attempted it. It would be easy to show the rank absurdity of pretending to force upon a people, until their commerce with the English proved to them the importance of it, a language so exceedingly difficult to acquire, in the place of their own, which, allow me say, is not after all such a useless dialect as some imagine. I could show you that it possesses a force, a poetry, and a nicety by no means despicable. But whatever its demerits, it was the only medium by which instruction could be conveyed to their minds; and to the philologist, as well as to the Christian, the Maori version of the Holy Bible is an object of the deepest interest. All intelligent men, whether missionaries or others, must be equally alive to the great advantage of the English language, not only as a means of intercourse, but as a field for research. The natives themselves now begin to understand its value, and whatever they know of it, they have acquired in the schools which have been under the direction of missionaries and no others. I could take you, on any day, to a Maori settlement on the bank of the Waipa, where you may see a superior Maori woman teaching a small Maori boarding-school in English, and which teacher can write you a letter in English which would be no discredit to one of our fair countrywomen. And Martha Barton has a brother who talks English, and fulfils the duties of clerk in the Resident Magistrate's Court in Waikato. These, as well as others, learnt all that they know in one of our mission schools. I quote this to show that it was not indifference on the part of missionaries that withheld the English tongue from the Maori people. It was only the utter uselessness of attempting to teach them what they could not acquire without severe application, while they could perceive no motive for such application.

3. *The missionaries traded in native lands.*

I am aware that this has now become a trite saying even among some of the natives themselves: "You missionaries were teaching us to look up to heaven, but your own eyes were all the time directed to the earth." It is only of late that such a thing was heard among them, and there is good reason to believe it did not originate with them. But the question remains, is it true? And, if true, was it wrong? Well, I am

ready to meet this. I admit at once that some missionaries did buy Maori lands; and a few of them, large tracts of land; but I ask, did they inflict any injustice on any one by so doing? I have never heard of a case in which they took any unfair advantage, or in which the owners were not fully satisfied with the bargain. The land, indeed, in those days had no marketable value at all. It was worth absolutely nothing until made so; but, as far as I know, the missionaries gave as much in payment as did any one else, and far more than most others. That some of those lands have since acquired a value, is the accident of colonization. If any one will say that they desired colonization for this purpose, it must be admitted that they could not in that case have been enemies to colonization. I wish, however, to be clearly understood. I never bought land from the Maories, nor did any one of the agents of the Society I represent, unless it were for the *bonâ fide* purpose of a mission station. Therefore I feel the more free to express myself on a matter which has been made the unjust occasion of throwing odium on the proceedings of many excellent men. I offer no opinion on the expediency of missionaries purchasing land from natives; but I contend that no one has a right to complain of those good men that did so. They acted under the sanction of their directors in London. They bought, not with a view to commercial speculation, but for the purpose of making future provision for their numerous children, and sometimes in the interest of peace, by satisfying the claims of contending rivals, thereby preventing bloodshed. And I ask whether their families and descendants are not as valuable a class of settlers as any others, and even as important a contribution to the well-being of the country—the land of their birth. If any one can show that any missionary obtained land unrighteously, that he did so as a matter of mere financial gain, or that he did not fully satisfy every claimant, then I have not a word to say in his defence. I never heard of such a case; and I repeat that, whatever may be thought of it as a question of Christian expediency, on abstract principles I have yet to learn what is to be said against it.

Have I made out a case in favour of the misrepresented missionaries? I will not pretend to say how much the colony

owes to them, only that, but for them, there would have been no colony here at all! I will not inquire whether the Christianity of the Maories was a sham; but, at all events, it had softened their manners, reformed their customs, and made them peaceable and honest; so that foreigners could live among them with safety and profit. But I cannot let the slang term of "Exeter Hall" pass without a caveat. It has obtained currency from the unfortunate phrase of the late Lord Macaulay, who once referred to what he called "the bray of Exeter Hall," and, as the eloquent Punshon said in his lecture on that eminent man, "Its last bray was in his own praise." What then is meant by the vague term "Exeter Hall"? Why do not writers and speakers call things by their right names—"a spade, a spade"? To vilify Exeter Hall is to abuse all the Christianity of England. Will it be said that also is a sham? Some years ago there emanated from the Aborigines Protection Society an unfortunate document, which, circulating among the Maories, was no doubt mischievous in its effects. That I believe is the foundation of the Exeter Hall phrase, as now used. I have nothing to say of the said address to the Maories, excepting that it was a grave mistake on the part of well-meaning but misguided men.

I have occupied your time, I fear, too long on the alleged mischief caused by missionaries. I now turn to another answer to the question,—To whom is the war owing? It is evident from the tone of the English press, and even from the papers in some parts of New Zealand, an impression extensively prevails that the colonists are chargeable with the consequences of the Maori war; that lust of gain and greed of land induced the settlers of the Northern Island to force hostilities, and then perpetuate them. While by many of the settlers the missionaries are blamed, they, in their turn, are also unjustly condemned. No doubt, there are bad men in the colony. I know that some malicious spirits have done their best to foster groundless suspicions in the Maori mind. They are as much the enemies of the colony as they are the destroyers of the natives. But, taken as a community, the New Zealand colonists compare favourably with those of any country for intelligence, respectability, and character. To charge them with desiring war is ridiculous. What could they gain by it? Till very lately it was not in

their power to obtain land but from the Crown. Set aside a few fortunate contractors, and some needy place-hunters, and all the rest have been great sufferers by the war. They are entitled to the sympathy, and do not merit the censure, of England. Against the gains of the few, place the losses of the many, and then strike the balance in the form of a huge, a terrible disaster. The burden of excessive taxation is as nothing compared with the devastation of happy homes, the utter ruin of fair prospects, and the bitter loss of beloved sons. At this moment there are many solitary families continually exposed to spoliation and death. What had they to gain by war? Gain! No, the settlers have everything to risk, and not a few have lost their all, and many have lost their lives. To charge our settlers with the greed of land is idle. They desired land: to be sure they did. What else did they come here for? Did they leave their country only for their country's good? Did they not expatriate themselves from the dear old home that they might extend the glory of the British empire, by adding another gem to our monarch's crown, in building up a nation on the virgin soil of this beautiful country? Is it supposed they could do this without acquiring land? But, I ask, did the settlers get land—did they wish to get land—in any other way than by fair and honourable purchase? I challenge any one to say so. Nor could they have done so if they would. Whatever they gave for it was its full value. They inflicted no wrong upon the natives by buying from them what they could not use. Not a foot of soil was fraudulently obtained. This is our vantage-ground in argument with the natives themselves. They cannot put their finger upon the map of New Zealand and point to a single acre which has been wrested from them, unless as the penalty of rebellion. And I go further than this: I ask if it was not in the order of God's providence that a colonizing people like the Anglo-Saxons should relieve the overcrowding population of the mother-country by emigrating to this "Britain of the South," and utilizing the fertile wastes which the savage inhabitants could not appropriate? Millions of acres of well-watered plains and luxuriant forests invited their enterprise. When would the natives have built bridges, made roads, planted towns? Was this fine portion of the Lord's earth to be a perpetual preserve for wild pigs?

I do not think so. Again, by what titles did the native tribes claim all the unoccupied territory? That they did so, we know; and to attempt to dispossess them in any other way than by treaty would have been neither right nor politic. But after all, could they by themselves ever have fulfilled the conditions of their title to "multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it"? They could not. And for these reasons I always thought that a superior race would help them to accomplish the Divine purpose. I knew the country in all its native wildness. In 1839, I travelled from Hokianga in the north to Port Nicholson in the south. At that time the spots of European civilization were very few beyond the lone mission settlement, and this was as the oasis in the desert. I never pass over the same ground now, on which has waved the hand of civilizing power,—where the sturdy arms of our Saxon race have felled gigantic forests, and where skilled energy has made the desert to "rejoice and blossom as the rose,"—I never, I say, pass over these scenes, and compare the present with the past, but I see abundant evidence of a providential vocation. I read it in the light of facts as clearly as in the revelation of God's word I read the mission of the Israelites to people the land of Canaan,—not, as in their case, with a command to extirpate the original inhabitants, neither in any way to oppress or injure them; but to place the means of domestic comfort, of social elevation, of political freedom within their reach. I know it is asserted, as a law of Providence, that the coloured race must disappear in the presence of the whites. But where is the authority for that assertion? Unhappily, it has too often been the case. May it not be repeated here! But whatever be the ultimate issue of the present unhappy state of things—should even the lay of the last Maori be sung—there is still comfort in the thought that it was not by the desire, neither was it through the conduct of the settlers, that the Maori perished.

It is time to give my answer to the question as to the responsibility of the war, and I will do so by an appeal to facts. I say, then, that the Imperial Government sustain this responsibility. I accuse not the Government of any intention of this kind. I am persuaded that they took possession of these islands in good faith, and sincerely wished to preserve the aborigines. In

doing so, they petted and spoiled them. They were more than humane—they were even partial; of no act of oppression can the natives justly complain. Hostilities have been the fruit of mismanagement alone. From the beginning it has been a blunder, and that blunder is not yet corrected, even by experience very dearly bought. Under good government—government conducted on sound principles—there would have been little, if any, danger of a war. If it be asked what is meant by sound principles, I reply, just those which in the olden days secured for the missionaries their great influence over the Maori mind—an influence by which they often went between contending armies, and effected reconciliation before a blow was struck. We need not the talents of a statesman to find out the true principles of successful government. The humblest cottager, who will have his “children in subjection with all gravity,” must have practical acquaintance with those principles, as well as the ruler of an empire. These underlie all administration, whether domestic, corporate, or national. The relation of the British Government to the Maori people was a paternal one, and the duties arising out of that relation were those of a father to his dependent family. On his management will depend the future character of his children, and their carriage towards himself. Like a wise, good father, let him so “command his household” as to win their confidence, gain their respect, and prepare them for manhood, and they will “rise up and call him blessed.” Such were the principles which guided the conduct of intelligent missionaries. But let a weak, though fond, father pander to the waywardness of his children, wheedle and coax them to duty with sugarplums, and withhold all the restraints of early discipline,—what is the natural result? Domestic anarchy. Too late the feeble-handed parent wakes up to the consequences of his own neglect, and in utter powerlessness exclaims, “Alas, my sons!” His grey hairs impose no restraint on their unbridled passions: they “glory in their shame.” To account for this, we have no recondite causes to seek. It is human nature, and not the peculiarity of race, for God “hath made of one blood all nations of men.” The illustration I have given describes the conduct of the Government towards the natives, and accounts for the hostile attitude of defiant tribes. I will proceed to

establish my position. A successful Government must have the confidence of the governed. This is especially necessary with such an unenlightened, suspicious, and warlike people as the Maories. When missionaries came among them, they had much personal annoyance and no little danger to endure. Their lives were often in jeopardy. But in course of time they were understood. The natives found them truthful as well as kind. They believed the word of a missionary because he never deceived them. When some one attempted to throw doubt on a missionary's statement, the Maori said, "See the sun yonder; as sure as it will rise to-morrow morning, so sure will the missionary's word be true." It would have been well had our Government always followed this example. But promises have been often made which have never been fulfilled.

There is one thing on which, above all others, the natives were always sensitive, and that is—their land. This was a subject of great delicacy. No doubt it would have been the best, as well as the most simple way, to take possession of the whole country, and allocate to the native tribes such portions as were sufficient and best suited to their use—as it was put by the lecturer last week. But this could not be done. Every acre of land had its owner; their own titles were often complicated; and intertribal wars were not uncommon because of disputed rights. Keenly watched by the sagacious eye of a jealous people, the most careful action was required in order to secure their confidence. Unfortunately, the policy adopted by the Government placed them in a false position at once. At that time there was a general desire to sell land to European residents: in all directions native chiefs were offering territory in exchange for foreign wares. Traders were rapidly increasing, because the country was safe. Thousands of acres had been bought, and a large extent was under negotiation, when Captain Hobson's proclamation made it an illegal act for any one to traffic with the natives in the matter of land. At the same time Commissioners were appointed, who held courts of inquiry into the merits of the purchases already contracted. This was a right step so far as it went. The results of that inquiry reflected great credit on the honour of the natives of those days. One of the Commissioners told me that the decision of the Court

always turned on the testimony of the natives alone. But although they had the matter in their own hands, I heard not of a case wherein they repudiated a bargain that had once been fairly ratified by them. It would not be safe now to trust them so far. The technicalities of law would be put in the place of right dealing. There was one great defect in the design of that Court. Instead of awarding to the claimant all the land he had honourably bought, his grant was limited to a given quantity, and the balance regarded as waste lands of the Crown. This served to irritate the buyer, and to perplex the Maori. The former felt himself wronged, the latter silently questioned the right of the Government to take what private individuals had purchased. They said, "If the Governor serves his own people in this way, what then may we not expect?" Thus a suspicion of the ulterior design of the Government was, at a very early period, awakened in the Maori mind. The proclamation also strengthened this feeling: it deprived the natives of the acquisition of merchandize, and they were led to ask on what ground the Government prevented them from doing what they liked with their own. This, again, was aggravated by the refusal of the Government to buy certain blocks of land when they were anxious to sell. Much vexation arose out of this, and it was fostered by angry traders who, pointing to the flagstaff at the Bay of Islands as the symbol of British power, led Hone Heke to cut it down. Thus began the war in the north in 1845.

It may be said that it was necessary to prevent the land-sharks—as speculators were called—from buying up the country wholesale; and also, in order to avoid quarrels, to ascertain the real owners of land sold. The action of the agents of the New Zealand Company might be adduced in proof of this. But it was possible by legislation to have guarded against all such evils, and yet to have left the natives free. Had the Government done so in a way to secure revenue on the one hand, and the ready extinction of native title by fair purchase on the other, they would have assumed the dignified position of protecting native rights, and the arbiter of all disputes, instead of descending to the lower status of land-jobbing. In this way settlers would have filled the country without the intervention of a Land-

purchase Department. But the course taken—no doubt with the best intentions—proved disastrous, and lies at the foundation of all our troubles. Suspicion gradually acquired strength, until it became a profound conviction in the native mind that in time their lands would be all wrested from them. Then they formed a stern resolve to stem the progress of colonization by selling no more land. Hence the famous Land League in 1854, the murder of Rawiri and others in 1855, and the present war, beginning with the Waitara question, in 1860. It would have been as much for the interests of the Maories as for the colony if, to a very large extent, their waste lands had been sold by them while they possessed but a nominal value. Large payments are a questionable gain: they lead to idleness, improvidence, and vice. By refusing to buy, or to let others buy—the old fable of the dog and the manger—the Government let the opportunity slip; and when, by the increase of population, land was in requisition, they were unable to meet the demand. Thus difficulties arose which were detrimental to the public welfare, and were equally injurious to the natives. For instance, when a company of Nova Scotians desired to form a settlement—that successful body of settlers now at the Waipu—and the Government had no disposable land for their purpose, application was made to native chiefs to sell that which had already been bought from them by Mr. Busby. Never was a land-purchase effected in a more open, straightforward, or honourable way than that of Mr. Busby's, although his title was not legalized. An officer was sent to Te Tirarau, a fine old chief, with some sense of honour, to re-buy this land. He indignantly repelled the offer. "Do you think," he said, "I will sell land twice over? It is no longer mine: go to Busby, to whom it belongs." It is easy to see the effect of such repeated attempts upon the native mind. While the Government falls into contempt, they are demoralized, till their cupidity overrides their honesty. The "land question," more than anything else, forfeited the confidence of the natives.

Good government must command respect. This is to be done by the supremacy of law. Obedience to lawful authority is the foundation principle of public peace, safety, and order. But how signal our failure in this respect in the management of the

natives ! They have not been governed at all. A firm-handed and upright Government would have been respected by them. Their own rude law had been one of brute force. This was giving way to that of public opinion. At the date of the colony a simple code of laws faithfully administered would have taken with them. To show weakness was folly. At that time the person of a *pakeha* was sacred. We had a moral prestige which is now gone. They have a keen sense of justice, and will respect it. Had law been impartially enforced, by this time it would be everywhere acknowledged. No fear of consequences should have averted execution on the guilty, after trial and conviction. I appeal to every one who has lived among the natives, whether the bold man, if true, is not a power among them. If your case is a just one, maintain it at all hazards, and you will succeed. It is timidity, truckling, lying, that they despise. Be manly, and you live in their esteem ; yield to threat, and you become their lackey. My advice to settlers is, never let a Maori take advantage of you. Allow no liberties. Not long ago, I entered the home of a trader in the interior. Presently a native came into the sitting-room. He was clothed in a filthy *ngeri*, and had a greasy cap upon his head. He took his seat before the fireplace, and, having lighted his pipe, began to smoke with all possible self-complacency. I found no difficulty in shaming this man out of his rudeness. He needed only a proper rule to be kept within the limits of right conduct. From personal recollections, I could supply instances of violence threatened to exact unjust commands, which having been calmly but firmly resisted, the enraged chief, ashamed of his folly, has afterwards brought an offering of reconciliation. It is a great mistake—bad in principle and worse in policy—to let the Maories know that you are afraid of them. They respect courage. It is notorious that, while the natives can always obtain redress against the *pakeha*, the latter has seldom any chance against the former. Thus law is treated with derision. The authority of the ancient chiefs was passing away, and a state of anarchy was succeeding it. The more thoughtful and intelligent saw and lamented this. Our laws were powerless with them. This, together with the land question, led to the King movement, which now threatens to give great trouble. To enact laws and not enforce them will

demoralize any people. "Without law there is no transgression." If the law says, "Thou shalt not buy strong drink," and then, under the very eye of the magistrate, allows it with impunity, it weakens its own sanctity when it says, "Thou shalt not kill." The violation of one law prepares for disobedience to all laws. Had law been always upheld, a police row might sometimes have happened, but nothing like a war would have been the consequence. Nor shall we ever have peace and safety until the reign of law be established. The risk of danger is no apology for compromising justice. A parent may have trouble in subduing the will of a headstrong child, but, if he do not, the task may be impossible hereafter. Better in the first place to overcome resistance, at any cost. The interests of humanity are served thereby. But even such apology is not always available. A case occurred not long ago, not far away. A Maori girl committed a theft, and afterwards attempted the life of her victim. A *runanga* was held. The father of the girl opposed the surrender of his daughter to the action of our law. His opposition was overruled, and the English magistrate had the case before him. There was here no difficulty. But I regret to say the question was after all referred to Maori usage. How is it possible in this way for the Maori to have any conception of the majesty of law? We may cease to wonder at their lawlessness.

Another function of the Government is education. Much credit is due for what has been done in this direction, although with partial success. This might have been greater had not too much been attempted with the means available. No investment of public money would have proved more profitable than in a liberal education, which would qualify the natives to appreciate our institutions, and take a part in our legislation. This supposes a complete curriculum, including a knowledge of English. If, for example, forty or fifty bright lads—sons of chiefs—had been placed in schools with young English gentlemen, until thoroughly educated, it is not too much to suppose that many, if not all, of them would, by their superior knowledge and refined taste, be as closely bound to us by sympathy, as to their own people by blood. What a power might they have been for civilization! They would make efficient Government officers, and some of

them be worthy of seats in our colonial Parliament,—a reality, instead of the miserable sham of the Maori members now exalted to that dignity. Such an educated class of Maories of rank would greatly facilitate all efforts of philanthropy, provided at the same time every encouragement was given to the education of the whole people in the cardinal duties of manliness, industry, and obedience. Thirty years ago the Maories were but emerging from barbarism, but they were sober, honest, and hospitable. What are they now? Intemperance, profligacy, and impudence are their general character. Their education is a bad one. “A tree is known by its fruits.”

It would be easy to cite instances and multiply proofs in support of the position that our native difficulty is not owing to positive injustice, but a failure in management. Whatever may have been the mistakes of the colonial authorities, they are not responsible for the war, which had begun before they had any power to prevent it, and was the effect of causes in operation for a long time antecedently. Never was the case more desperate than it is now. For nine years we have had warfare, and we are likely to have it nine years more, unless effective measures be at once taken for its suppression. It is not my place to criticise the doings of our men in office. My belief is that they do not lack talent so much as virtue, and that no men are fit to be trusted with such power if the vigilant eye of well-formed public opinion be not upon them. But this I say, no mere compromise will secure peace. The safety of settlers can never be guaranteed until law is impartially administered among all classes, Maori and pakeha alike, and magistrates become “a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well.” This must be done. How it is to be done, is another question. If I felt competent to solve it, I should be stepping out of my province to do so. I may be thought to have ventured too far already. Some may question whether, as a Christian minister, I ought to deal with such things at all. On the other hand, as a Christian minister, I think I occupy a vantage-ground, for I subscribe to no political creed, and have no personal or party object to serve. But in a great public question, affecting as it does not only the whole community, including both races, but also the interests of posterity, and the religious character of the people, I say, on

such a question every one has a right to speak, and especially every father of a family, whose children must, for weal or woe, inherit the legacy which we bequeath them in relation to this country. There are certain great principles of action which any one may discern, but under present embarrassments to devise an effective native policy will tax the genius of the ablest statesman. No policy can be effective until it establish the supremacy of law instead of the sword. I despair of "a consummation so devoutly to be wished" until the public mind wakes up to the naked reality of the case, and, through its representatives, resolutely puts down revolt, and then adopts plans for the elevation of the people. Spasmodic fighting will not do this. It will perpetuate irritation, provoke reprisals, and keep the country in continual alarm. By the stern logic of facts the Maori must bow to our superiority. Until then, we shall not have from them that respect without which it is a degradation to dwell among them. Settlers of former days will tell you in what terms of amity they lived with their Maori neighbours; but times have altered. At the risk of any odium, I would stand forth in the defence of an oppressed Maori; on the same principle, I now sympathise with the down-trodden pakeha. I wonder not at the strong expressions we sometimes read in our public journals. There is danger of a popular indignation, too sweeping in its range. The sooner we can dismiss the idea of race from our minds, the better. "One law for all." I believe, even now, such a proclamation would be gladly hailed by a large majority of the natives, if they could only be persuaded to believe it. "Honour all men" is a precept of the highest authority. The Maori, with all his faults, is our fellow-man; and our common manhood, whether in a white or brown skin, has its rights. Under better influences, our Maori brother will prove himself equally worthy with ourselves. It will be a tremendous evil if a people of such capabilities be doomed to destruction. Let us hope not. On our young men a great task will devolve: this work will not be speedily done. The *sine quâ non* to tranquillity and order is the suppression of anarchy. Money and men will be needed for this; and that to no little extent. My deep conviction goes with the great heart of public opinion, that this ought, in common justice, to be

supplied by the Imperial Government, from whose action the necessity has arisen ; but I am also convinced that it will have to be done by the colony itself. The work will tax its resources, its patriotism, and its patience. By the natives generally we are regarded as a people physically, if not mentally, inferior to themselves. Numerous tribes assume a threatening position of armed neutrality, while furious bands are in open rupture, and give no quarter to age or sex ; and, more dangerous still, there are many who accept our pay, but work for our enemies. We have lost our prestige everywhere, so that our interference is not desired even in districts which are at peace. We may complacently call them our allies, but if our authority were required against them, they would set it at haughty defiance. A section of the Maori youth have developed into reckless desperadoes, under the training they have received from early boyhood in combat with our own troops ; they will now shoot pakehas with the same zest with which they formerly hunted pigs. They will never yield. Their blood is up. Moulded by savage warfare, they have become, according to St. Peter, "as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed." Sharp, precocious children are springing up who with their mother's milk imbibe the spirit of hatred and contempt for the alien race, and may be expected, under the present state of things, to acquire a settled enmity towards the whites. These evils are germinative. They will grow with their growth. If we look beneath the surface, we see the seed of future troubles. To our young men, then, and most of all to our Christian young men, I would say : "Think on these things." No temporizing—no vindictiveness—no rashness. Let the errors of the past be the beacons for the future. "Quit you like men : be strong." Prepare yourselves for emergencies, and you will overcome them. Be not lulled into a false security by specious appearances. In town and country, every young man should be self-reliant. I am not recommending a war-spirit, but that decision which is necessary to peace. If the Maories believed that every pakeha was well armed, had strong nerves, and was a dead-shot, it would fill them with unbounded respect for him. The superstructure of this colony will have to be built up, as were the walls of Jerusalem in troublous times, when "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work,

and with the other hand held a weapon." Our great want is that of a leader possessing the courage, the wisdom, and piety of Nehemiah. Then, without the aid of foreign troops, the work would be done, and we might say again that "when all our enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen that were about us saw these things, they were much cast down in their own eyes, for they perceived that the work was wrought of our God." Nehemiah drew his inspiration from a higher source than that of worldly policy; and so must we. Prayer was a powerful element in his success; and it must be so in ours. Like Nehemiah, every one of us should "pray before the God of heaven," but never on this account relax effort. He did not expect God, in answer to prayer, to interpose a miracle. He relied, under His blessing, on the valour of the strong arm, "for this people had a mind to work." A spirit of true patriotism is required. Party squabbles must give way to united action. Let Nelson's famous motto be our watchword: New Zealand expects every man to do his duty. Then there will be hope. But let the warning be taken in time. The worst of the war is not over. The conquest of the disaffected has become a stern necessity, and this, as Colonel Browne said, cannot be done with rose-water. A military gentleman said to me, not long ago, "The war will subside in a year or two, from exhaustion." Subside! yes; if you restore Waikato and all other confiscated lands; pardon perpetrators of murders and other outrages; and for all the future let independent chiefs establish *aukatis*, and levy black-mail on defenceless travellers and peaceful settlers at their pleasure! If this is to be the price of something called peace, will Englishmen submit to a humiliation so degrading? Then I would desire to renounce the name. For twenty years I lived among the Maories, and found no difficulty in maintaining my self-respect. Were that my lot again, I would do the same, or "shake off the dust of my feet against them," though with the sacrifice of all I had. I can admit Maories to be my friends, but not to be my masters. I feel profoundly for those who now live among them in isolated homes. I am no alarmist; but I cannot hide from myself the certainty of further depredations. Nothing is worse than panic, and nothing so productive of panic as surprise. While such a combination as that called "Kingism"

exists, the colony is on the edge of a volcano ; and whenever fit occasion offers they will strike a blow which will create dismay. Woe to our settlers if they be unprepared ! A policy, wise, bold, and patient, is urgently demanded. I commend the subject to our young men—to our Christian young men ! The principles of good government, I repeat, are not recondite—they are immutable. What applies to a similar state of things elsewhere will be equally sound here. The other day I met with some pertinent remarks in the *Quarterly* in a review of a recent and interesting work by Trench, on “The Realities of Irish Life.” Allow me to produce an extract. “Kindly and considerate personal treatment ; the patient consideration and the prompt removal, not of every pleaded grievance, but of every distinct injustice and every irritating wrong ; and, when this is done, the inflexible administration of established law, the vigilant and unremitting prosecution of established law, the vigilant and unremitting prosecution of every man who violates or defies it, the peremptory suppression of the first symptoms of armed or organized resistance, and a course of language and action by both Government and Legislature which shall convince all malcontents that nothing can be gained by rebellion, or will ever be yielded to menace ;—this is the true way to deal with Ireland, and the only way which either deserves or will obtain success.” These sentiments are worthy of our regard. Let them influence our future relations to the Maories, and sooner or later this Jerusalem will be a “quiet habitation.” I confess it seems to me a poor, heartless thing for the home Government to leave this infant colony to struggle on unaided against tremendous difficulties, in quelling an insurrection they had no hand in fomenting. The task is an arduous one. Eventually it will come into the hands of the present generation of young men. But your very difficulties, if manfully overcome, will exalt you. Cherish not the fierceness of excited passions, for “the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.” You must be men—every whit of you manly : and true manliness strikes its roots deep down in the truth of God. Hereafter the din of war shall cease—the yell of the bloodthirsty and cruel man shall be silenced ; then “violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders.” I pray God to

hasten it! With respect to the means that are to be adopted, let it be engraven on your minds, your hearts, and your lives, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

APPENDIX D.

AN EPITOME OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW ZEALAND.

I. *Zoology.*

New Zealand is singularly destitute of quadrupeds: the only terrestrial mammalia known are those of a small rat; and a bat, of which there are two kinds. The rat is all but extinct. Of marine mammalia, there are the whale, the bottle-nose seal, sea lion, sea bear, the dolphin, and the grampus. Whales and seals were formerly very plentiful, and yielded large supplies of oil. There were eight kinds of whale on the coast.

The birds of New Zealand amount to one hundred and thirty-six, of which number seventy-three are land-birds. The gigantic wingless Moa, or *Dinornis*, is extinct. The Apteryx, or Kiwi, a remarkable wingless bird, about the size of a large fowl, is still found in the mountains. There are not less than six varieties of parrots, two of which keep to the alpine solitudes and the extreme cold.

There are three birds of passage: two from the warmer latitudes, which appear only in the summer; and the third from colder regions, and is seen in New Zealand, in large flocks, in the winter season. The first are the *Koheperoa* and the *Pipiharauroa*, two species of the cuckoo; and the latter are the *Zosterops*, of the family of the *Luscinidæ*. They are of great use in clearing the trees of noxious insects.

There are three honey-birds: 1. The *Tui*, or Parson-bird, so called from its having two tufts of white feathers on the neck, which, contrasted with its shining jet plumage, may be compared to a clergyman's gown and bands. It is also a good mocking-bird. It belongs to the family of the *Melli phagidæ*. 2. The

Kotihe (*Pogonornis cincta*), a beautiful bird with a velvety black head and wings: it has a bright yellow circle round the lower part of the neck and wings, and is about the size of a bullfinch. 3. The *Korimako* (*Anthornis melanura*). This is the sweetest songster of the country, and is commonly called the Bell Bird. These honey-birds have brush tongues, hence named *trichoglossi*.

The smallest bird is a little wren called *Riroriro*. It is of a greyish yellow colour, and very tame. The Cuckoo (*Pipiharauroa*) lays its eggs in the nest of the *riroriro*. The *Piopio* (*Turdidæ*) is a woodpecker, of the size of a thrush. The *Piwaka-waka* (*Muscicapidæ*) is a fly-catcher—a pretty lively bird, with a fan-tail, and very tame; it was sacred to Maui. The *Miromiro*, a little black and white bird, flies about graves and solitary bushes. The *Kukupu*, or wood-pigeon, of the family *Columbidæ*, is a fine large bird, and easily shot; when in season, it is excellent eating. The *Kotuku*, or the white crane (*Ardea flavirostris*), is an elegant but rare bird: it is so seldom seen, that it has become a saying among the Maories: "A man sees the white crane only once in his lifetime." The Paradise Duck (*Putangitangi*) is abundant in the South Island. It is a very fine bird, but not equal in flavour to the other wild ducks. There are three kinds of rail; and two hawks—the falcon and the sparrow-hawk. The *Ruru* is a small owl. The *Huia* (*Upupidæ*) is greatly prized, by the natives, for the graceful white feathers of its tail. The New Zealand robin is a grave, but social bird.

For a full account, I refer the ornithologist to the "History of the Birds of New Zealand," by my son, Dr. Buller, C.M.G.*

Two sorts of lizards are to be met with, the *Tuatara* and the *Kakariki*—the former eighteen inches and the latter eight inches long. According to native accounts, there were formerly many species, and some of them of very large size. Frogs have been found, but very rarely. There are no snakes of any kind; nor is there any venomous insect but the *Katipo*, a black spider which confines itself to sedgy grass on the seaside; unless I reckon in this category the sand-fly, which bites by day in sandy spots, and the mosquito, which is troublesome in swampy

* See "History of the Birds of New Zealand," by W. L. Buller, Sc.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., etc.

places and in the forests. The locust, or grasshopper, is a numerous family. There are several spiders, but all except the *Katipo* are called *Puawere*. There are various grubs, one of which pierces the *Puriri*, the hardest timber in New Zealand, and makes a hole equal to the size of a large nail. The *Weta* is a forest cricket, three inches long. Dragon-flies are of four or five varieties; and there are several kinds of ants. A large forest bug emits an offensive effluvia. Butterflies are few. Of moths there is one that measures nearly six inches across, from the tip of one wing to the other. The vegetating caterpillar (*Hotete*) is a singular production. It is found at the roots of the *rata*, the black *maire*, and the *manuka*. The meat-flies are said to have been imported from New South Wales. Leeches exist on land, and in the lakes and ponds; and some worms attain to a very large size.

The variety and abundance of fish in the rivers, and on the coast, are very great. No less than ninety-two sorts are known; and many of them are excellent. The *Kahawai* resembles the mackerel of England. The *Kanae* compares with the mullet. Lampreys, shrimps, and whitebait, are found in abundance. Both the salmon and the trout have been successfully introduced. A collection of 240 varieties of shells has been made belonging to the families of Strombidæ, Muricidæ, Buccinidæ, Volutidæ, Cyprædæ, Turbinidæ, Trichidæ, Haliolidæ, Fissurellidæ, Loti-
tiadæ, Neritidæ, Janthinidæ, Naticidæ, Littormidæ, Vermetidæ, Crepidulidæ, Bullidæ, Pterotracheidæ, Argonautidæ, Doridæ, Tritoniadæ, Patellidæ, Chitonidæ, Helicidæ, Onchidiadæ, Amphibolidæ, Siphonariadæ, Lymneadæ, Veneridæ, Mactridæ, Mesodesmida, Saxicavidæ, Cardiadæ. Tellinidæ, Pholadæ, Solenidæ, Anatinidæ, Corbulidæ, Solenomyadæ, Carditidæ, Lucinidæ, Unionidæ, Arcadæ, Mytilidæ, Pinnidæ, Pectinidæ, Ostreidæ, Anomiadæ, Terebatulidæ, Octopodidæ, Sepiadæ, Spirulidæ, Tunicata, and Radiata. Of annulose animals, there are 156, under the classes of Crustacea, Myriapoda, Arachnida, and Insecta.

2. Botany.

The botany of New Zealand has a character distinctively its own. The number of known species of plants is 632, of which

314 are dicotyledonous, or endogenous, and the rest monocotyledonous and cellular. Nothing like the flowery fields of England meets the eye of the immigrant, when he lands on his adopted country. Plains of sombre fern, or tussock-grass, present a contrast to the aspect of his native land. The palm, dracenas, and fern trees, are the most striking objects in the landscape. He will note a paucity of flowering plants. In England there are, however, but two scarlet flowers indigenous to the soil, the poppy and the pimpernel; while in the New Zealand woods there are six or seven belonging to shrubs or timber trees. The dark and glossy green foliage, while unlike the rounded trees of the parks and groves of the old country, presents a refreshing sight compared with the glaucous colour of the Australian bush.

The most tropical of all New Zealand trees is the *Nikau* (*Areca sapida*); this is the only representative of *Palmæ*. It is a graceful and a beautiful tree. It attains the height of forty feet; it is a foot in diameter, and the flower forms a large droop of a flesh colour, succeeded by a bunch of berries. It is found nowhere but in the thick forest. The *Ti* (*Cordyline Australis*) is found in all places except the inland plains. The *Tingahere* (*Cordyline stricta*) is very like the *ti*; and the *Toi* (*Dracena indivisa*) has a strong fibre, a broad leaf, and a fragrant flower. The *Harakeke* (*Phormium tenax*) is universal, and useful for a great variety of purposes. The *Rengarenga* (*Anthropodium cirrhatum*) is a pretty flowering lily. The *Kareao* (*Ripogonum parviflorum*) is the supple-jack, a cane which climbs to the tops of the highest trees, and makes the forest impassable until a pathway is cut. It is useful in fences, bears a sweet-smelling flower, and the pigeons feed on the berries. Among the climbing plants which cling to the trees for support, the *Freycinetia Banksii* is the most remarkable. It belongs to the family of the *Pandanaceæ*. The genus *Libertia* has three species—*grandiflora*, *ixioides*, and *micrantha*. Of the terrestrial *Orchideæ*, there are—*Thelymitra Forsteri*, *Orthoceras strictum*, *Microtis Banksii*, *Acianthus rivularis*, *Pterostylis Banksii*, and *Gastrodia sesamoides*. There are two kinds of *Piperaceæ*: *Peperomia urvillianæ*, and the *Kawakawa* (*P. excelsum*). In the interior, another pepper-tree grows, called the *Horopito* (*Drimis axillaris*).

The *Kauri* (*Damara Australis*) is a noble tree. It rises sometimes two hundred feet high, with a girth of forty, and a clear stem, without a branch, nearly a hundred feet. Its timber is valuable, and the resin that exudes from the tree is a profitable export. The *Toatoa* (*Podocarpus asplenifolius*) grows in large clumps; the bark makes a brown dye. The *Tanekaha* (*Phyllocladus trichomomoides*) is a beautiful tree which flourishes on the sides of hills. The wood is close-grained, durable, and fragrant. The bark makes a strong dye. The fruit of the *Miro* (*Podocarpus ferruginea*) is of a bright red colour, and aromatic in its flavour. Pigeons fatten on it. The wood is valuable, but does not attain a large size. The *Totara* (*Podocarpus totara*) is greatly prized for the excellence of its timber. The *Kahikatea* (*Podocarpus excelsus*) is called the White Pine. It thrives best in swampy ground. It grows to a large size, but the timber is not durable. There is a yellow variety which is more valued. The *Matai* (*Dacrydium mai*) is very like the yew; it becomes a large tree, and is much used for making furniture. *Kawaka* (*Dacrydium plumosum*) has a remarkable leaf, and affords a durable wood. *Rimu* (*Dacrydium cupressinum*) is one of the most ornamental trees of New Zealand; its green foliage hangs down in graceful festoons. It is called the Red Pine. The fragrance of the wood, when burnt as fuel, is very pleasant. The timber is much prized for furniture and house-building. There is another pine called *Hutu* (*Phyllocladus hutu*), which is much like the Australian cedar.

The *Onga-onga* (*Urtica ferox*), and (*Urtica debilis*), belong to the family of the *Urticæ*. The *Micromania Cunninghamii* are of the family of the *Labiaceæ*. *Anchusa spatulata* and *Myosotes Forsterii*, of the family *Boraginaceæ*. *Powwiwi* (*Calystegia sepium*) is the common convolvulus, and the *Panahi* (*Calystegia soldanella*) the common bindweed. *Hangehange* (*Geniostoma legustrifolium*), of the family *Loganaceæ*. *Gentiana sacosa*, *Gentiana montana*, and *Sebæa gracilis*, of the family *Gentianaceæ*. *Parsonsia heterophylla*, of the family *Apocynaciæ*. *Olea apetela*, a tree similar to the iron-wood of Norfolk Island, of the *Oleaceæ* family. *Achras costata*, of the family *Saptoaceæ*. *Tipau*, *Mapu* (*Myrsine urvillie*), and the *Myrsine divaricata*, of the family *Myrsinaceæ*.

The *Karaka* (*Corynocarpus lævigata*) resembles the English

laurel, but grows to the size of a timber tree. The leaf is large, glossy, and of a dark green. The fruit is like a date, but not agreeable. The American family *Epacrideæ* has many members, the most beautiful of which is the *Nene* (*Dracophyllum latifolium*). The *Rimuroa* is the blue-bell. There are several sorts of *Lobelia*. Of *Compositæ* there are some tribes and genera: four sorts of daisy. Mistletoe is found on the *kahikatoa*, the *tawai*, the *puriri*, and other trees. On the central plains are several varieties of umbelliferous plants. Sorrel, white and yellow, and of differing sizes, is plentiful; and there are several kinds of the *Geranium*. The *Kohekohe* makes a large tree; its leaves have a tonic property, and its wood resembles mahogany. The *Titoki* is valuable in ship-building, and the *Ake* (*Dodonæa spatulata*) is the toughest of all woods. The *Wau* produces wood as light as cork; and the *Hohere*, a fine net-like fibre under the outer bark. The *Hinau* (*Eleocarpus hinau*) bears bunches of fragrant bell flowers. The *Hibiscus vesicarius* is a shrub which bears both white and pink flowers. The *Ririwa* (*Linum monogynum*), *Tarata* (*Pittosporum crassifolium*), *Ramarama* (*Myrtus bullata*), *Piripiri wata* (*Carpodetus serratus*), *Kumarahou* (*Pennantia corymbosa*), *Tauhinu* (*Ericifolia*), *Tupakihi* (*Coriaria sarmentosa*), *Warangi* (*Rutaceæ*). The *Pukerangiora* (*Melicope simplex*), *Kaikaiatua* (*Pimelia virgata*), *Koromiko* (*Veronica salicifolia*), *Wainatua* (*Rhabdothamnus solandri*), *Poroporo* (*Solanum lacinatedum*), *Pukapuka* (*Brachyglotis repanda*), and many more, are all flowering shrubs.

The *Tarata* (*Pittosporum crassifolium*) produces turpentine. *Piki arero* is a Clematis with a large white scentless flower. There is a very fragrant one called *Puatautana*. The *Towai* (*Leiospermum racemosum*) grows into a large tree. The *Kohutuhutu* is the only deciduous tree native to the country; it is the *Fuchsia excorticata*, for it sheds its bark. There are several varieties of *Myrtaceæ*. The *Kahikatoa* (*Leptospermum scopiarum*) forms a handsome tree. The *Pohutukawa* grows only among rocky cliffs. It bears rich scarlet blossoms, and the timber is greatly valued in ship-building. The *Kowai* (*Edwardsia microphylla*), and the *Kowaingutu-kaka* (*grandiflora*; *Clanthus puniscens*), are handsome shrubs, the former bearing pendent yellow blossoms, and the latter rich scarlet flowers in the shape

of a parrot's beak. The *Tawa* (*Laurus tawa*) is a fine-looking tree, but good only for fuel. The *Puriri* (*Vitex littoralis*) belongs to the same order as the teak.

Besides the above, three are climbing plants, such as the *Aka* (*Metrosideros buxifolio*), the *Rata* (*robusta*), with bright red flowers; *Tataramoa* (*Rubrus Australis*), the bramble. The *Maire* (*Eugenia maire*) can be used as box-wood. *Pukerangiora* (*Melicope simplex*), producing resin. The *Tarairi* (*Laurus tarairi*), a large tree, but of little use except for fuel. The *Puka* (*Polygonum Australe*), a willow plant. The *Manawa*, or Mangrove (*Aricennia tomentoso*). The *Ngau* (*Myoporum lætum*), *Kopakopa* (*Plantago major*), is a plantain containing medicinal properties. The *Nymphæaceæ* is a beautiful white water lily, lately discovered. And besides other trees and plants, there are numerous families of grasses, sedges, and ferns. Of the *Algæ*, or seaweeds, 48 species are known. Of the *lichen* tribe, more than 28 species have been described. *Fungi* are represented by several species. In *mosses* and *liver-mosses*, New Zealand is very rich; as many as 72 species have been found. But of all plants, the *ferns* and *fern-like plants* are the most numerous, and every day is adding new treasures to our knowledge of their variety. Some tree-ferns grow to the height of forty feet.

3. *Minerals, etc.*

New Zealand has ample mineral deposits—coal, iron, copper, chrome, mercury, lead, plumbago, granite, limestone, pepsine, alum, manganese, orpiment, sulphate of copper, sulphur, petroleum, and gold. All these, and more, are to be found; future explorers only will be able to calculate the amount of each; but enough is already known to show that the country is rich in its latent resources.

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